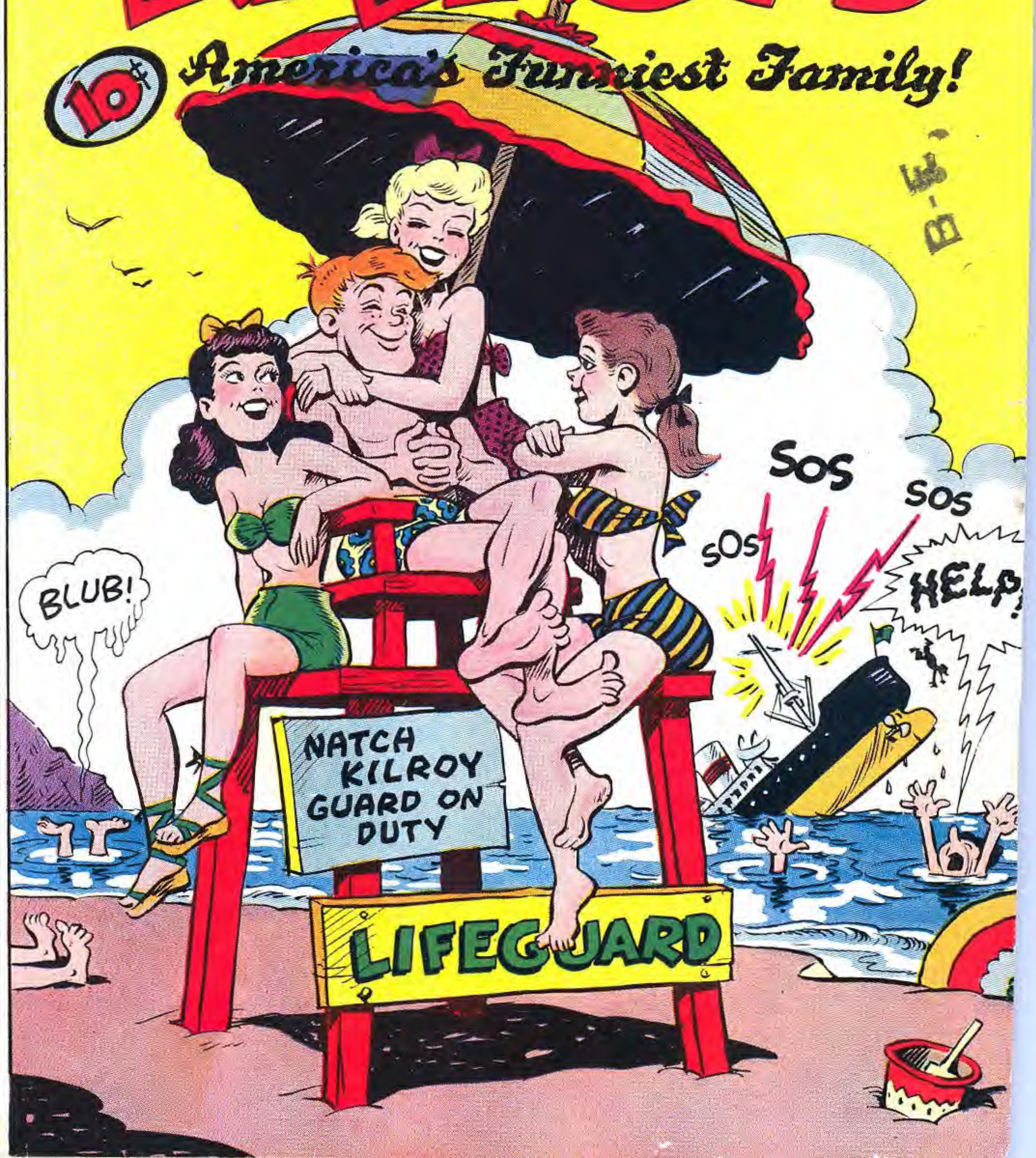


The KILROY'S

10¢ America's Funniest Family!



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and CHEER for a
BRAND NEW
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BLAZING WEST

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You'll GASP AT FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARPATH...THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!



You've NEVER read a western like this... it's an action-packed killer-diller! So...

don't miss

BLAZING WEST!



10¢ ON ALL STANDS

The KILROYS

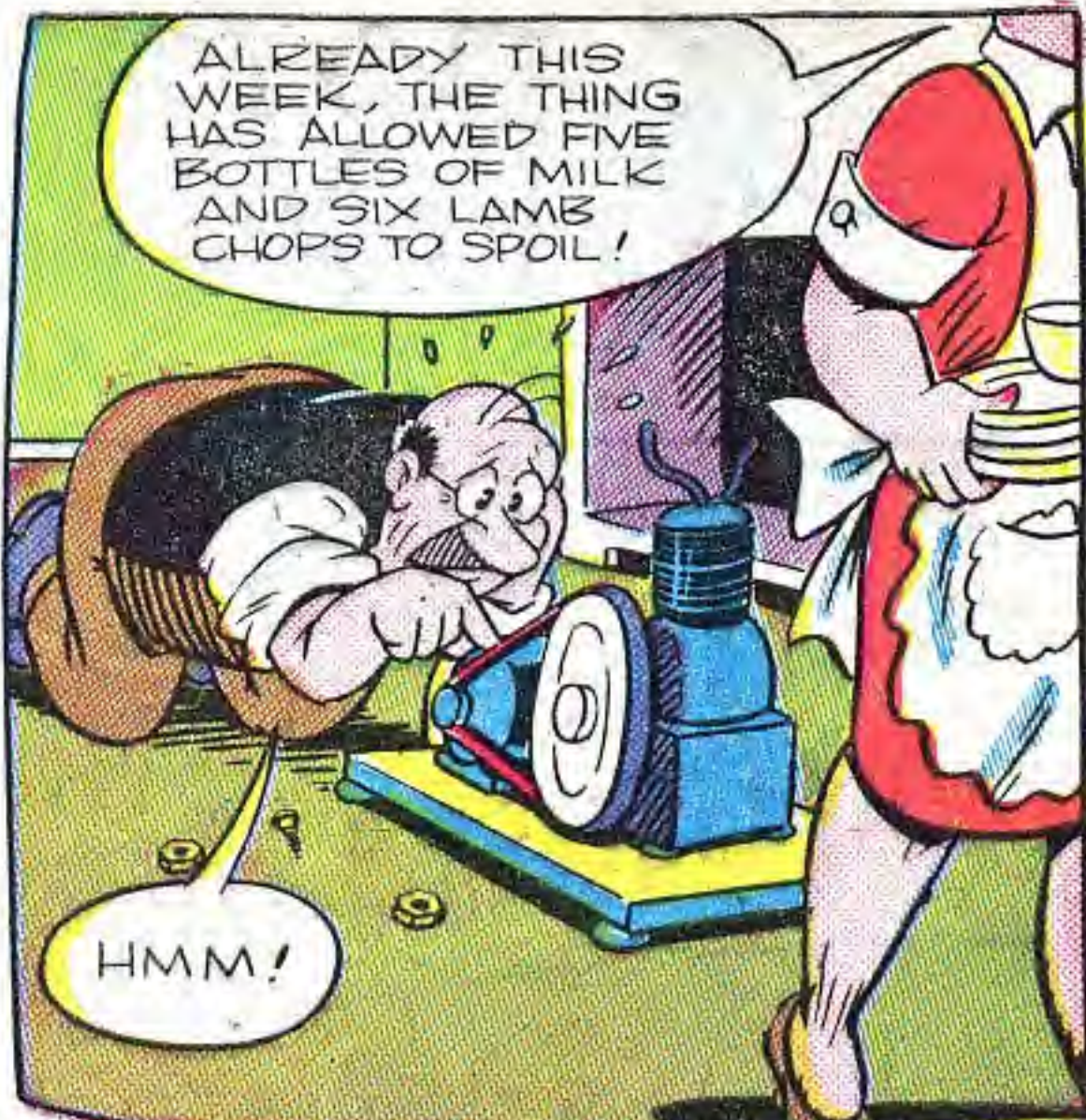
in
"POP WINS OUT!"





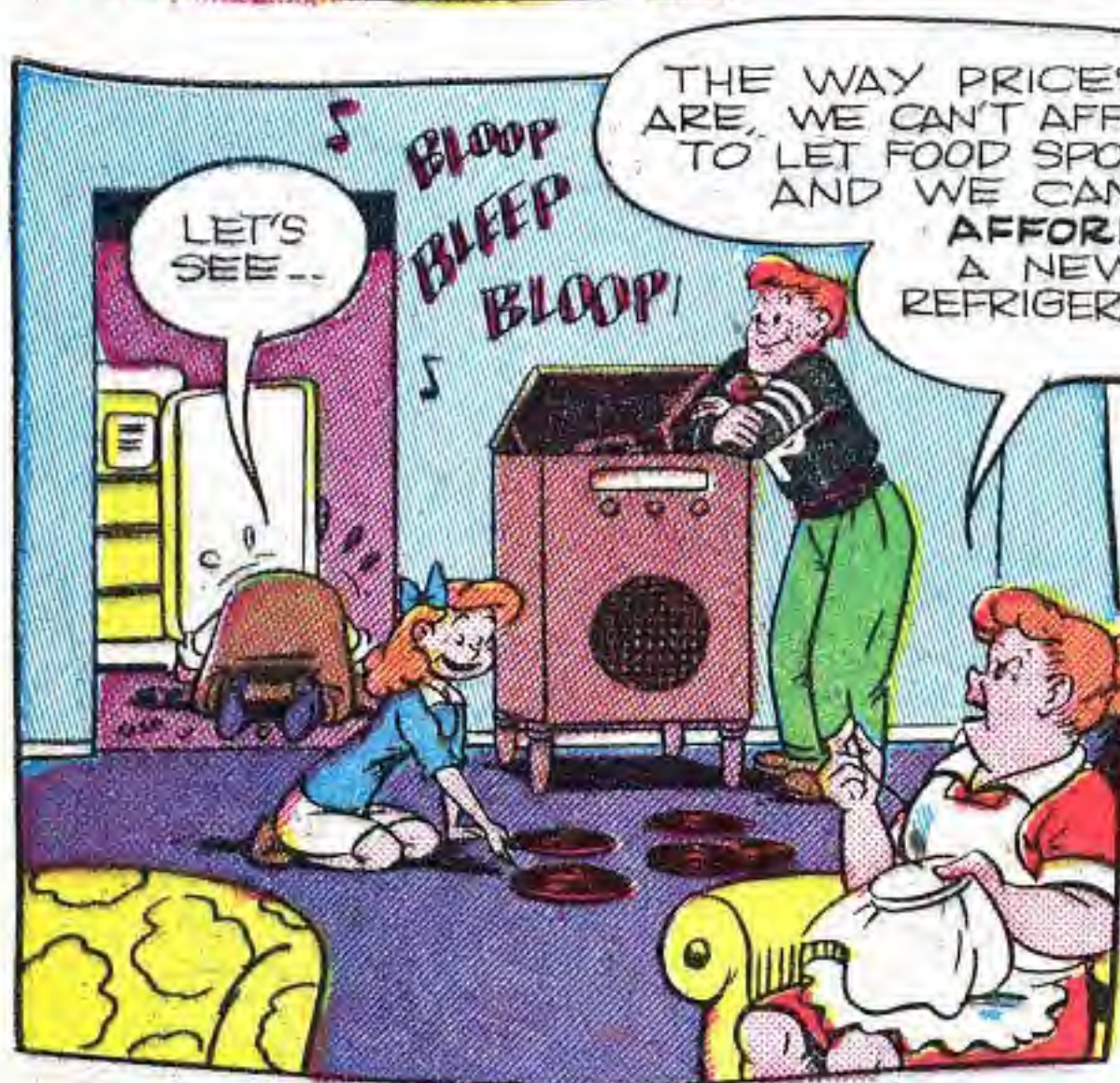
LET'S SEE, NOW!

WITH THE PRICE OF FOOD THE WAY IT IS, I CAN'T HAVE AN ICE BOX THAT WILL LET THINGS SPOIL!



HMM!

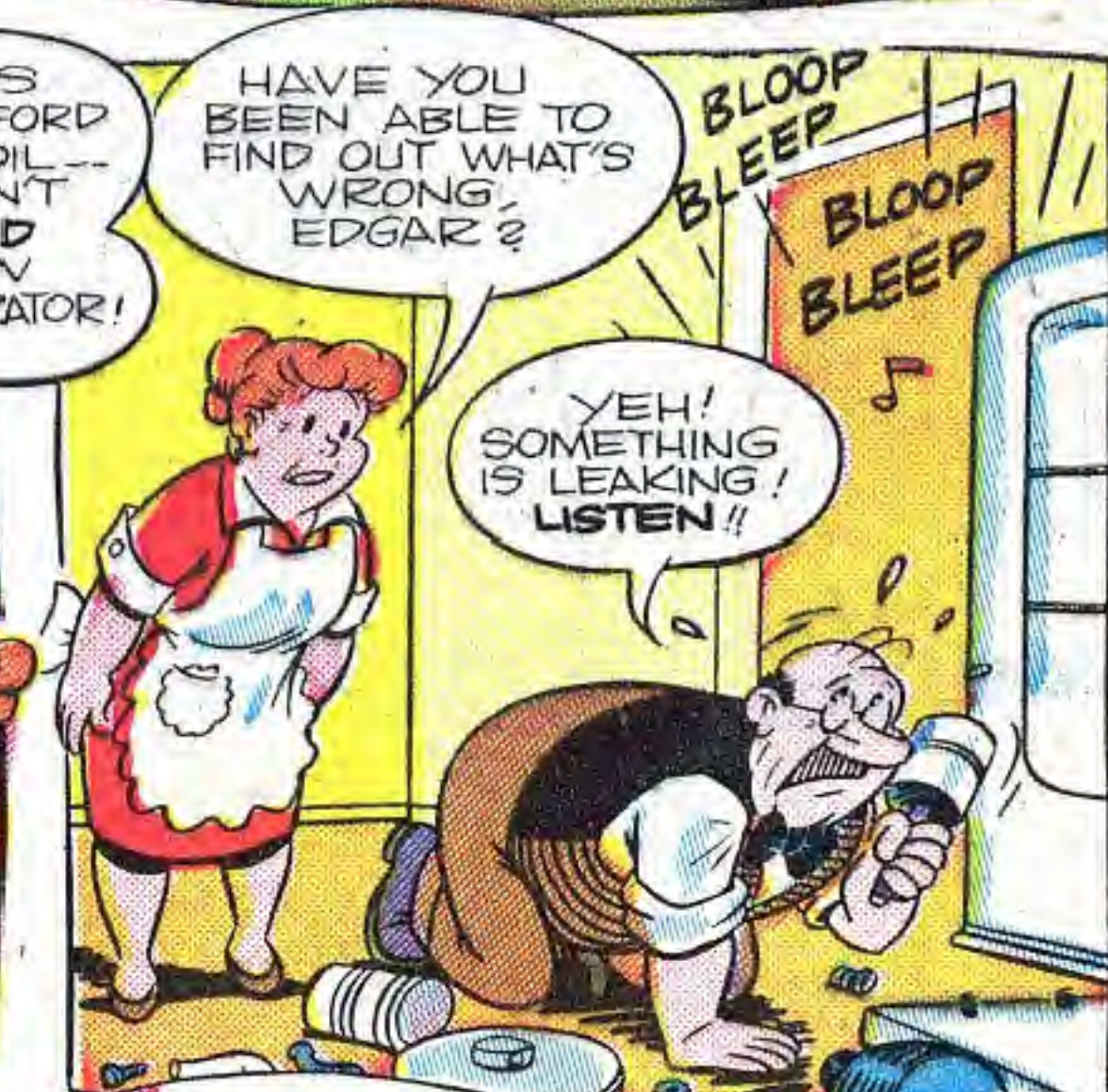
ALREADY THIS WEEK, THE THING HAS ALLOWED FIVE BOTTLES OF MILK AND SIX LAMB CHOPS TO SPOIL!



LET'S SEE...

BLOOP BLEEP BLOOP!

THE WAY PRICES ARE, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET FOOD SPOIL-- AND WE CAN'T AFFORD A NEW REFRIGERATOR!

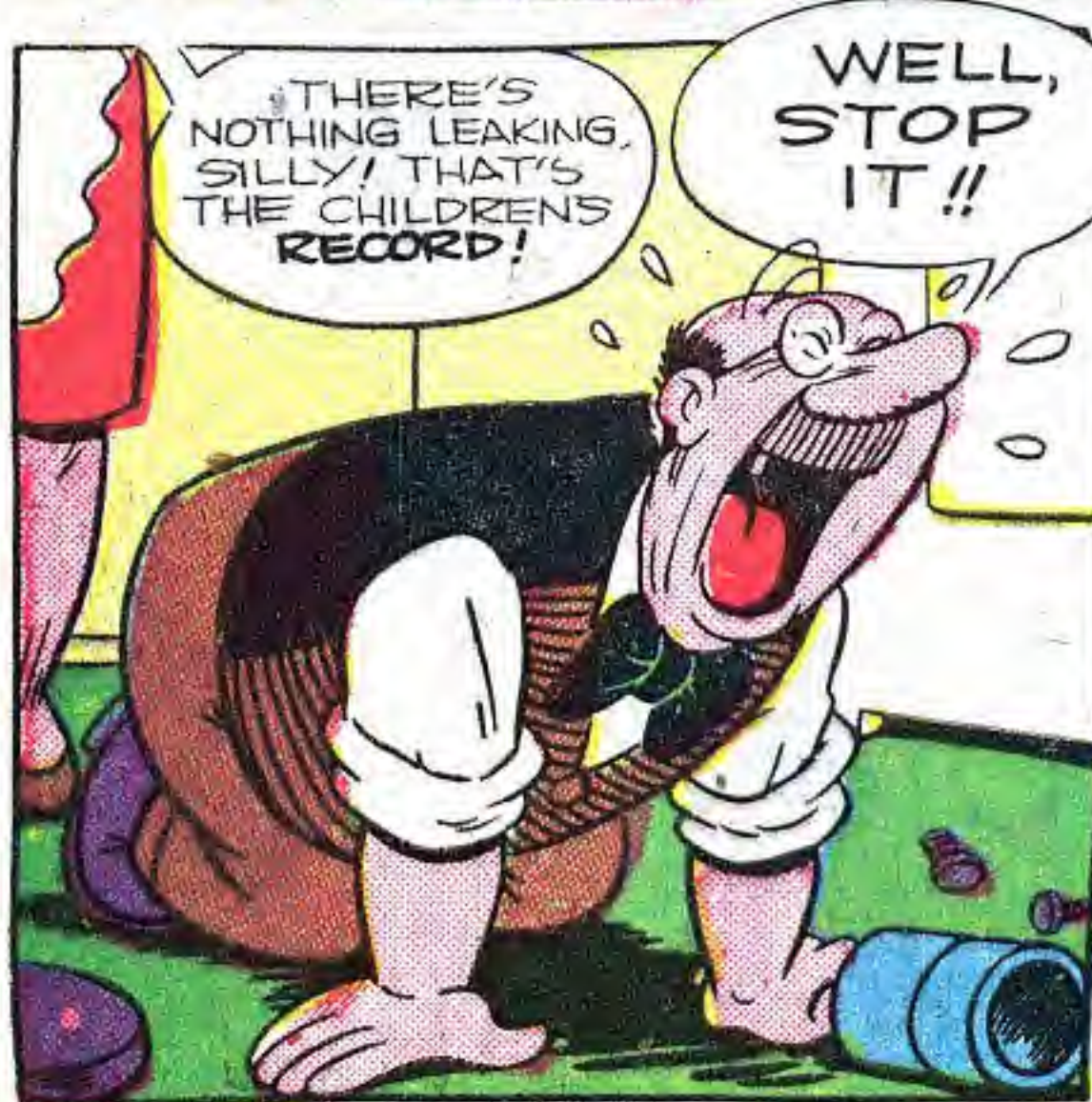


HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG, EDGAR?

BLOOP BLEEP

BLOOP BLEEP

YEH! SOMETHING IS LEAKING! LISTEN!!



THERE'S NOTHING LEAKING, SILLY! THAT'S THE CHILDREN'S RECORD!

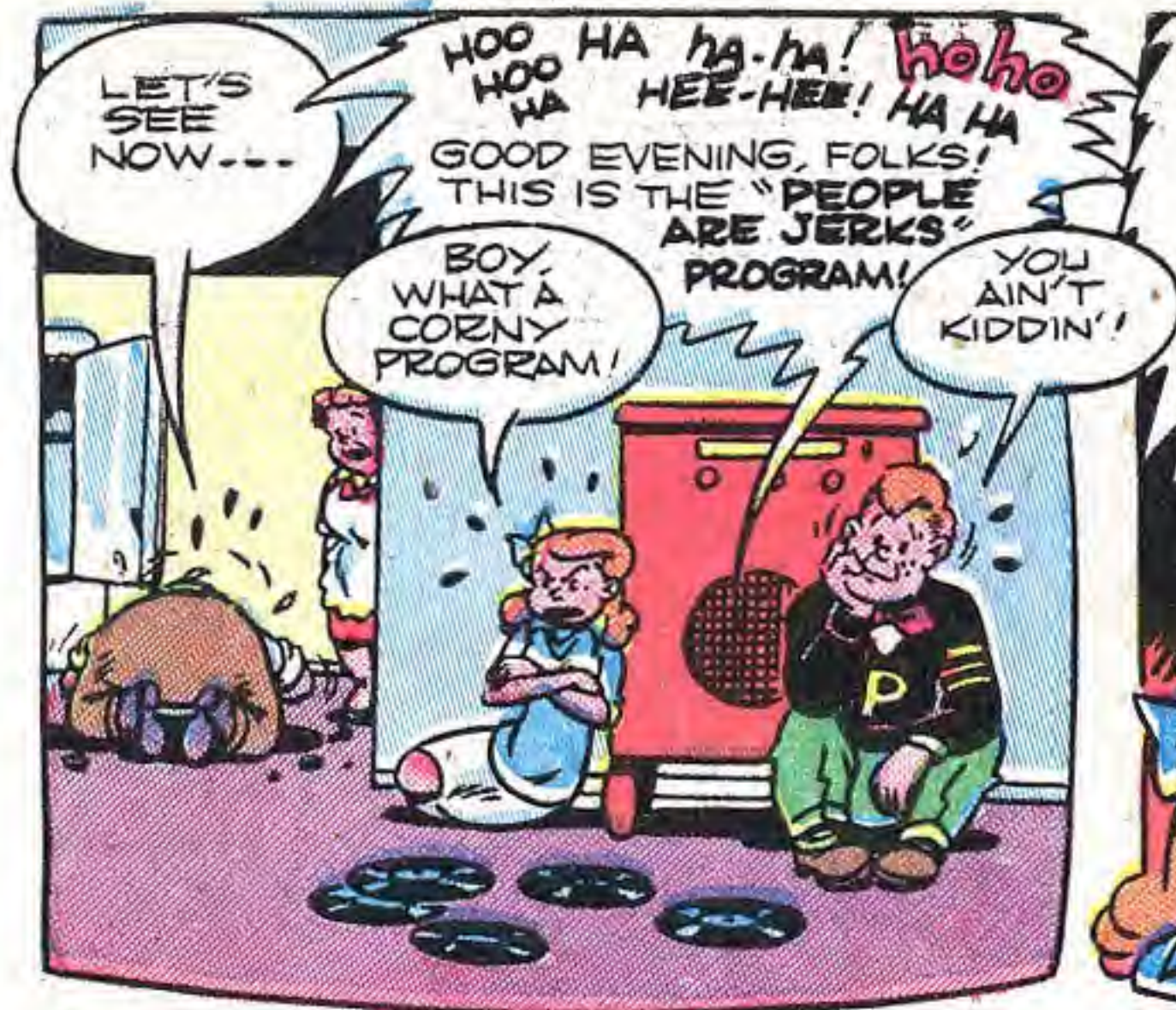
WELL, STOP IT!!



TURN THAT SILLY RECORD OFF! ANYWAY, I WANNA HEAR "PEOPLE ARE JERKS!"

FRANK LOESSER'S NOT GONNA LIKE YOU, POP!

AW, F'R CORN SAKE!



LET'S
SEE
NOW---

HOO HA HA-HA! **hoho**
HOO HA
HEE-HEE! HA HA

GOOD EVENING, FOLKS!
THIS IS THE "PEOPLE
ARE JERKS"
PROGRAM!

BOY,
WHAT A
CORN-
Y PROGRAM!

YOU
AIN'T
KIDDIN'!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN
A NEW AUTOMOBILE-- A YACHT--
AN AIRPLANE-- A ROUND TRIP
TICKET TO HAWAII FOR TWO--
A LIVE ALLIGATOR-- A POOL
TABLE-- FIVE THOUSAND
CASH-- A HENNA RINSE--
SIX POUNDS OF CATNIP AND
SIX CATS-- A YEAR'S SUPPLY
OF DENTAL FLOSS--
YOUR HOUSE PAINTED INSIDE
AND OUT---

POP'S ALWAYS
LISTENIN' TO
THESE HARRY QUIZ
PROGRAMS!



IT'S TOO
BAD THEY ASK
SO MUCH FOR
NEW REFRIG-
ERATORS--

WAIT,
MOM!
LISTEN!

-- A FREE PEDI-
CURE-- A BUNCH
OF ROSES-- A NEW
REFRIGERATOR-- A
SPONGE-- A GLASS
OF WATER-- A
YEAR'S SUBSCRIP-
TION TO LOOK, SEE,
PEEK, GAWK,
GANDER,
OPTIC
EYES...



LISTEN, MOM! LISTEN
TO THE STUFF THEY'RE
GIVIN' AWAY FREE! MAYBE
I CAN WIN A
REFRIGERATOR!

-- GROUND
GLASS-- A
POGO STICK--
A MUD
TURTLE--
ONE STICK
OF BUBBLE
GUM!

GANGWAY!
THE QUIZ
KID!

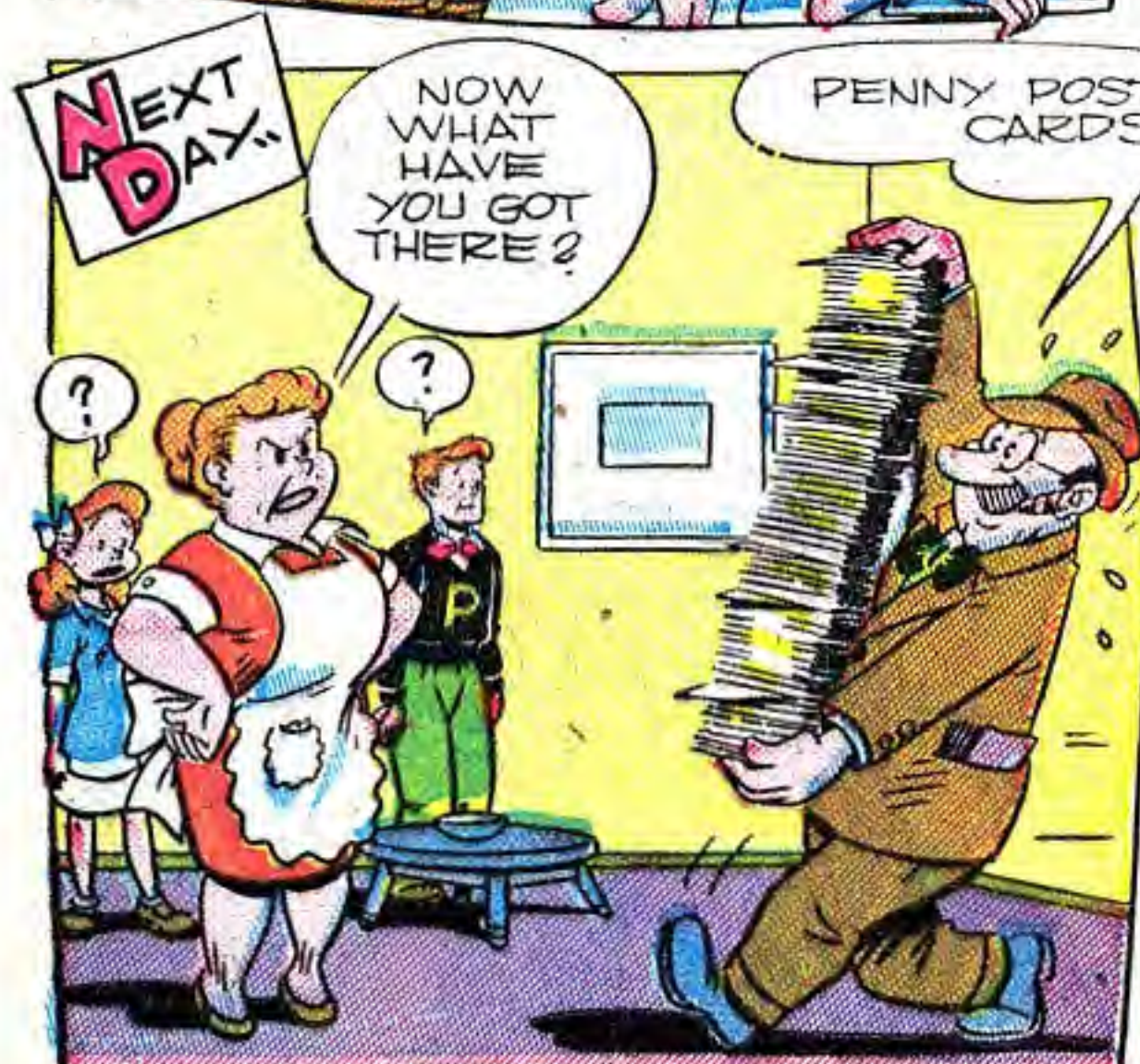
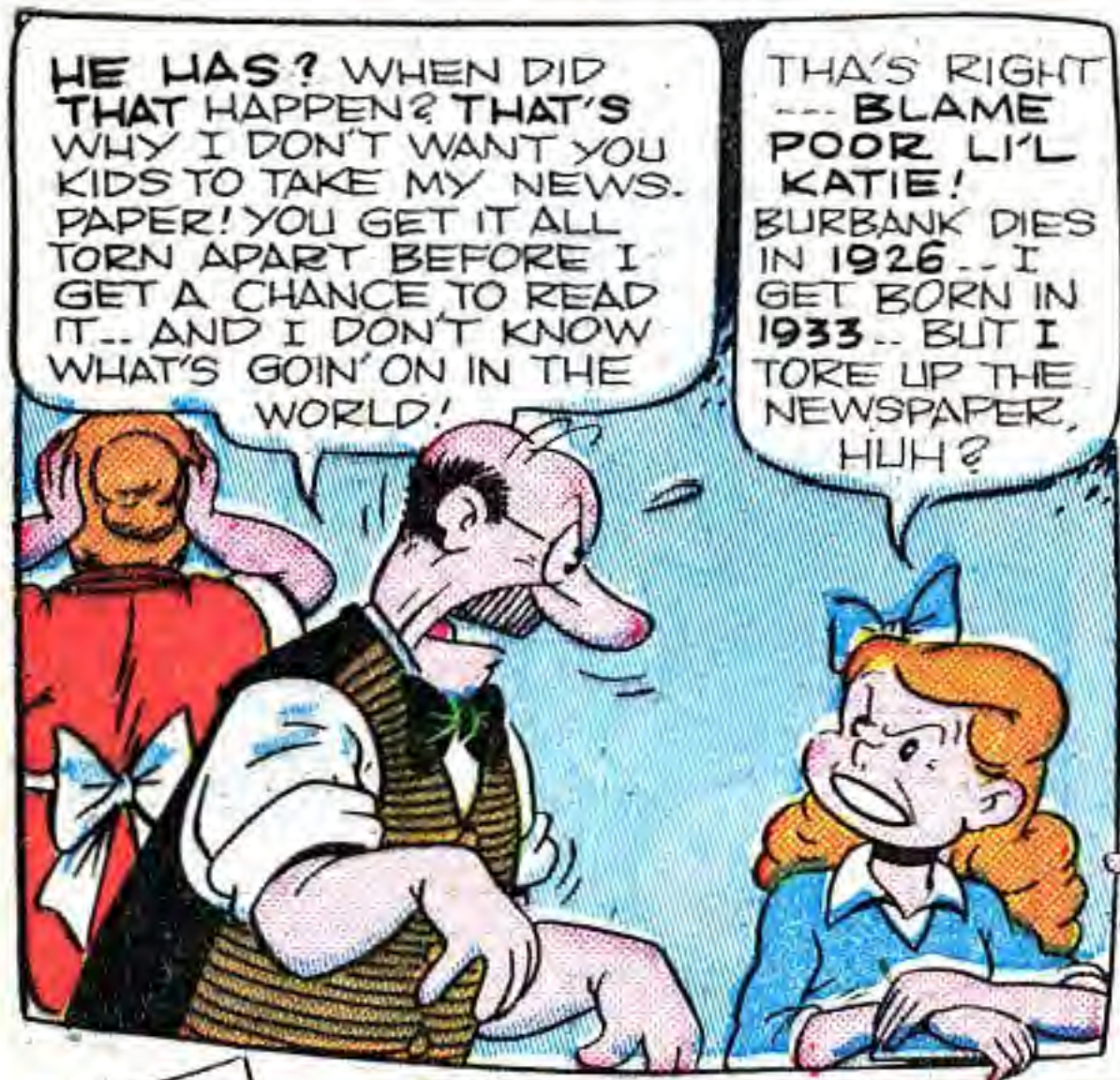
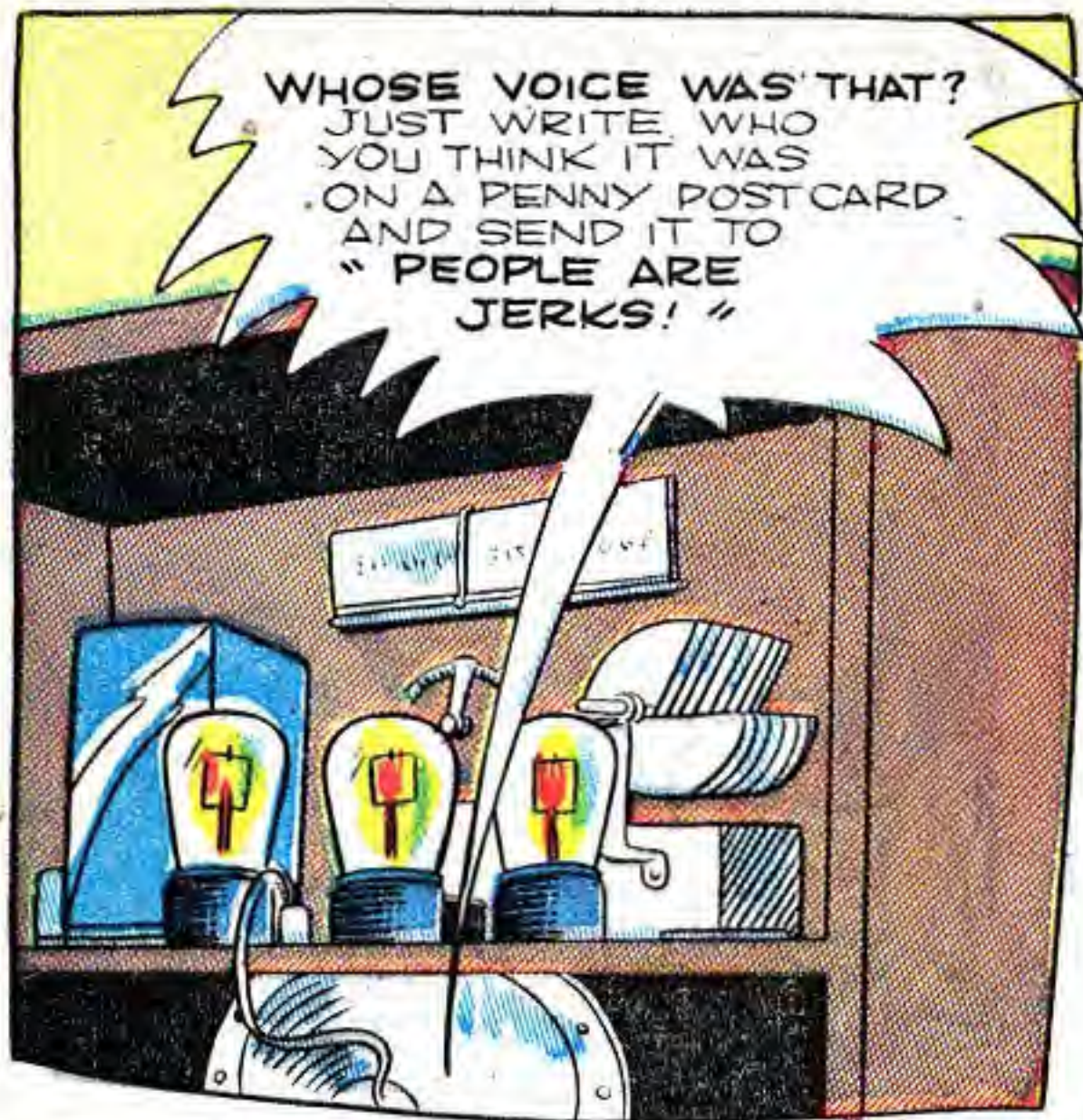


ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, FRIENDS,
TO WIN IS TO IDENTIFY THE "MYSTERY
VOICE!" IT IS THE VOICE OF A WELL-
KNOWN PERSONALITY...

SHHH!
SHHH!



...SO LISTEN NOW TO
THE MYSTERY VOICE!
THIS IS THE MYSTERY VOICE
SAYING "ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS ARE BLUE
PEOPLE ARE JERKS
AND SO ARE YOU!"



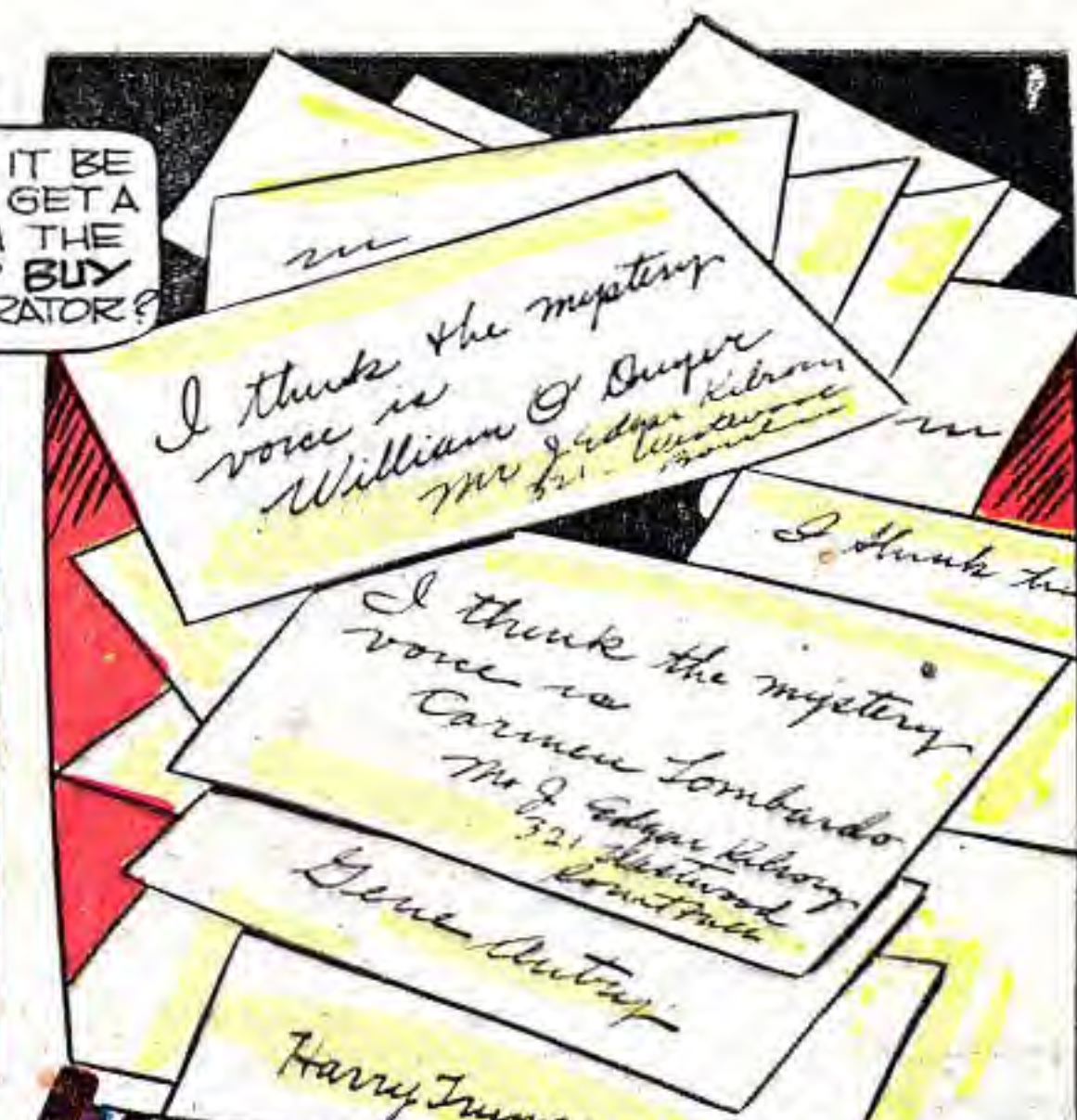


THE VOICE SOUNDED LIKE AMOS TO ME! OR WAS IT ANDY?

I'LL WRITE EVERY NAME I CAN THINK OF! THEN I CAN'T MISS NAMING THE MYSTERY VOICE!

I THINK IT'S JAMES MASON!

WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER TO GET A LOAN FROM THE BANK AND BUY A REFRIGERATOR?



I think the mystery voice is William O. Quiper Mr. J. Edgar Kilroy

I think the mystery voice is Carmen Lombardo Mr. J. Edgar Kilroy

Gene Autry Harry Truman



EDGAR, ARE YOU EVER COMING TO BED? IT'S FOUR A.M.

JUST A MINUTE, EMMA!



NEXT MORNING

OH, NO! DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE ENTERED ANOTHER QUIZ CONTEST! LOOK, KILROY! I GOT ENOUGH STUFF TO CARRY WITHOUT LUGGIN' THAT TOO! WHY DON'TCHA GIVE UP? YOU DO THIS THREE TIMES A WEEK! YOU'LL NEVER WIN!



WHAT A MESS EDGAR HAS LEFT FOR ME TO CLEAN UP --- OH! HERE'S A POSTCARD ON THE FLOOR! EDGAR MUST HAVE DROPPED IT!



OH, DEAR... LOOK AT THIS! "THE MYSTERY VOICE IS BETTY GRABLE!" EDGAR SURE ISN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES! BUT I KNOW IT WASN'T GRABLE, BECAUSE IT WAS A MALE VOICE! I THINK I'LL ERASE IT AND WRITE IN ---

A WEEK LATER...

...VAN JOHNSON! THE VOICE SOUNDED JUST LIKE HIM TO ME!! I'LL MAIL IT WHEN I GO SHOPPING!



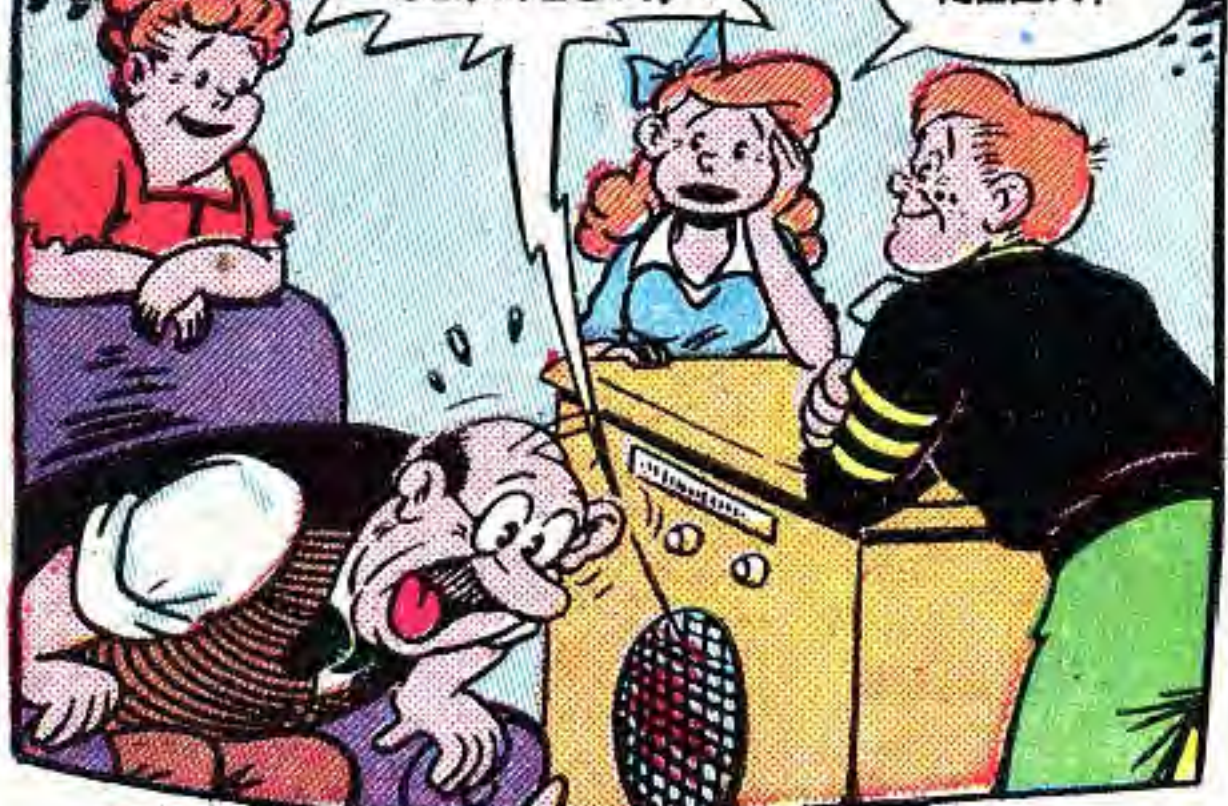
EDGAR, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PICK UP THOSE REFRIGERATOR PARTS? I'VE BEEN STEPPING OVER THEM FOR A WEEK!

SWEEP 'EM OUT! TONIGHT IS THE "PEOPLE ARE JERKS" PROGRAM... AND I'LL PROBABLY WIN A NEW REFRIGERATOR!

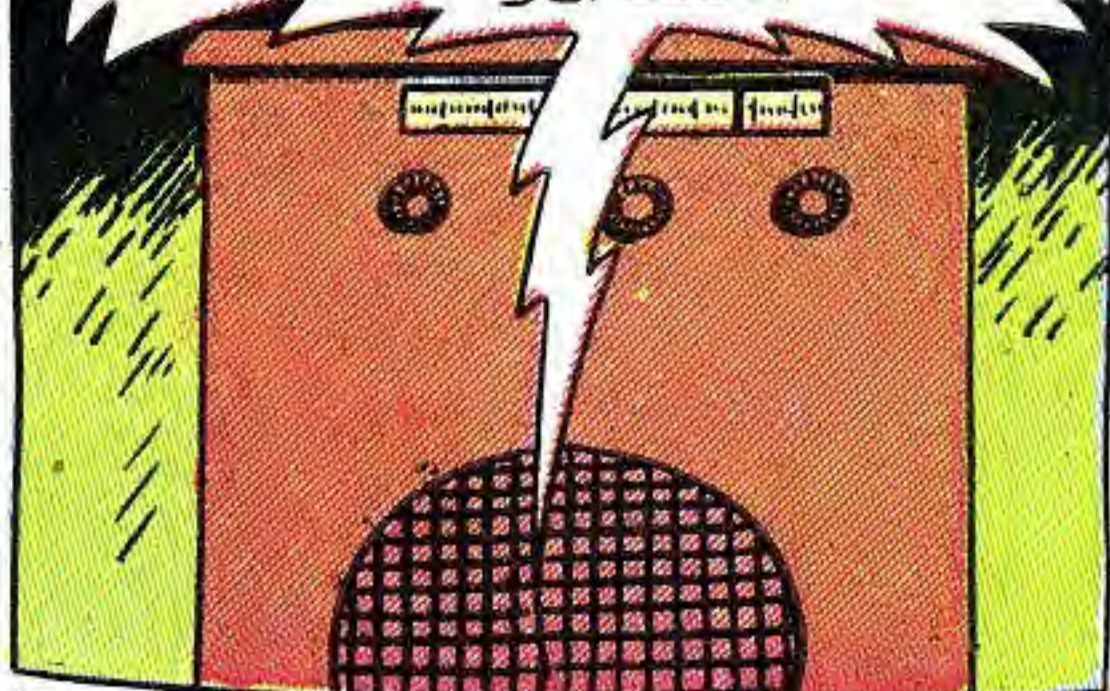


HOO-HOO! hee-hee! TEE-HEE! HA-HAW!
GOOD EVENING, FOLKS! THIS IS YOUR "PEOPLE ARE JERKS" PROGRAM... AND NOW!!
THE WINNER OF OUR MYSTERY VOICE CONTEST!!

OH, KEEN!



BUT FIRST, A FEW THOUSAND WORDS FROM OUR SPONSOR --- (DELETED) ---
AND NOW FOR THE WINNER OF OUR MYSTERY VOICE CONTEST!
THE VOICE WAS THAT OF VAN JOHNSON -- AND THE ONLY ONE TO GUESS IT CORRECTLY OUT OF FIVE MILLION CONTESTANTS WAS MR. J. EDGAR KILROY OF 321 ---



WHOOPEE! HURRAH FOR ME!

CONGRATS, POP!

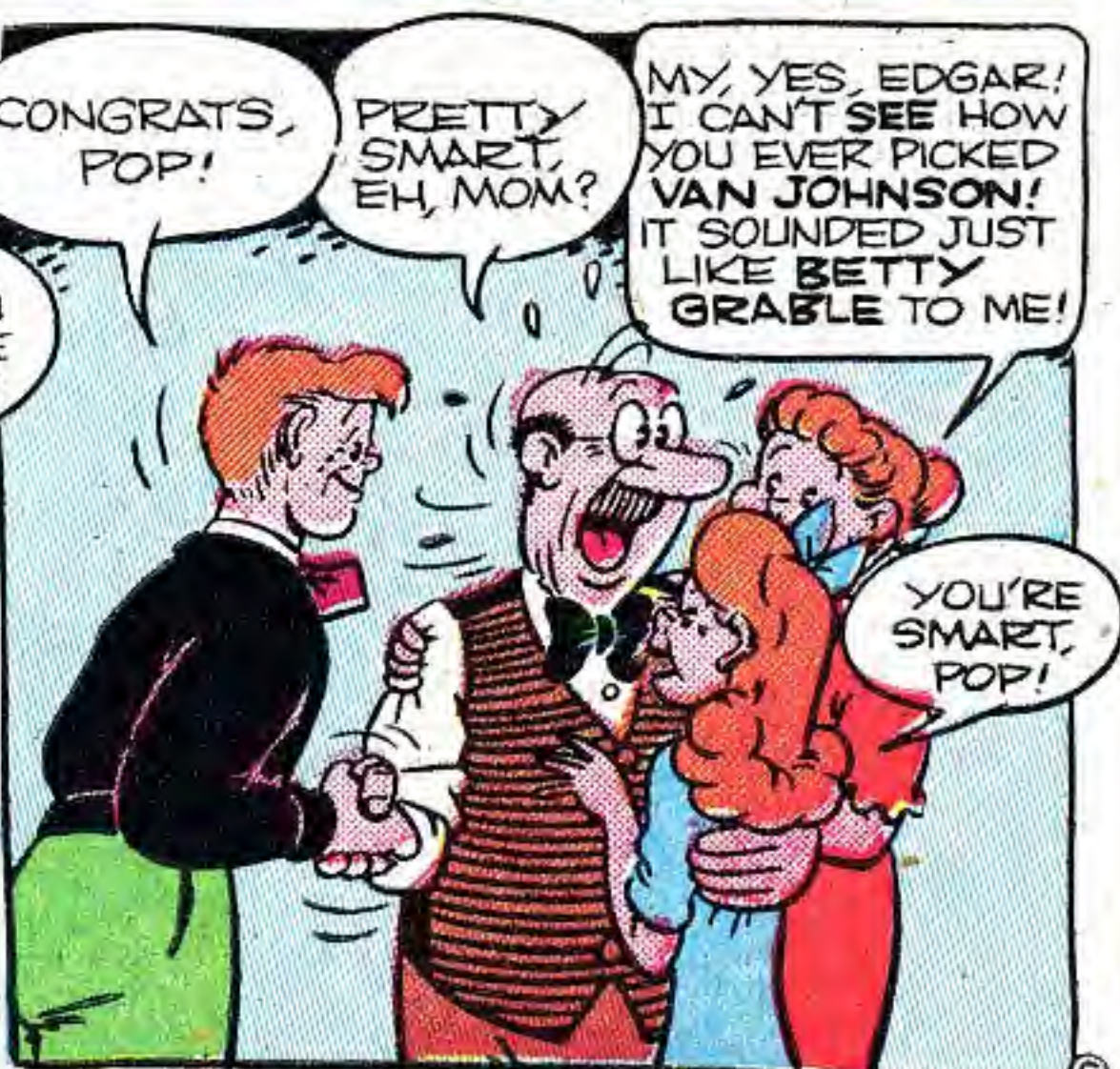
PRETTY SMART, EH, MOM?

MY, YES, EDGAR! I CAN'T SEE HOW YOU EVER PICKED VAN JOHNSON! IT SOUNDED JUST LIKE BETTY GRABLE TO ME!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT?

GEE WHIZ! POP WON!

YOU'RE SMART, POP!



NEXT MORNING-

THE DOOR BELL!! WHO COULD THAT BE?

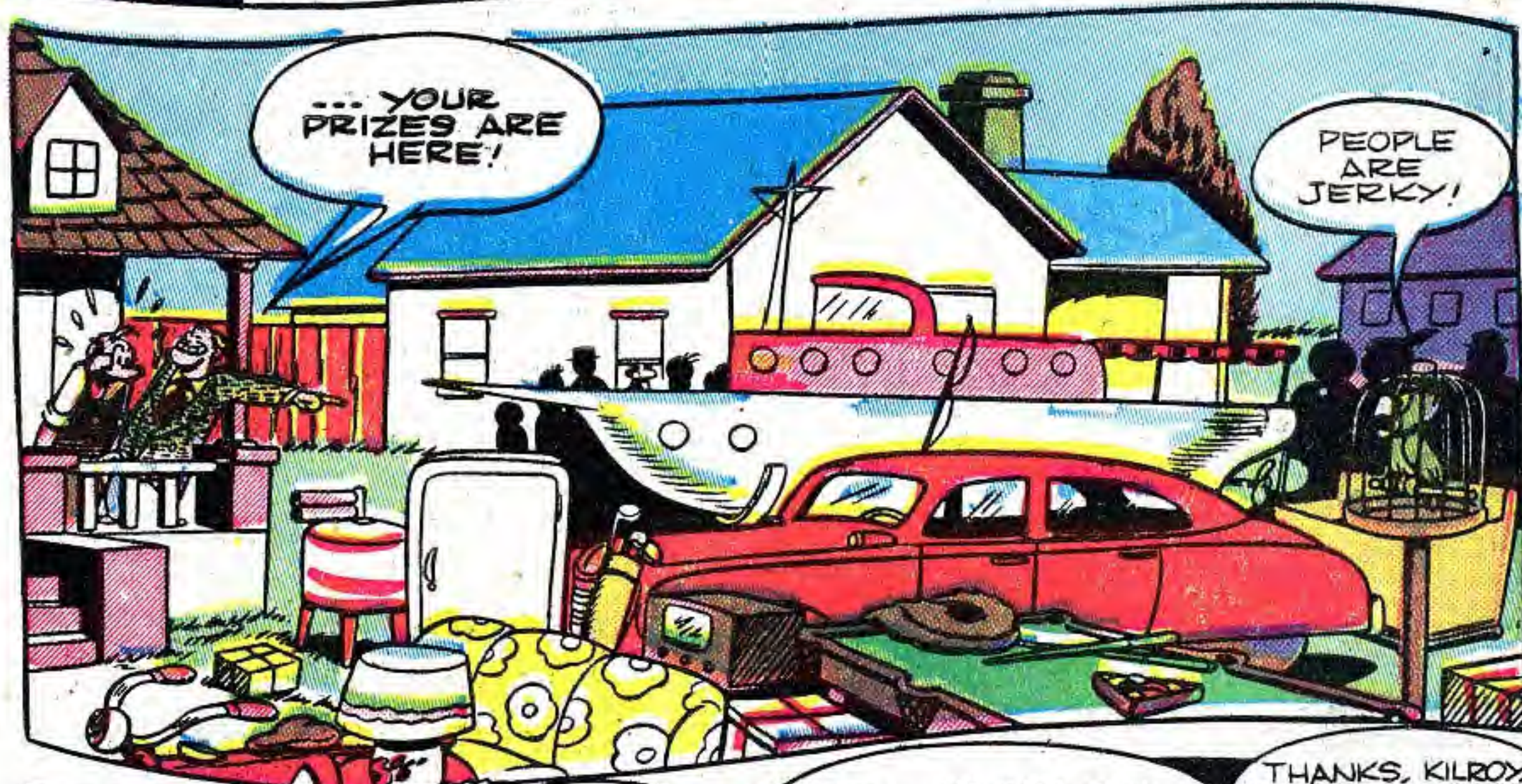
MAYBE THEY'RE DELIVERING THE REFRIGERATOR!

BONG BING BONG

GEE, POP'S POPULAR SINCE HE WON THE CONTEST!

OH, HA-A-HAA-HO-HE. HEE-HO-HO!

I'M BIG REDHEADED TOMMY HUCKSTER FROM "PEOPLE ARE JERKS!" CONGRATULATIONS, MR. KILROY...



HEH-HEH! SO YOU'RE MR. KILROY? HO-HO! CONGRATULATIONS! HAW-HAW! HOO-HOO!

THAT'S ME! "LUCKY" KILROY! SMART, TOO! HEE-HEE!

WELL-HA-HA!--I'M A COLLECTOR FROM THE OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE! THERE'S EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TAX DUE ON YOUR FREE GIFTS! HO-HO!

THANKS, KILROY, FOR HELPING US PROVE "PEOPLE ARE JERKS!"



KOLLEGE KAPERS

IT'S A CINCH!
I JUST WALK UP
TO HER WITH THIS
DUMMY MICROPHONE
AND ASK HER NAME
AND WHERE SHE
LIVES!



INSTEAD OF ME
SEEING IT **TWICE**,
CAN'T WE **BOTH** SEE
IT **ONCE** ON THE
SAME TICKET?



I NOTICE WE'VE HAD
FEWER ACCIDENTS
SINCE THE **NEW**
LOOK!



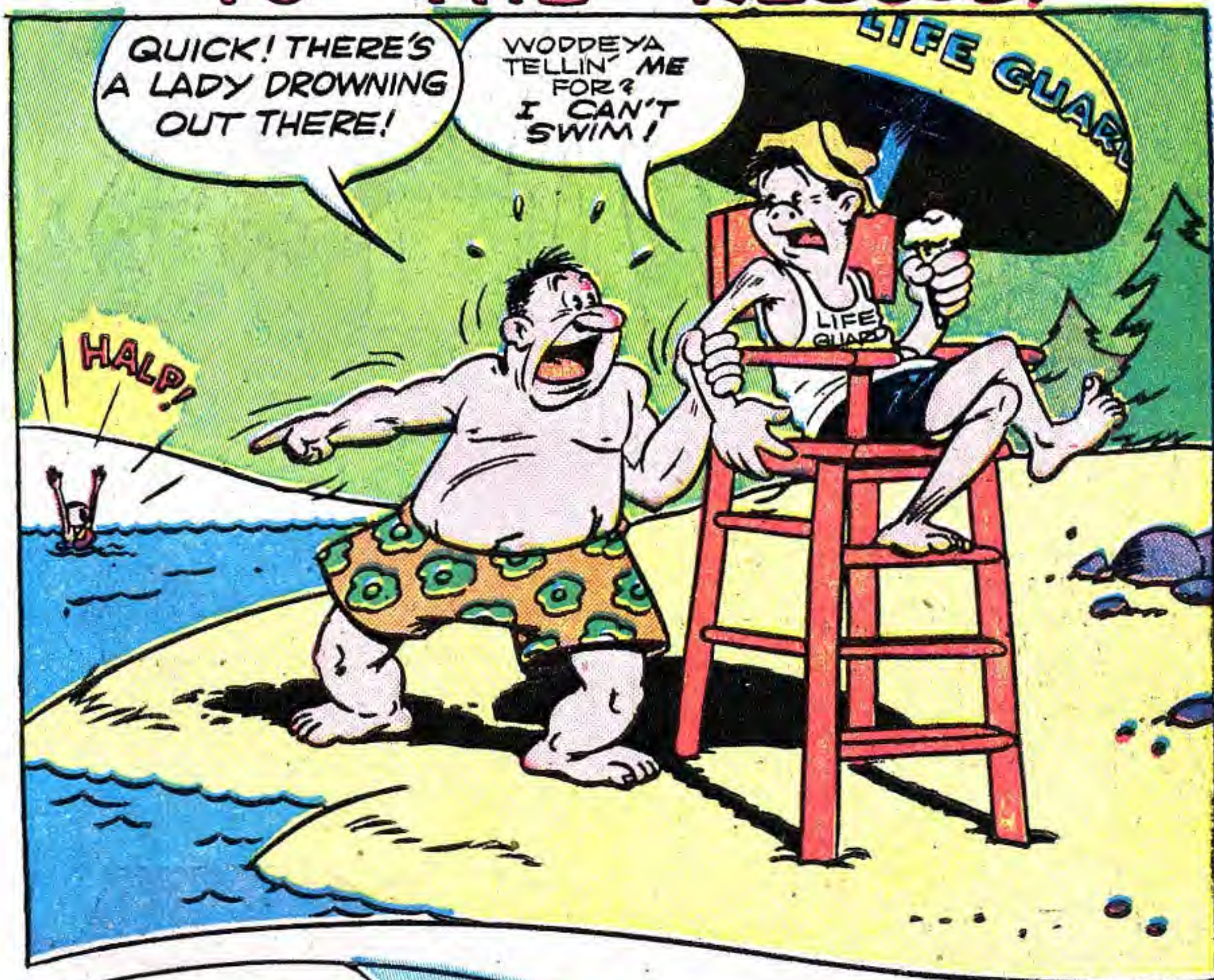
CLUMSY? HE DANCED
THE POLISH OFF SIX
TOE-NAILS!

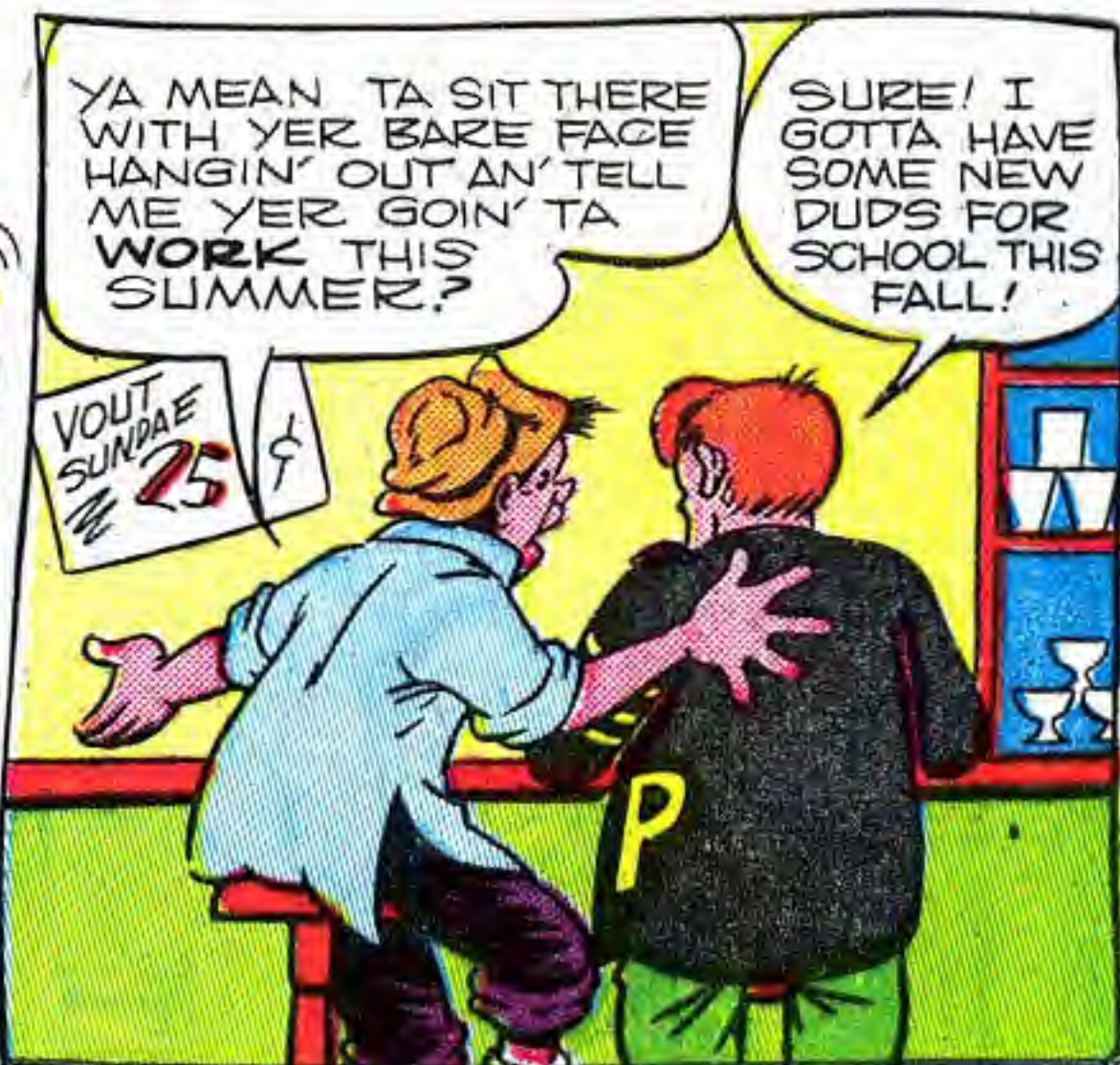
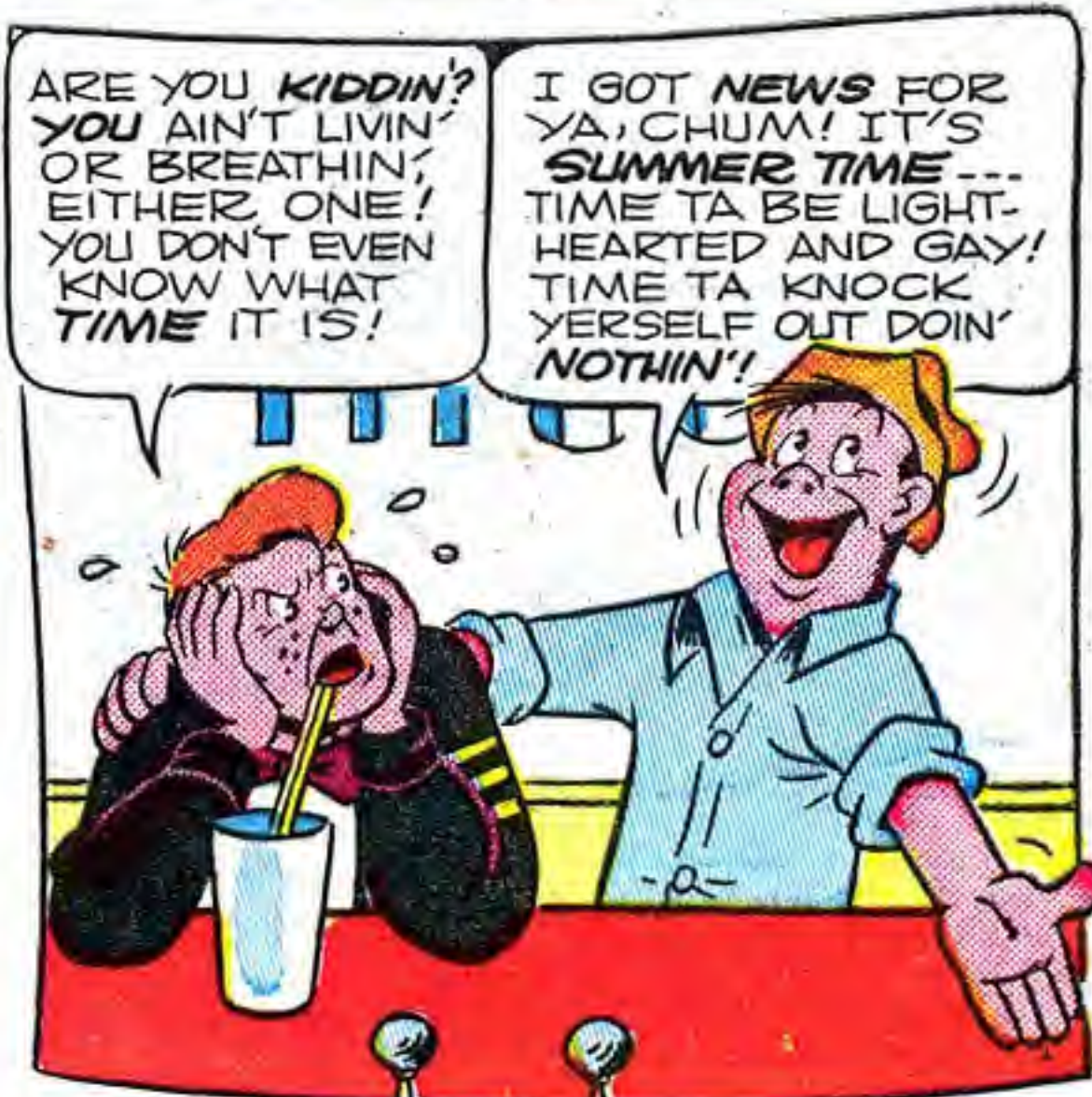
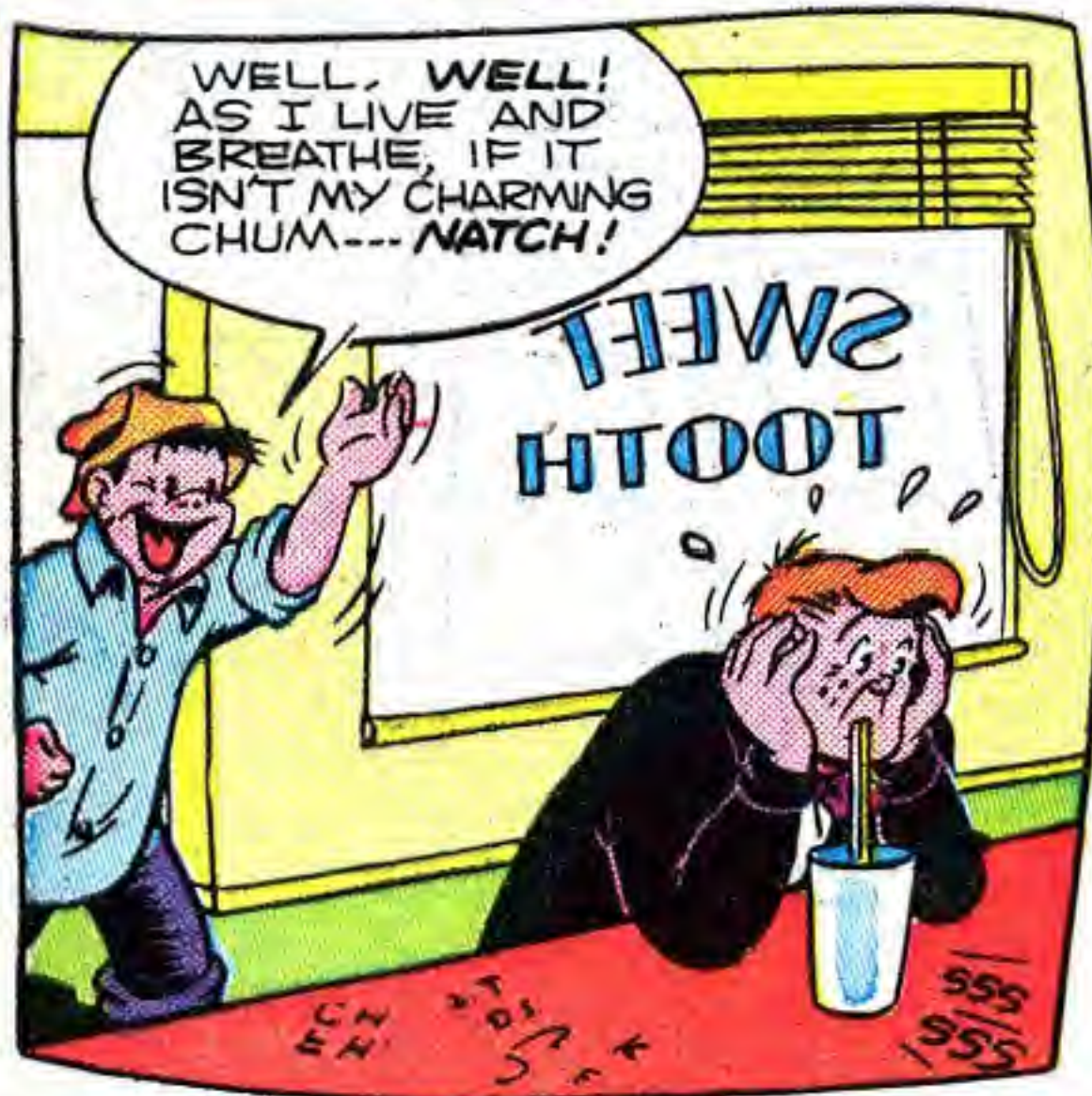
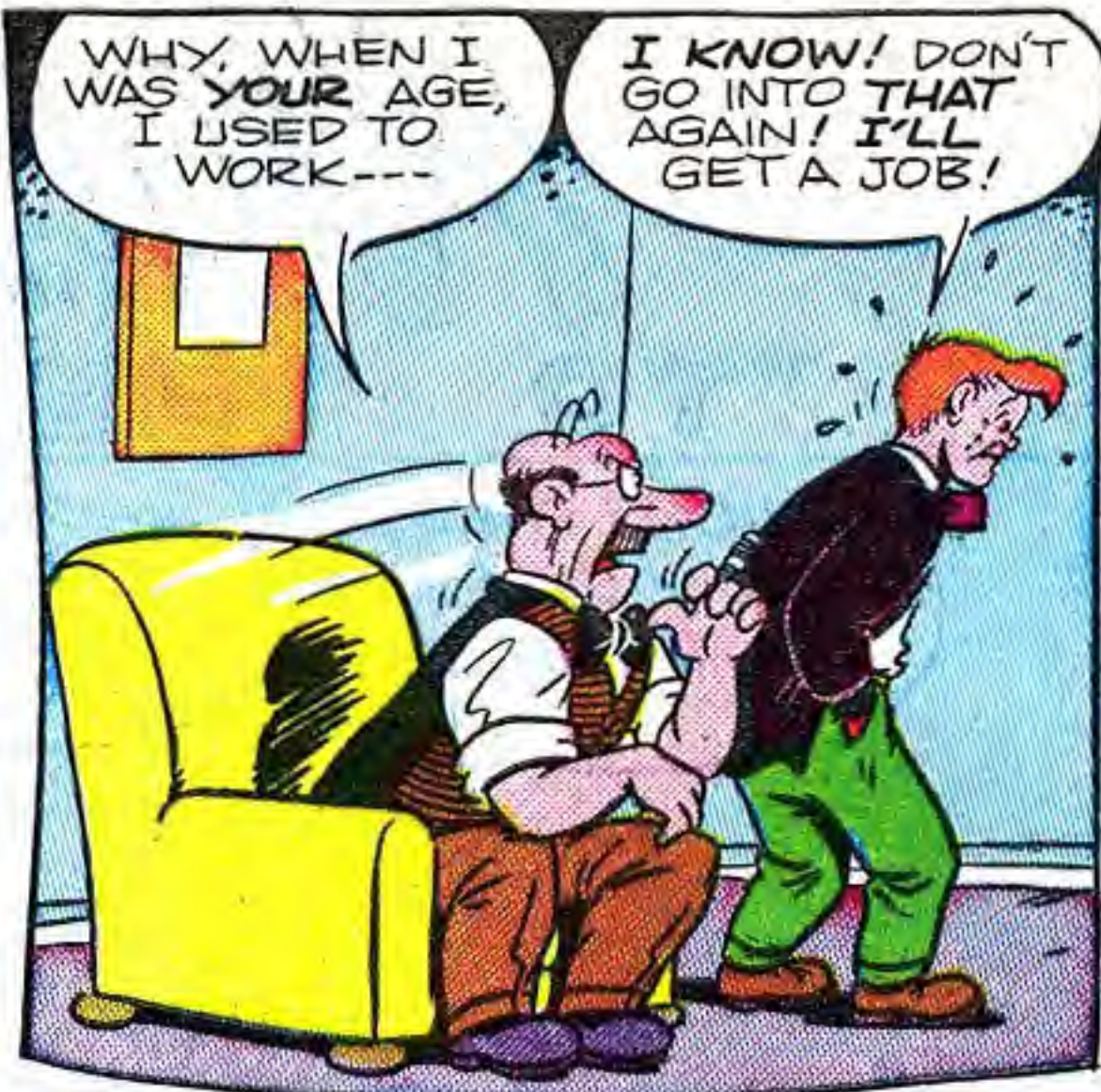
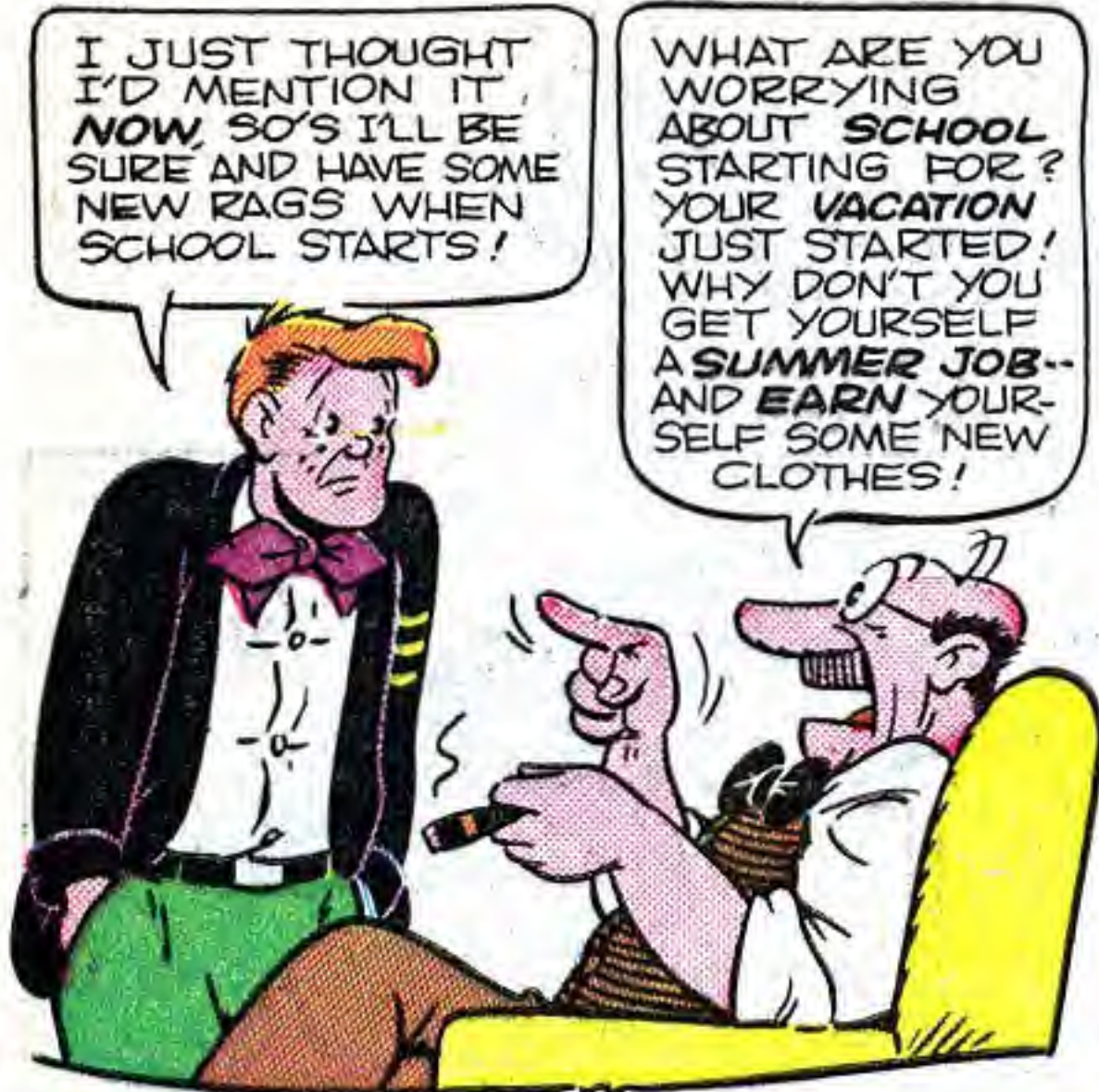


A. HARLEY

Natch

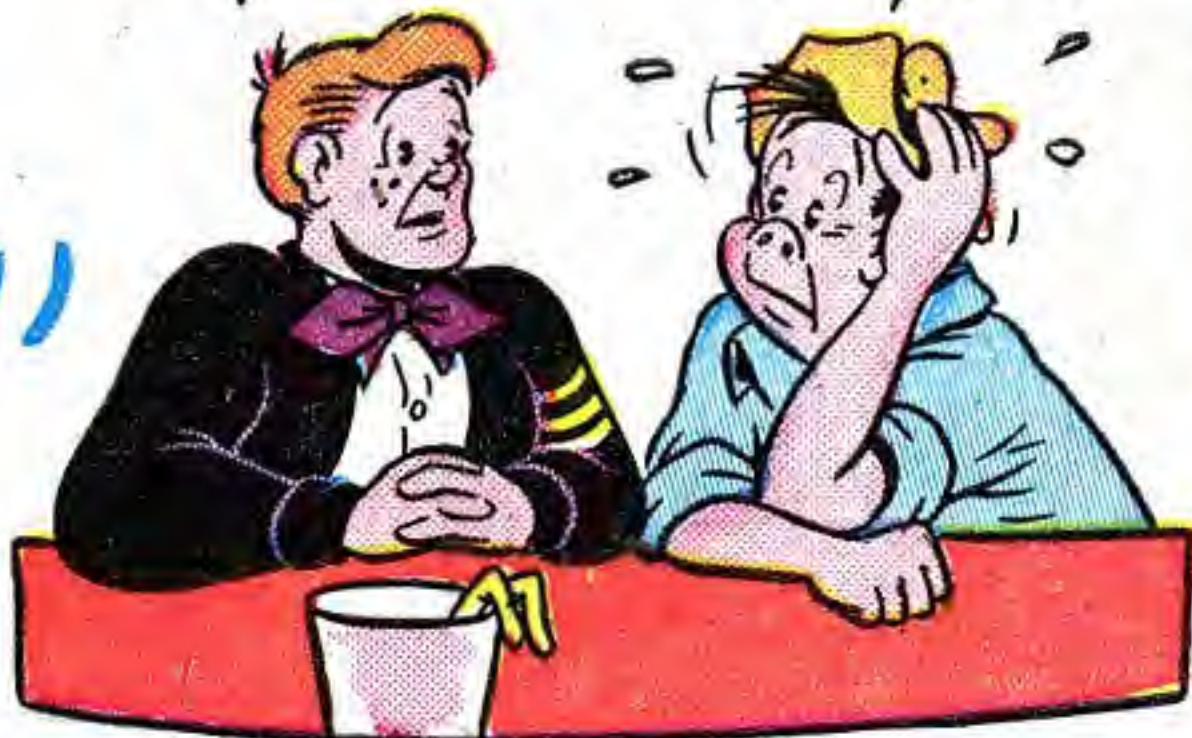
"TO THE RESCUE!"





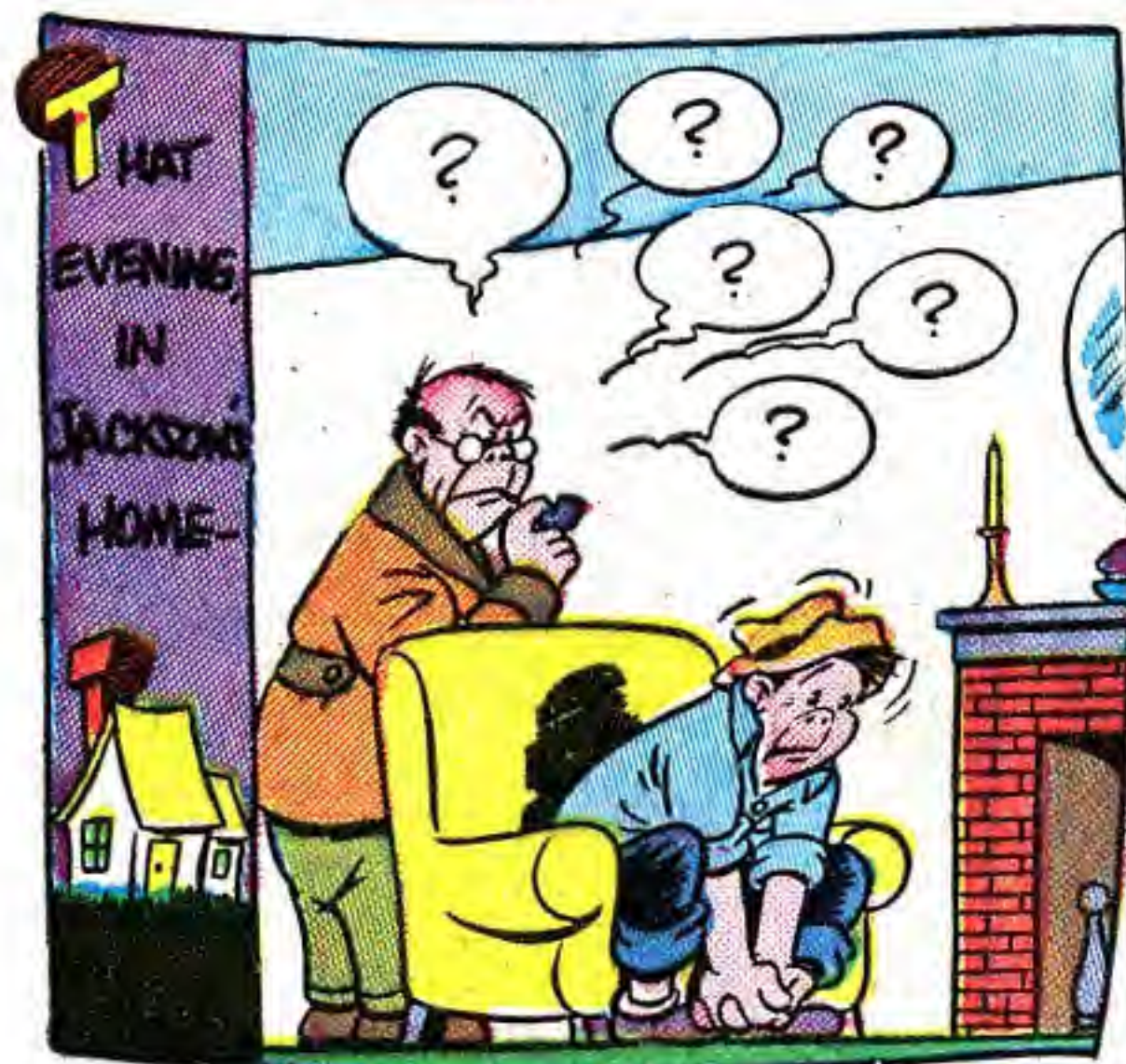
WODDEYA SAY--
--YA WANNA
GO WITH ME
WHILE I
FIND A
JOB?

I'LL GO AS
FAR AS THE
EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY WITH
YA, BUT I
WON'T GO
INSIDE!



OKAY, NATCH, GO!
DON'T LOOK BACK
---JUST KEEP
GOING! I WANNA
REMEMBER YOU
JUST AS YOU ARE!

AW! DON'T
BE SO
CORNLY,
WILL YA?

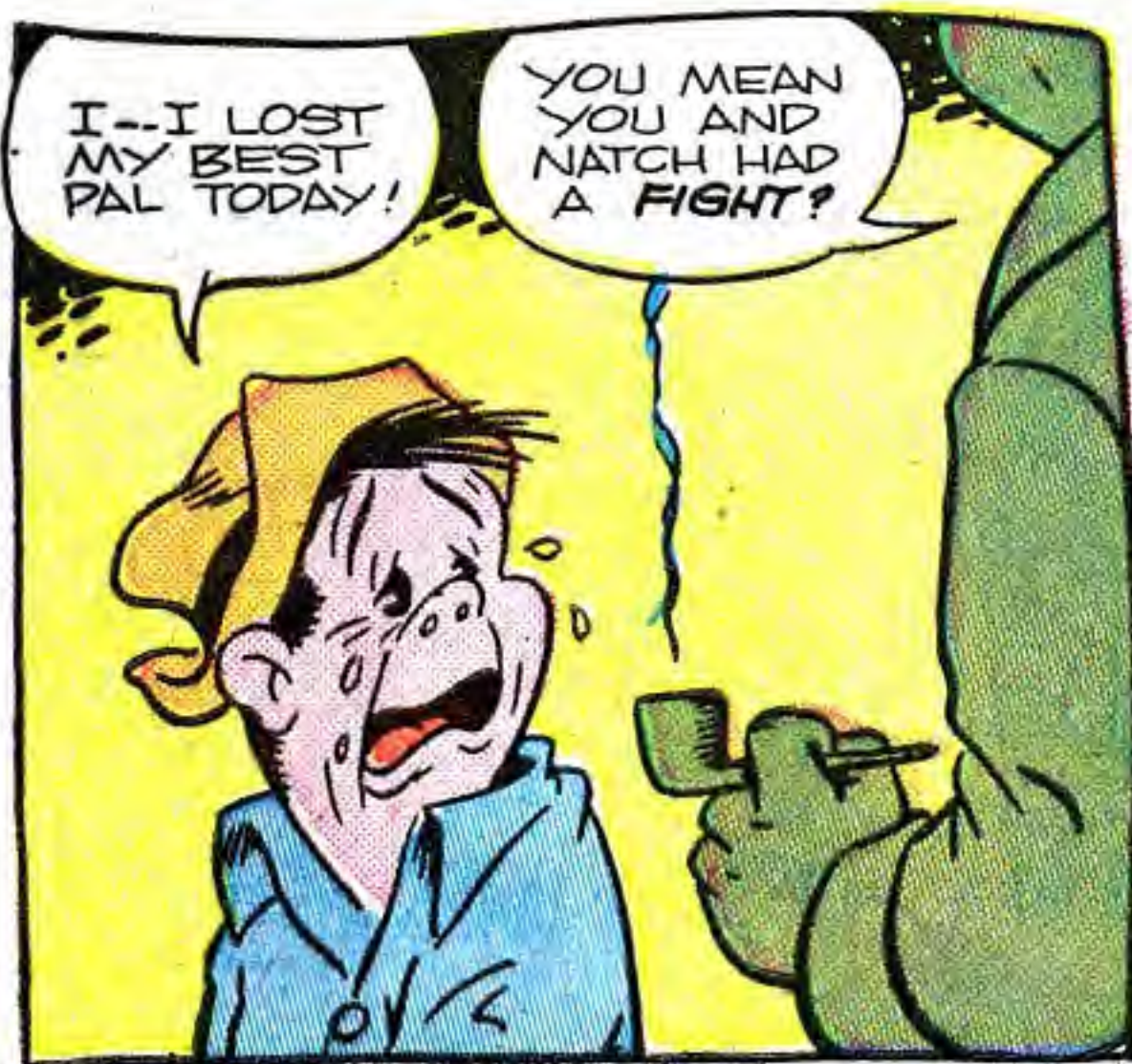


WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE, SON?
WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND?



I--I LOST
MY BEST
PAL TODAY!

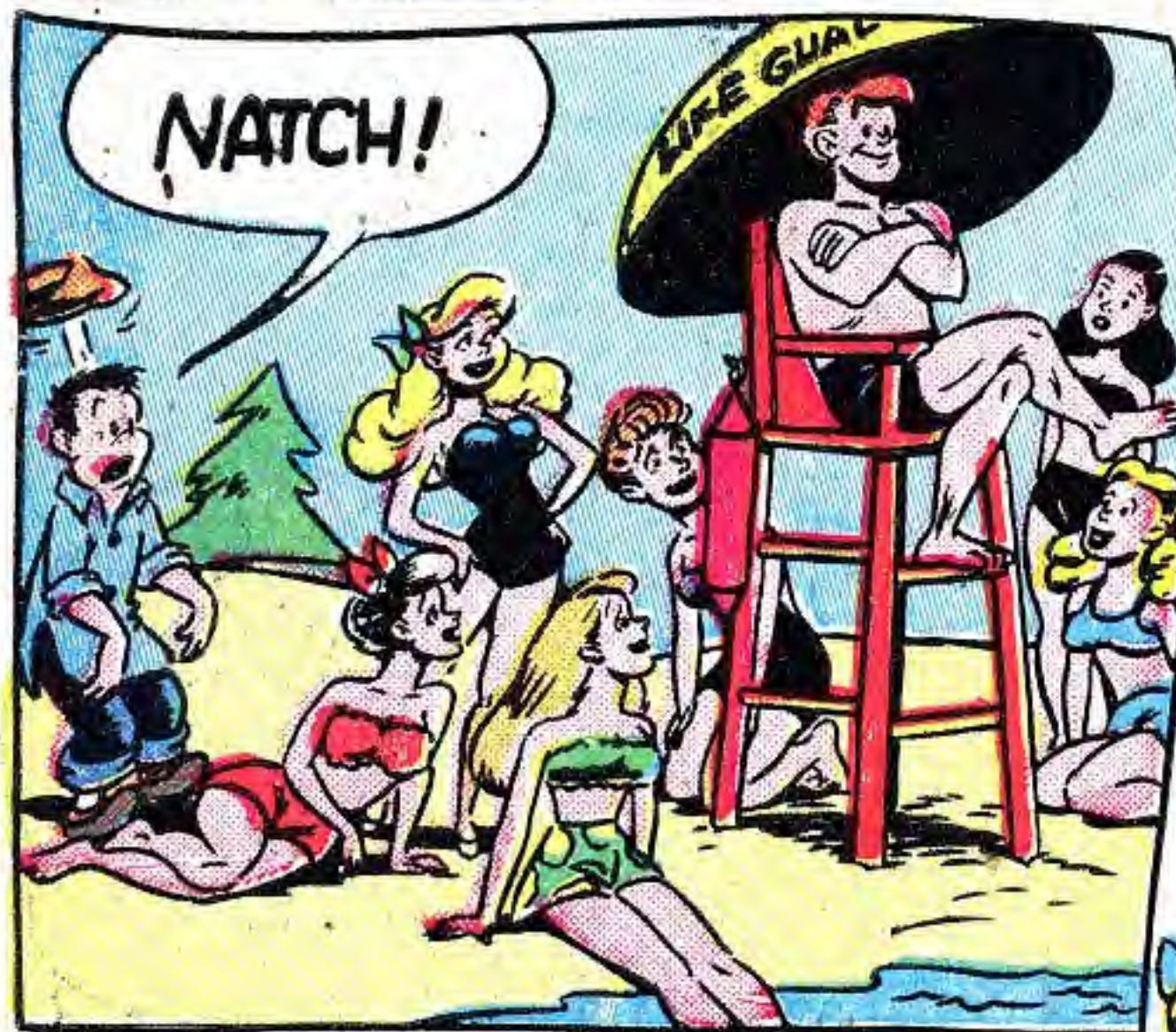
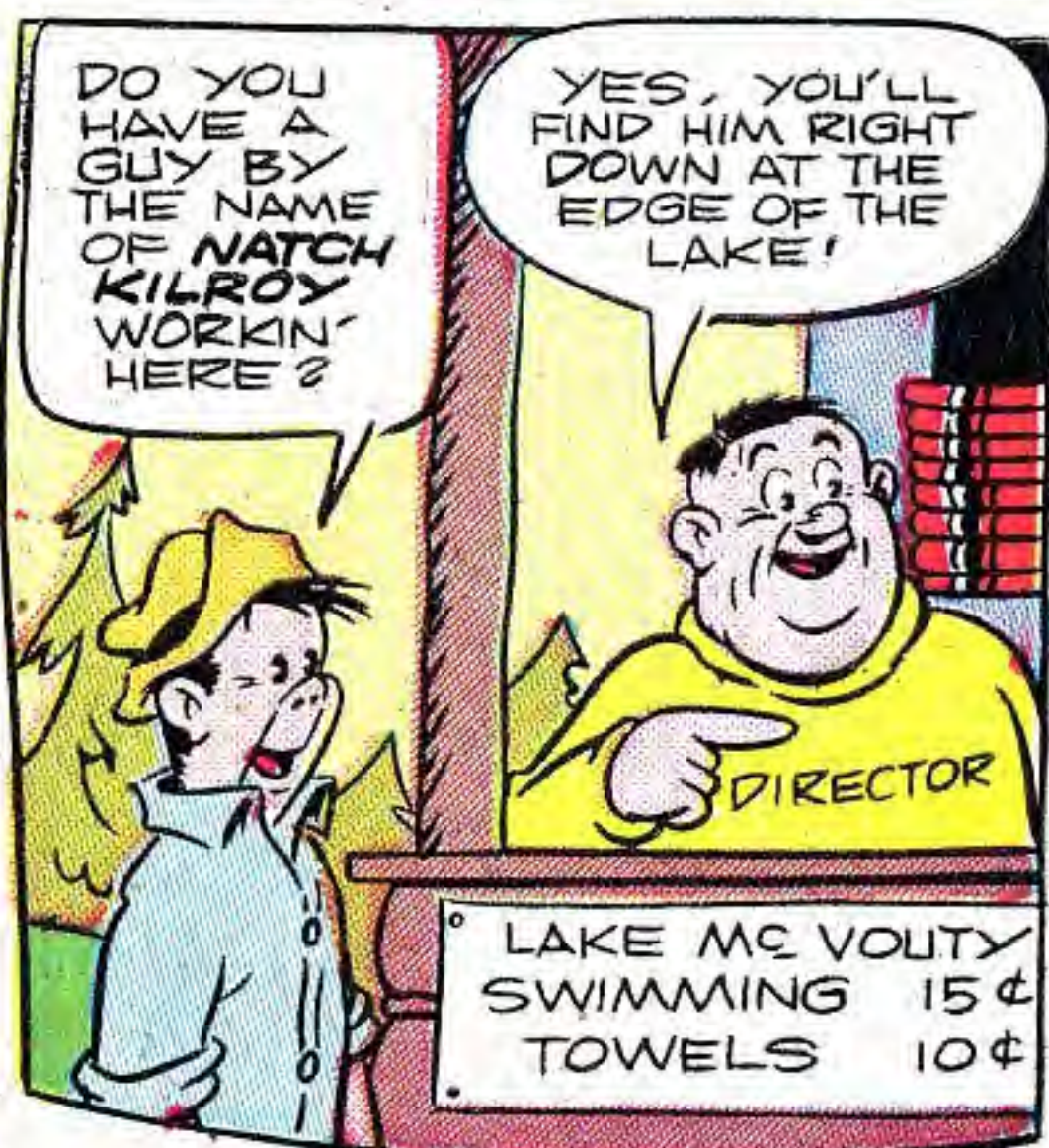
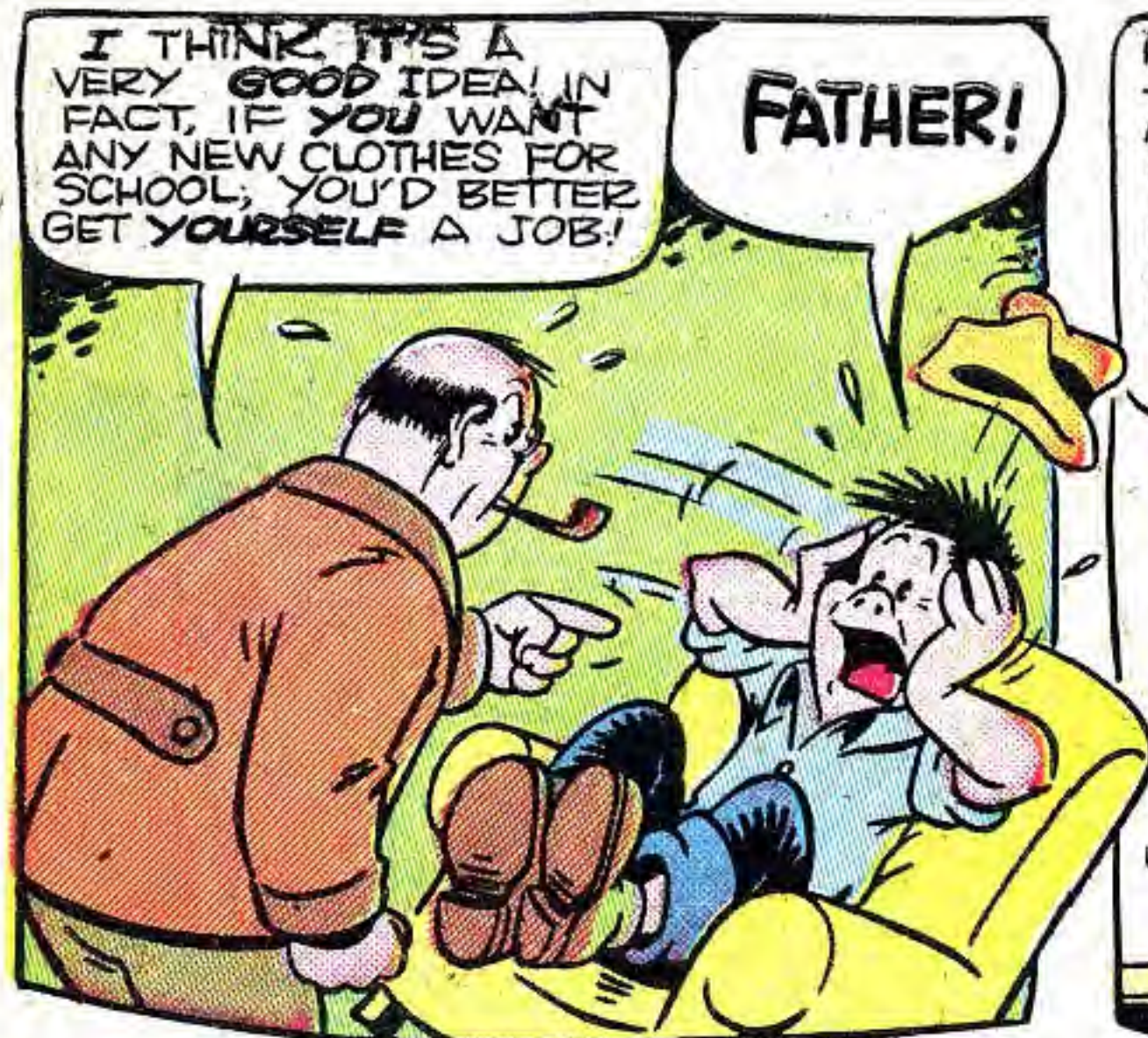
YOU MEAN
YOU AND
NATCH HAD
A FIGHT?

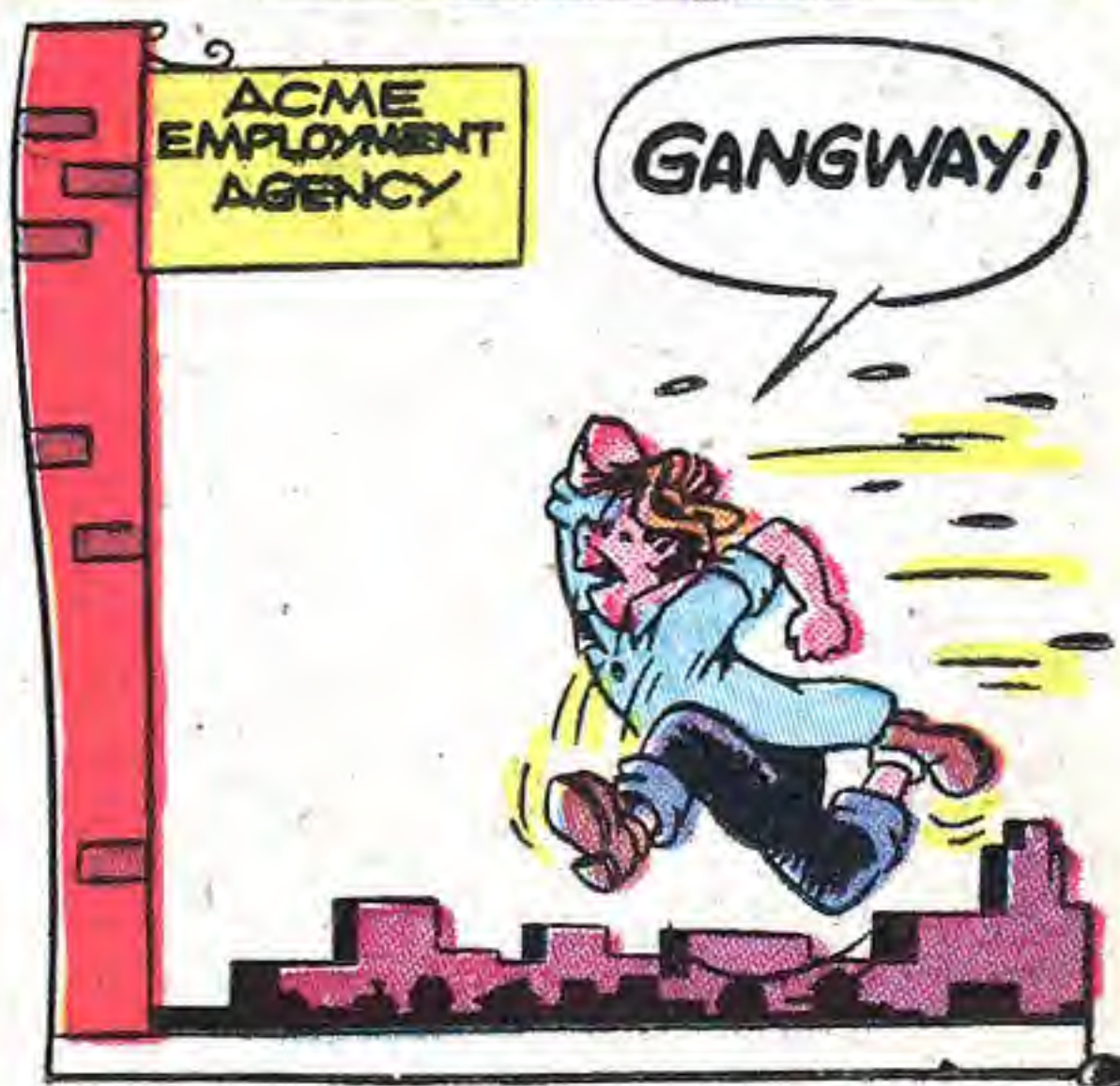
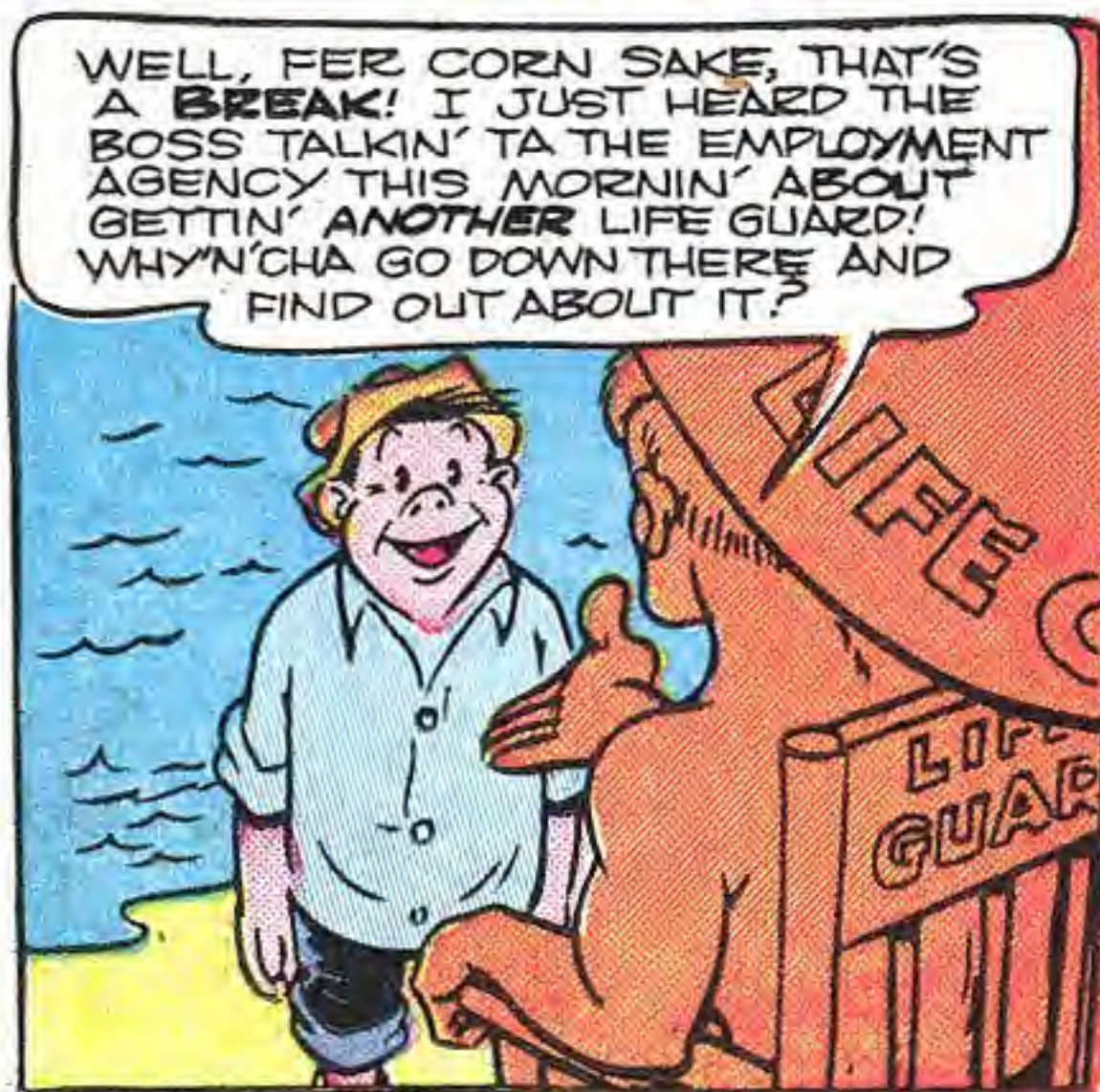
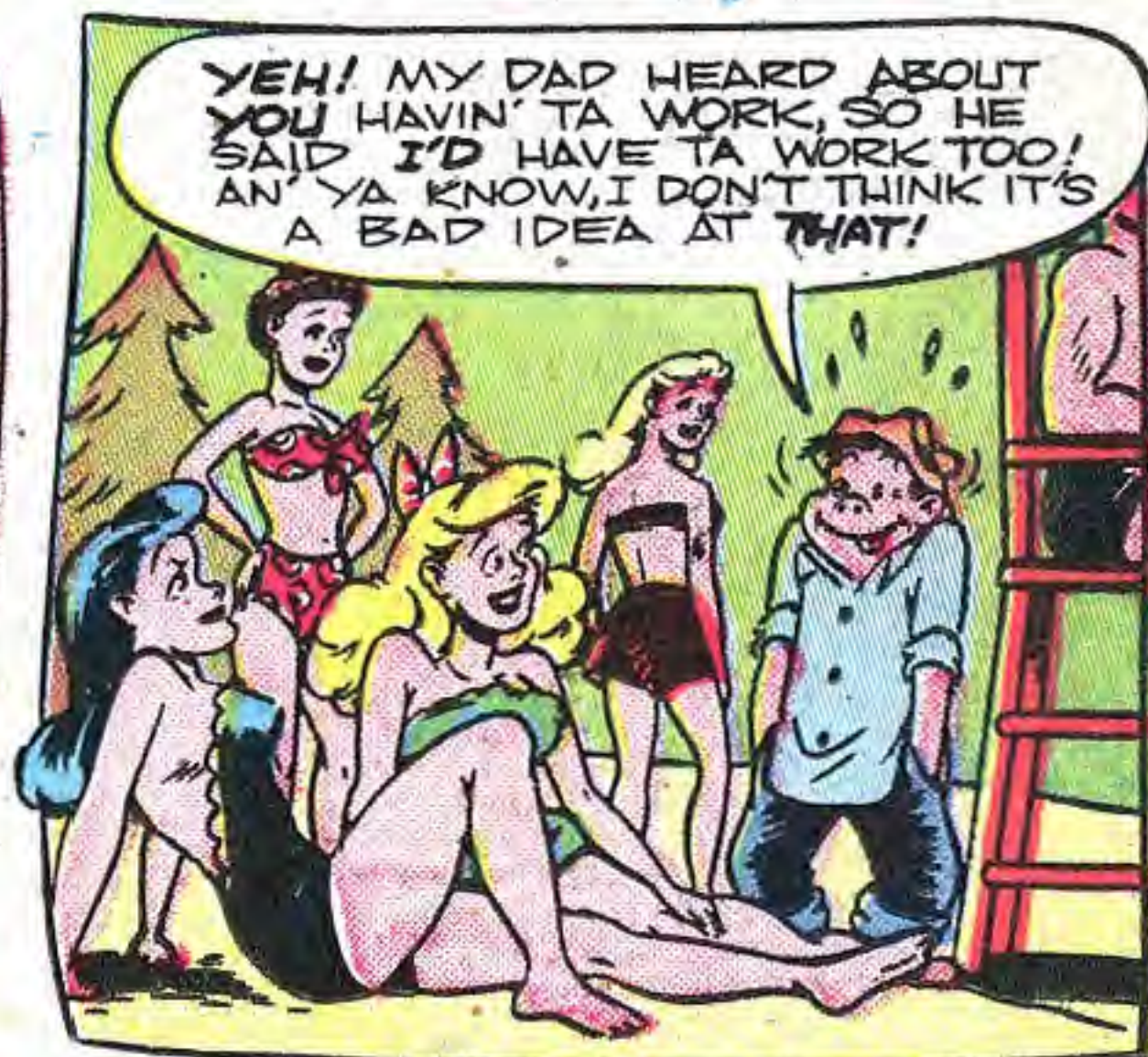
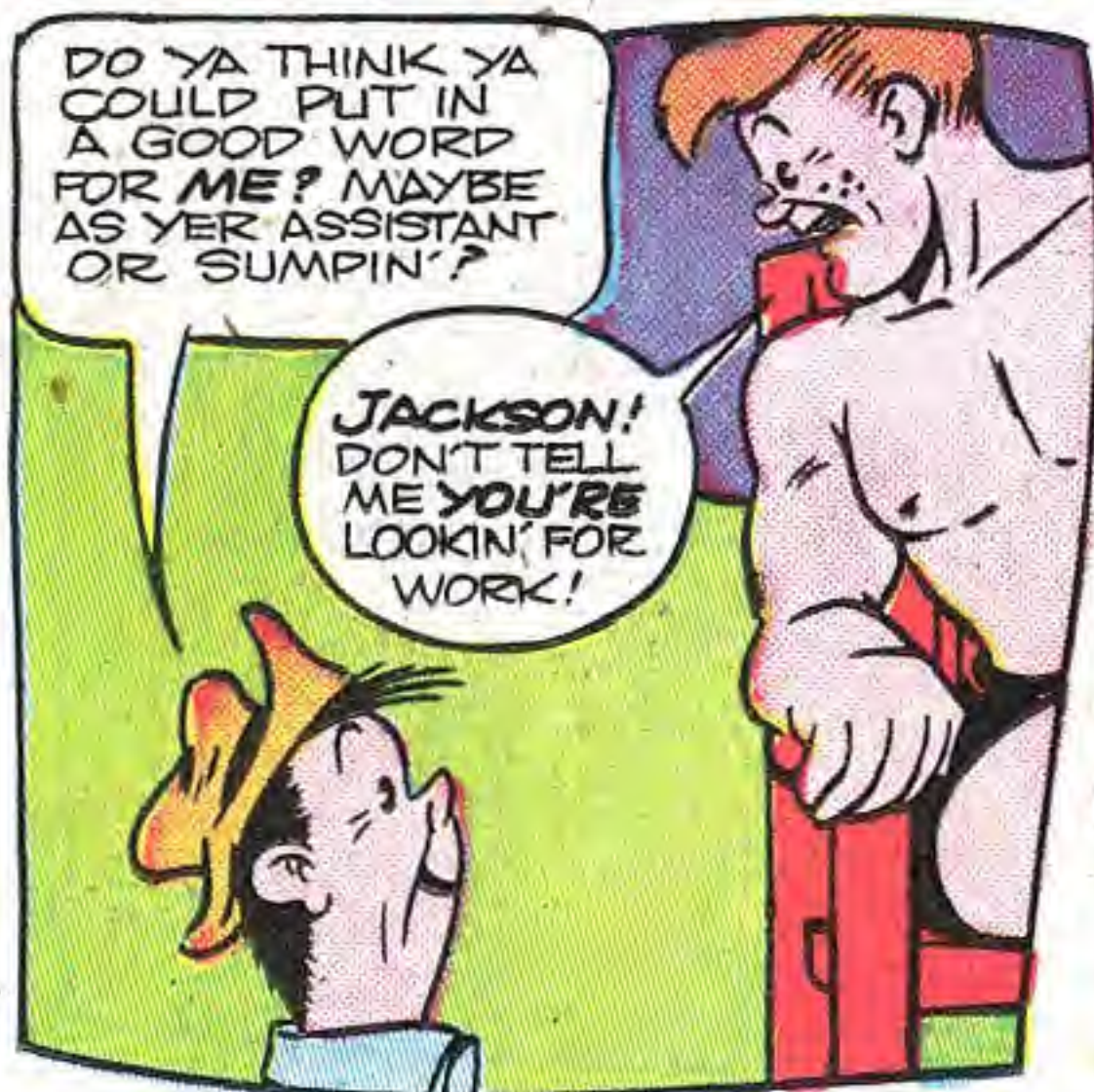
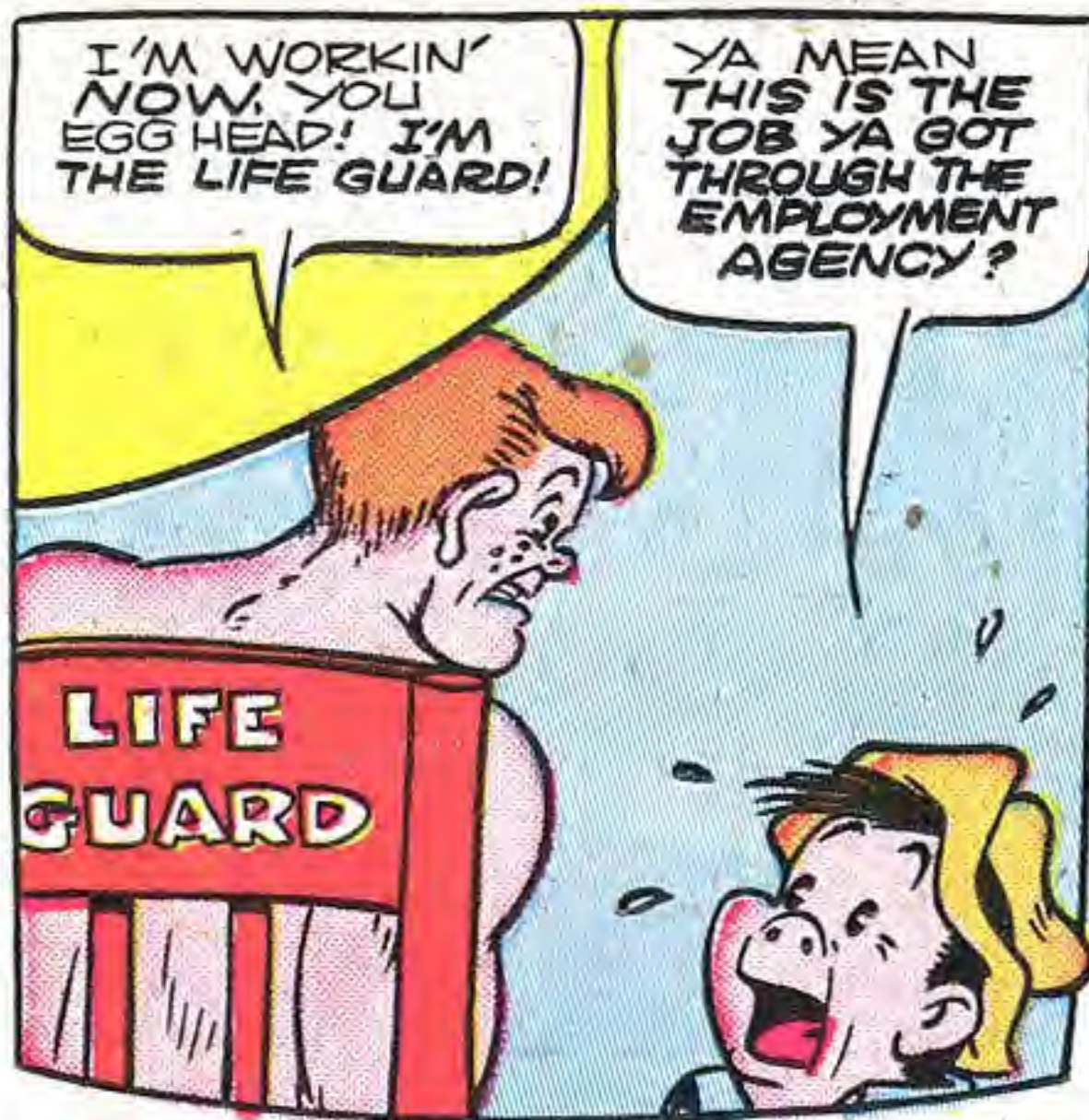


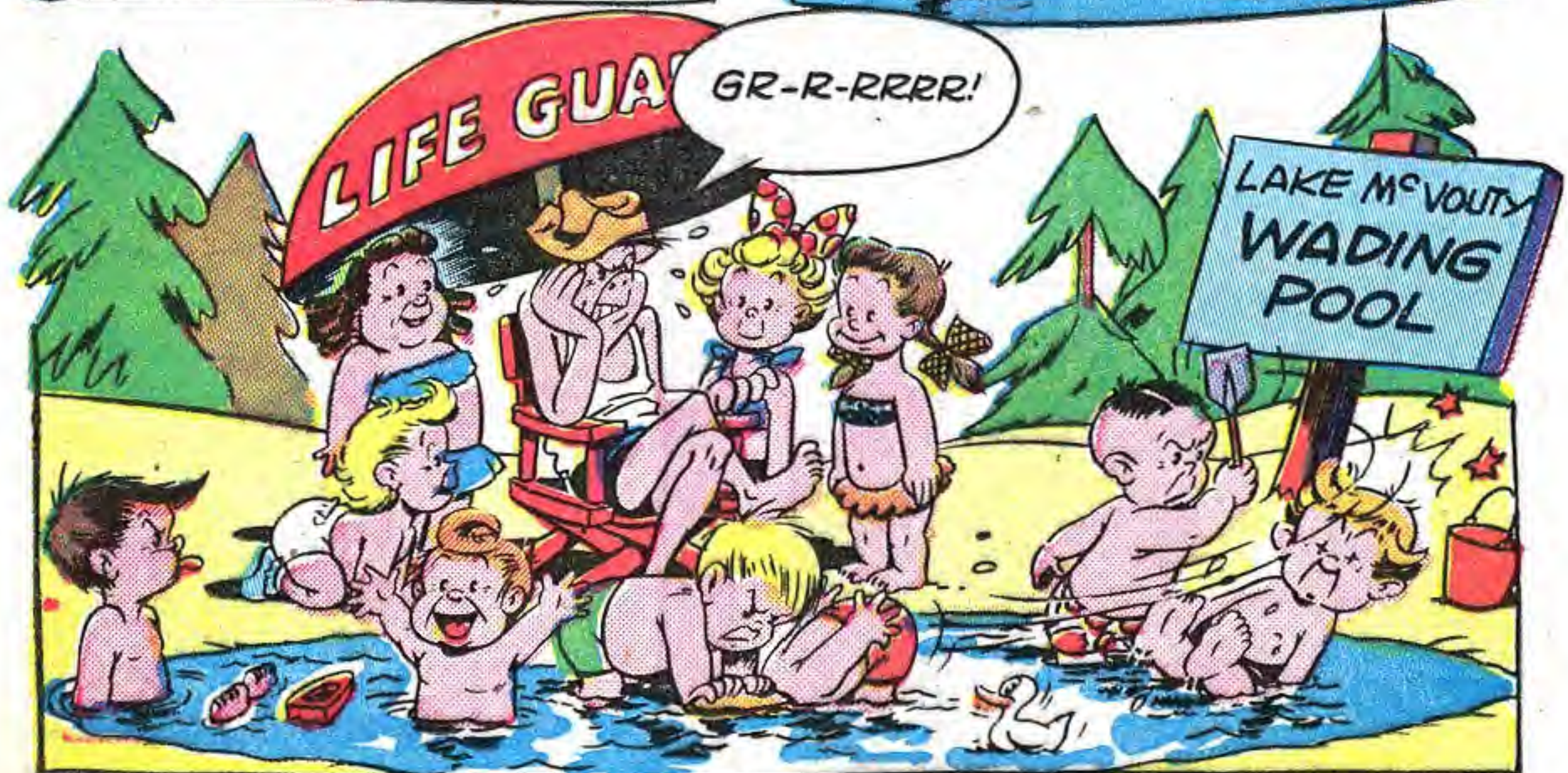
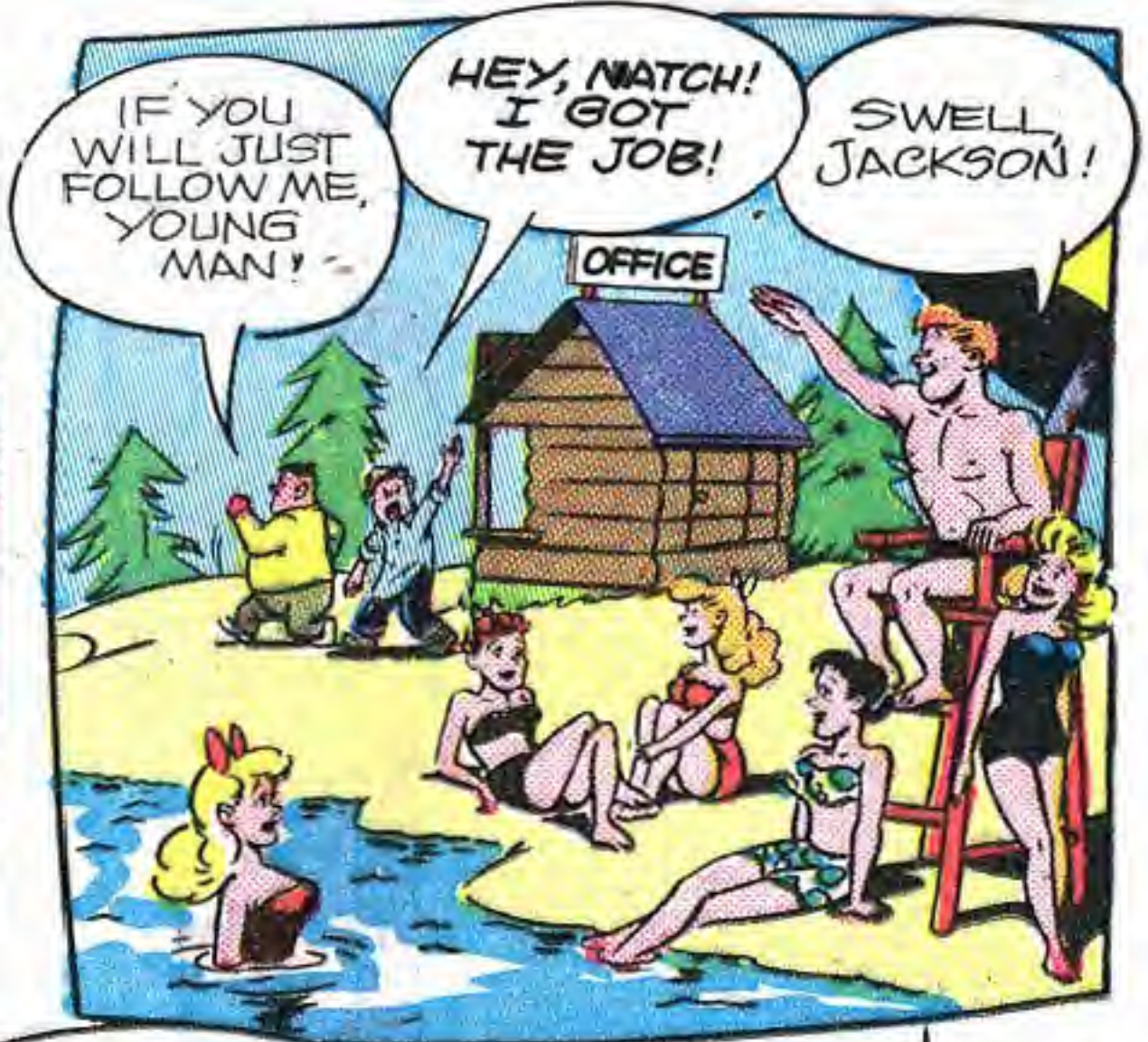
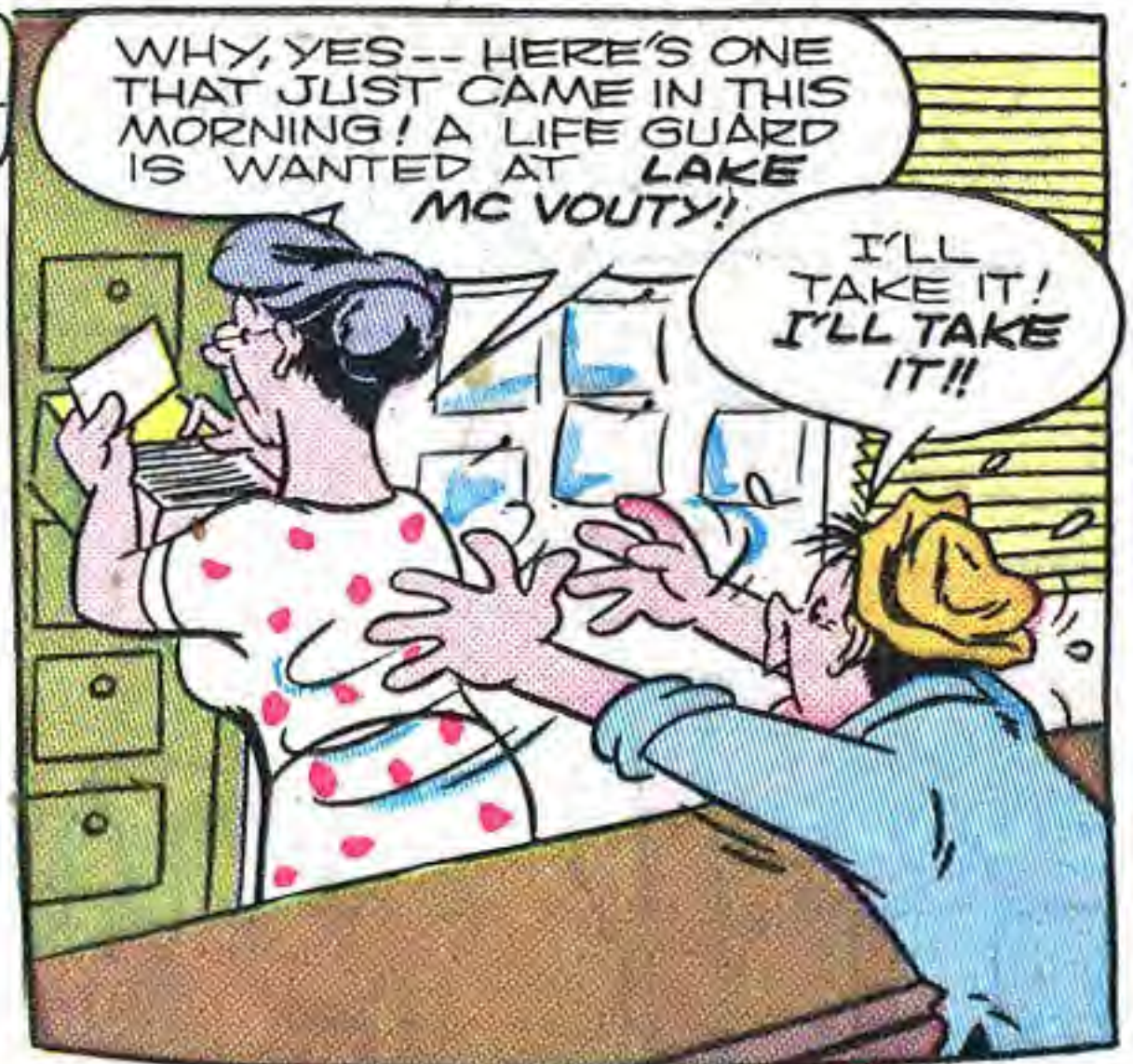
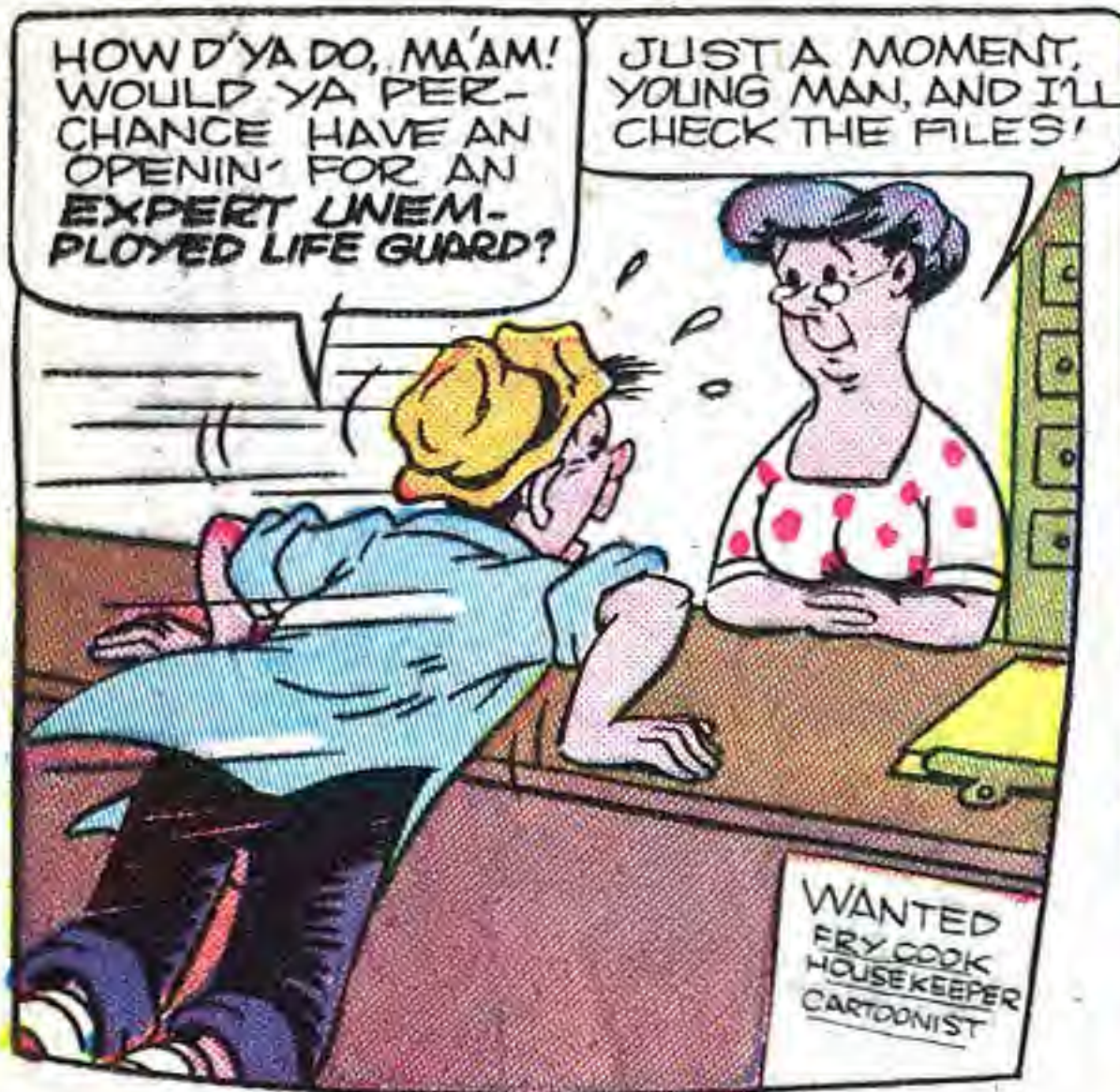
NAW! WE DIDN'T HAVE
A FIGHT-- BUT I WON'T
SEE HIM ALL SUMMER,
BECAUSE HIS DAD SAID
HE HAD TA WORK TA
BUY HIS FALL
CLOTHES! WHAT
A CORNY IDEA!

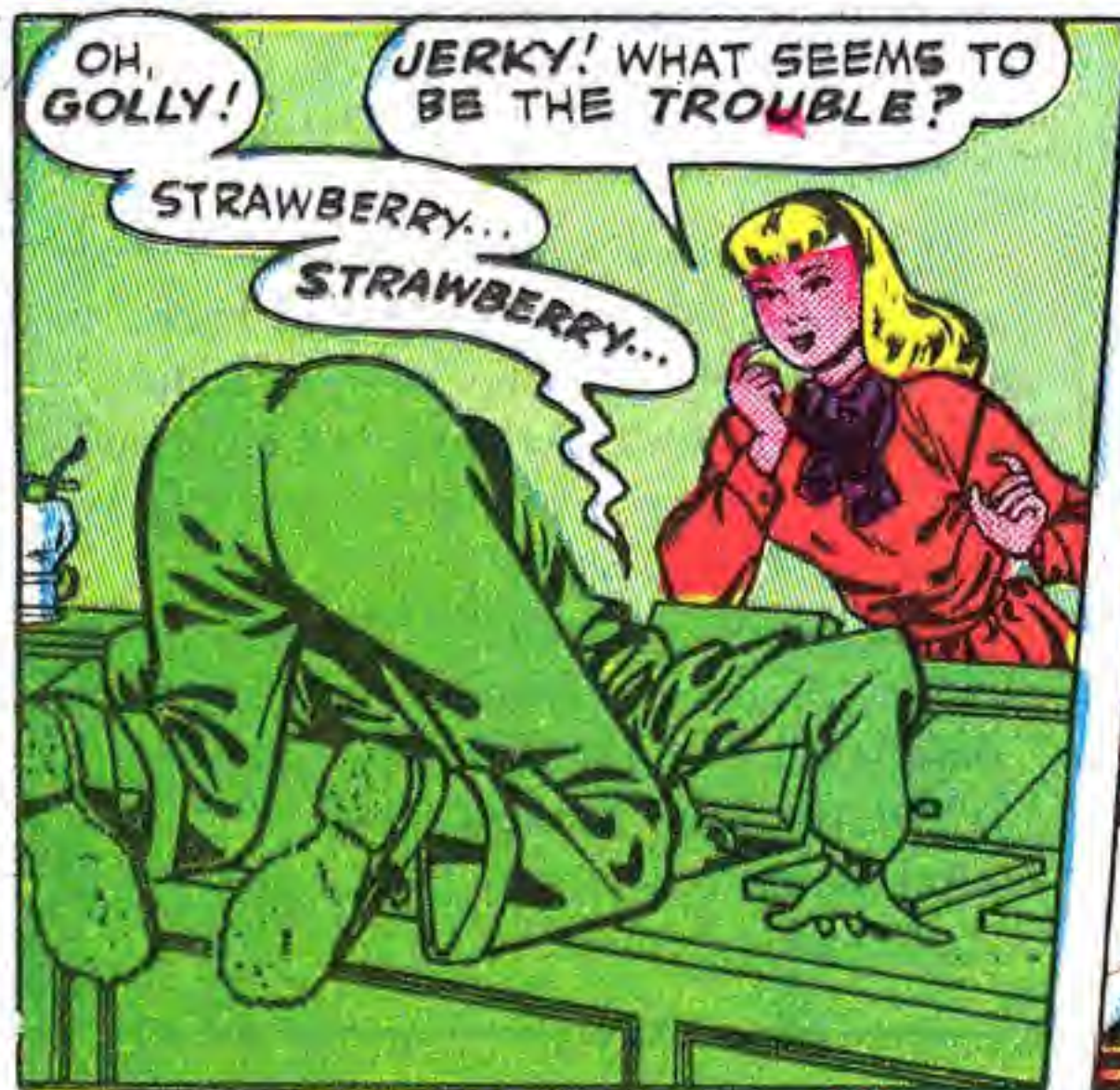
DOES THAT
STRIKE YOU
AS BEING
CORNLY?











PUPPY LOVE

"DICK! Oh, Richard!" called Mrs. Andrews.

"Huh? Oh, it's you, mom!" Dick Andrews left his castle-in-the-air with a mighty thud and came down to earth.

"If you can stop day-dreaming about Sue Pater, son, there's a letter for you from Uncle Charlie. Here it is."

Dick read the letter avidly, for news from Uncle Charlie was always wonderful. In fact, Uncle Charlie and Sue Pater were the two most wonderful people in the world to Dick . . . only Sue Pater didn't even know he was alive! She kept ignoring him, all the time, anyplace!

"Like I didn't exist," mused Dick, stopping before the last paragraph in the letter. "Like the little man who wasn't there . . . hey! Whee! Gangway for the railroad station! Uncle Charlie's sent me a pup! Yahoo! Get out a little box for him to sleep in, mother . . . and a little saucer of milk! I'm going down to pick him up!"

With flying feet, Dick raced towards the station. "Gosh, I bet I have to carry the little guy home," he thought. "Small pups are kinda wobbly in the knees. I might even have to feed him from an eye-dropper!"

At the station, Dick inquired of the baggage master, "Anything for me? Mr. Richard Andrews?"

"If *that's* for you, son, you've got my sympathy!" the baggage master answered, pointing to a tremendous crate. The address sticker said "Richard Andrews" all right, so Dick opened the crate . . . and gulped!

Coming towards him was the largest, shaggiest animal he had ever seen or imagined! It wagged its tail and put its paws on Dick's shoulders, knocking him over. When Dick tried to pick himself

up, he couldn't. The puppy, which was some kind of gigantic St. Bernard, had seated himself calmly on Dick's chest and was kissing Dick's face with warm affection and a huge red tongue.

"No!" Dick cried weakly. "Get up! Hey, get up, I tell ya!"

He managed to scramble to his feet. "Call yourself a puppy, do you?" he shouted. "Well, I don't! If this is Uncle Charlie's idea of a joke, *phooey!* We'd hafta build another wing on the house for you! So, rough as it may seem, you're goin' right back!"

Dick held the crate open, but the puppy wouldn't get inside. Instead, he just stood and stared lovingly at his new master. "Stubborn, huh?" said Dick. "Well, if ya won't move under your own steam, I'll give ya some help!"

He approached the dog and started to push him towards the crate. The dog, thinking this was some kind of game, leaped into the air, barked merrily and came down again. He put his big forepaws around Dick's neck and sighed.

"No, darn it! We're not playing!" Dick began to say, when an amused voice cut in.

"Why, Richard Andrews!" said Sue Pater. "Is that your dog?"

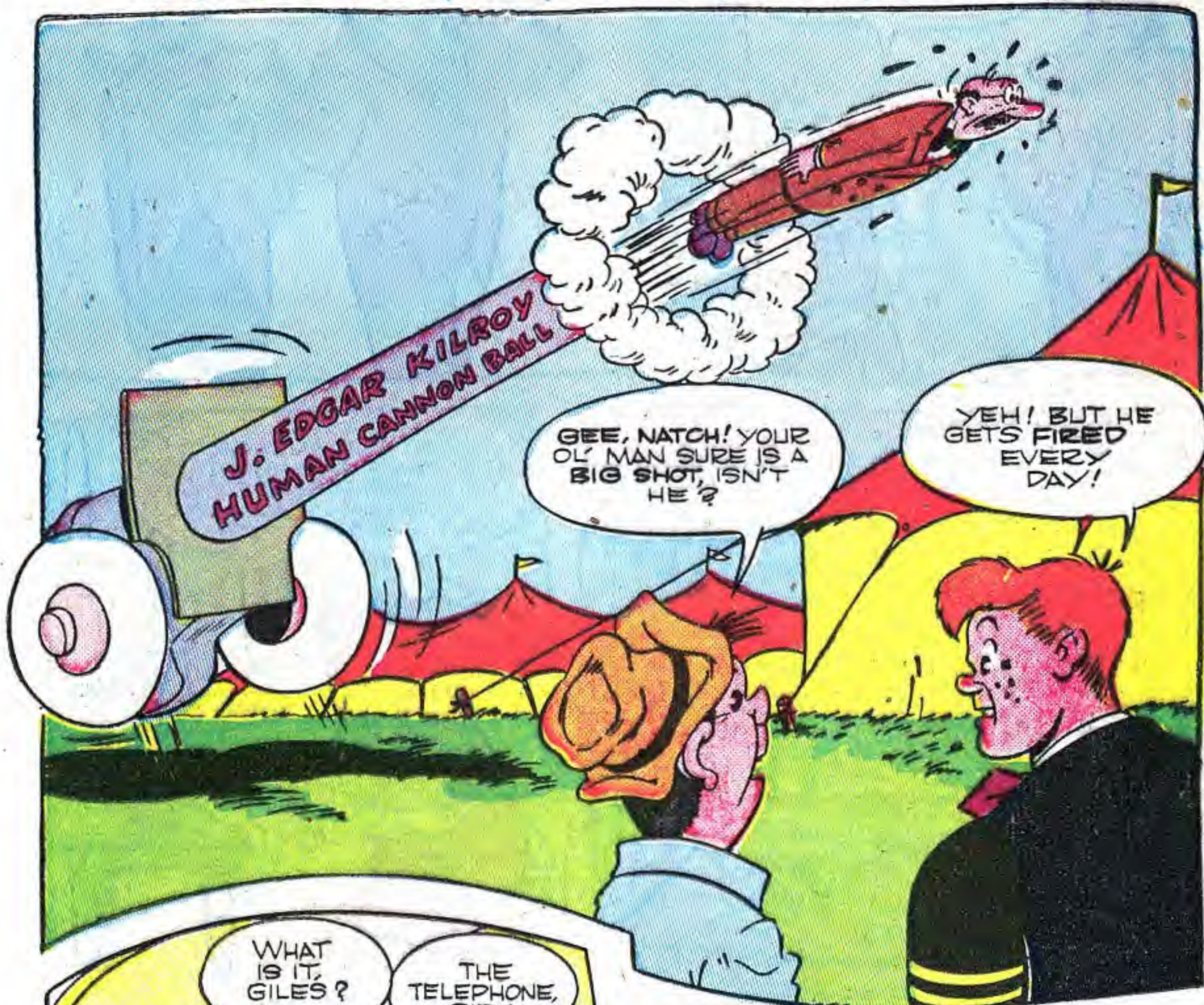
"Er, I guess so," Dick hesitated, blushing.

"I never knew you liked dogs." For the first time, Sue's voice sounded friendly and interested. "Gosh, he's a *beauty!* What's his name? Did you just get him? Are you building a kennel for him? May I come and help you?"

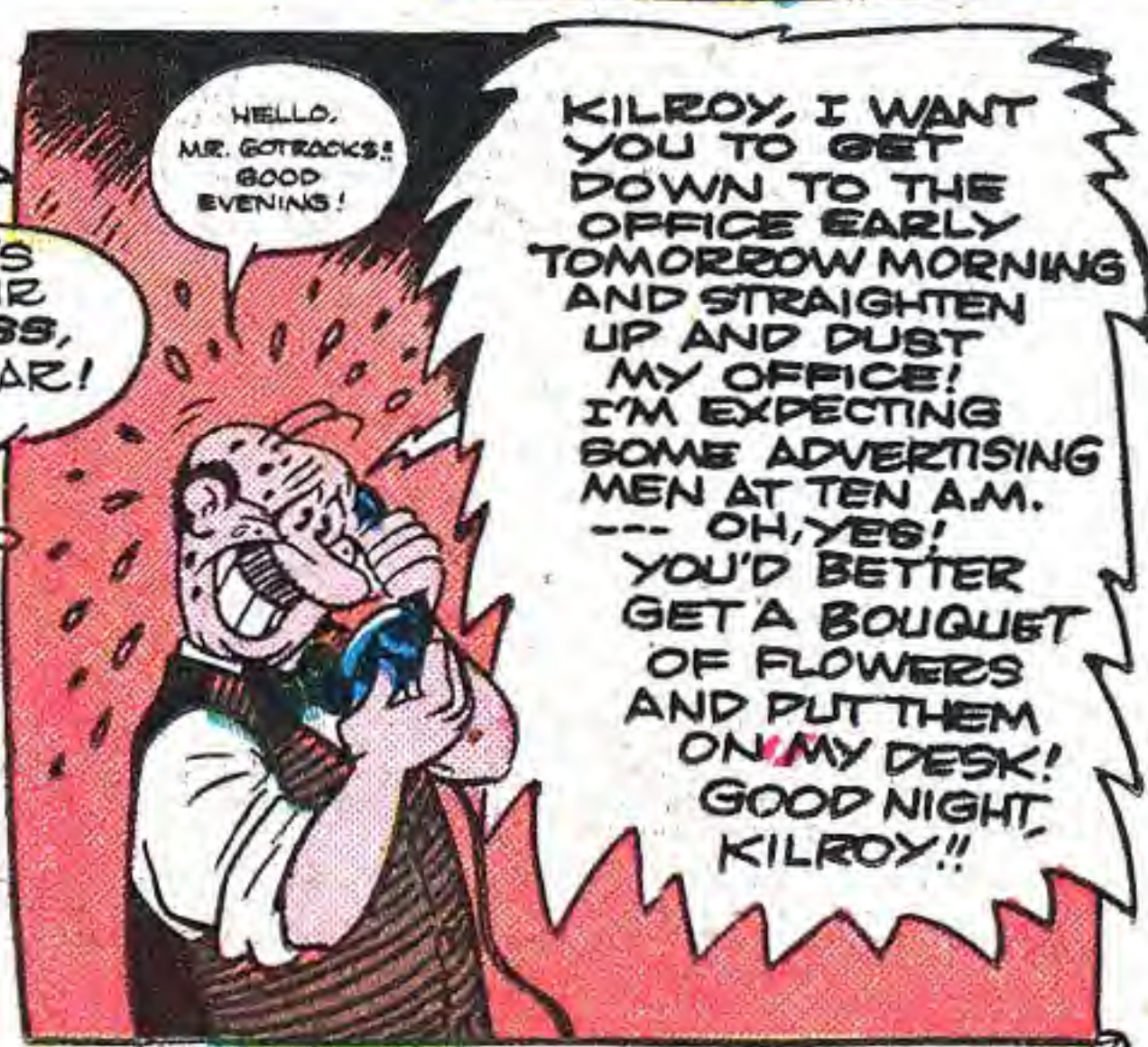
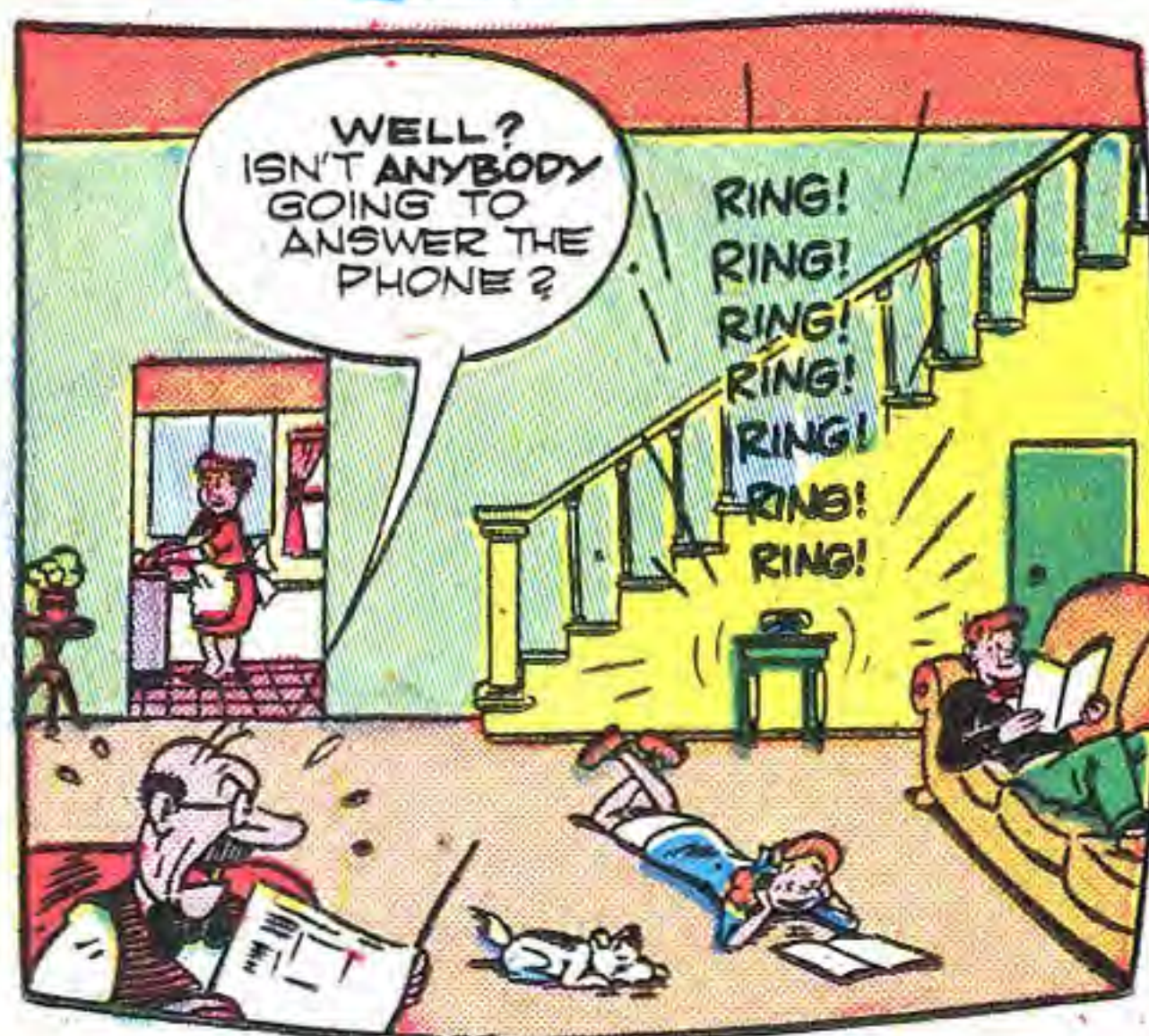
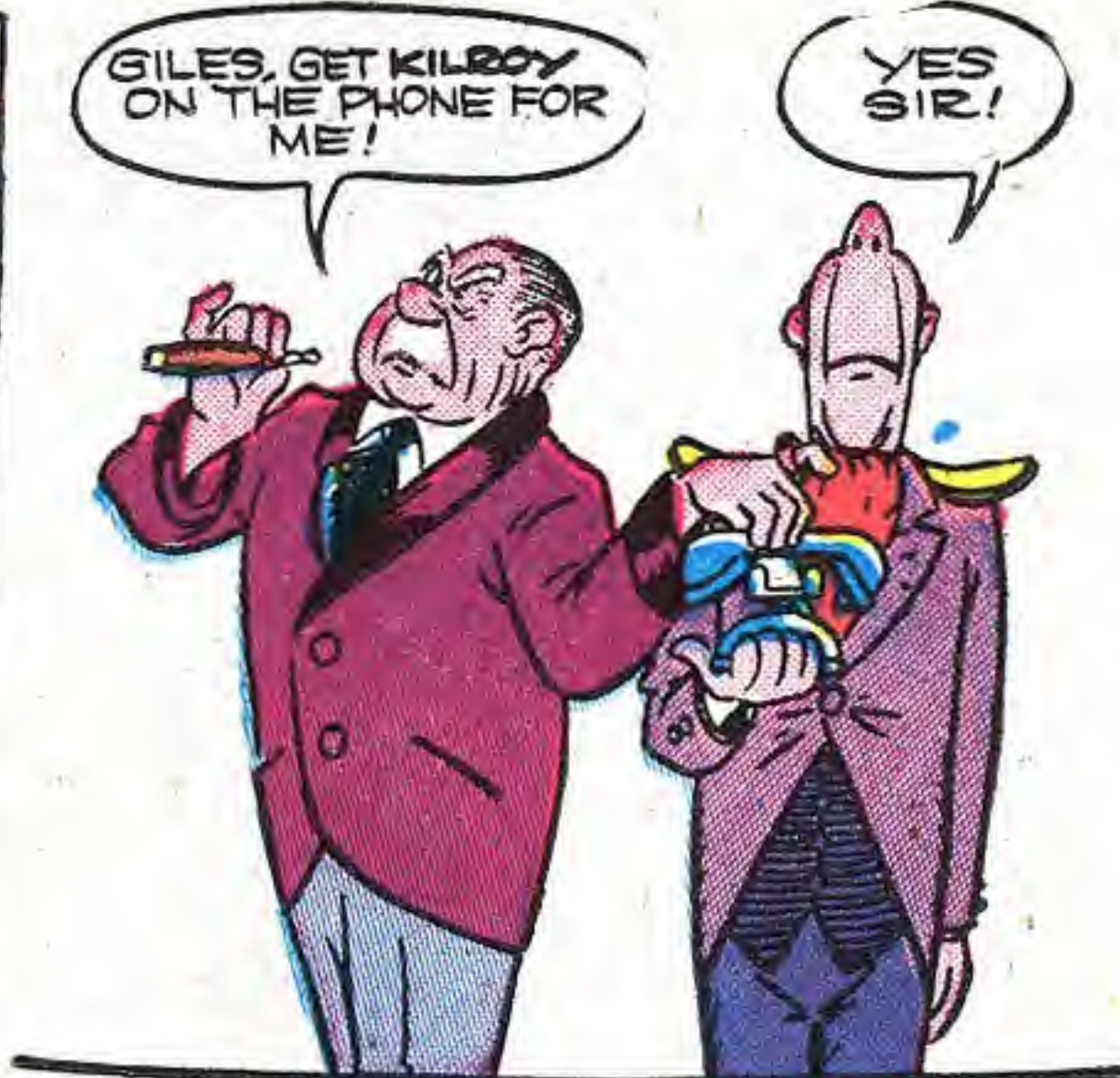
Dick blinked a couple of times. "His name's . . . uh . . . Bounce," he answered. "And we'll both be expecting you, Sue!" He whistled to the pup and dog and master bounded happily down the street . . . towards home!

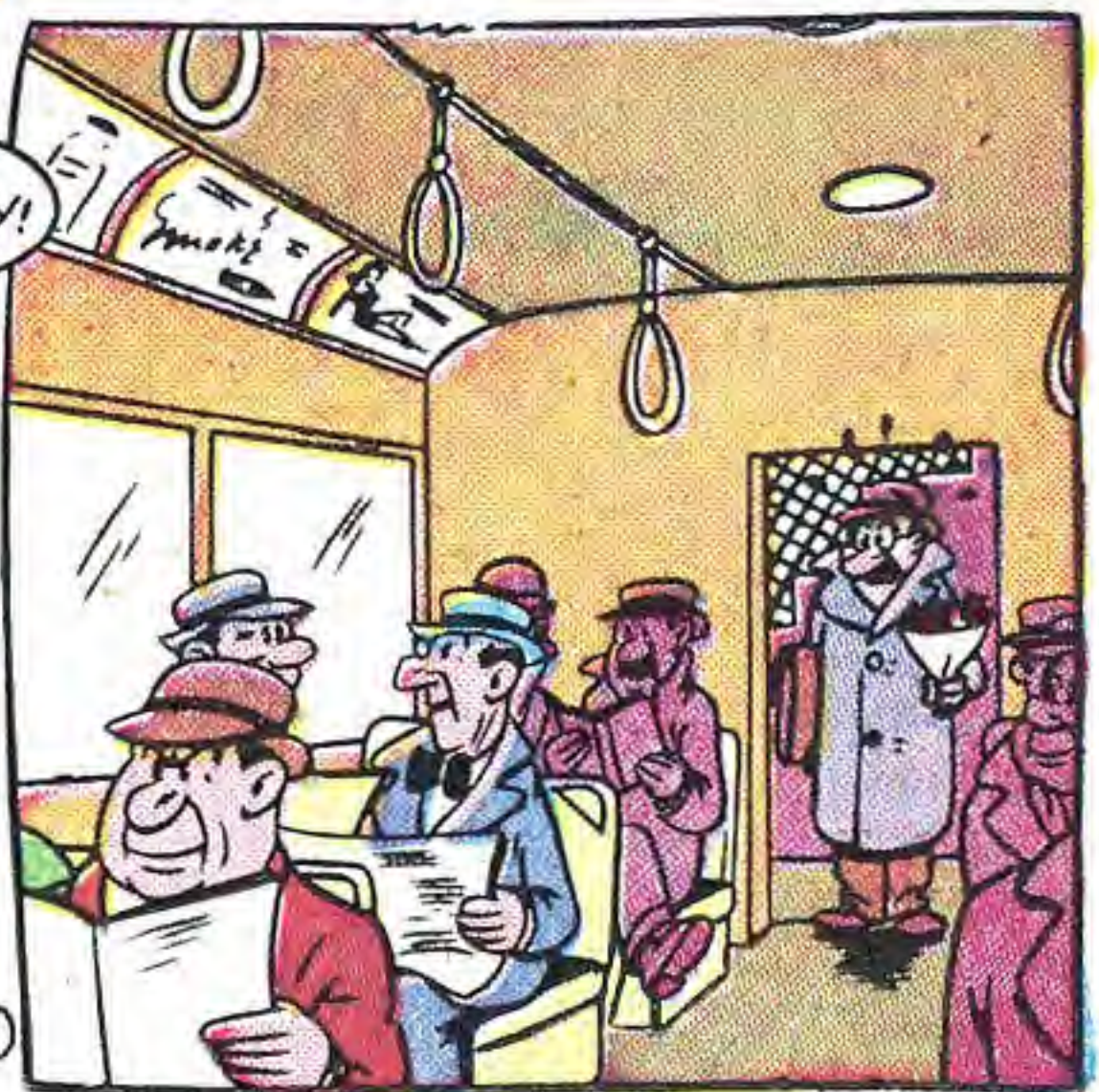
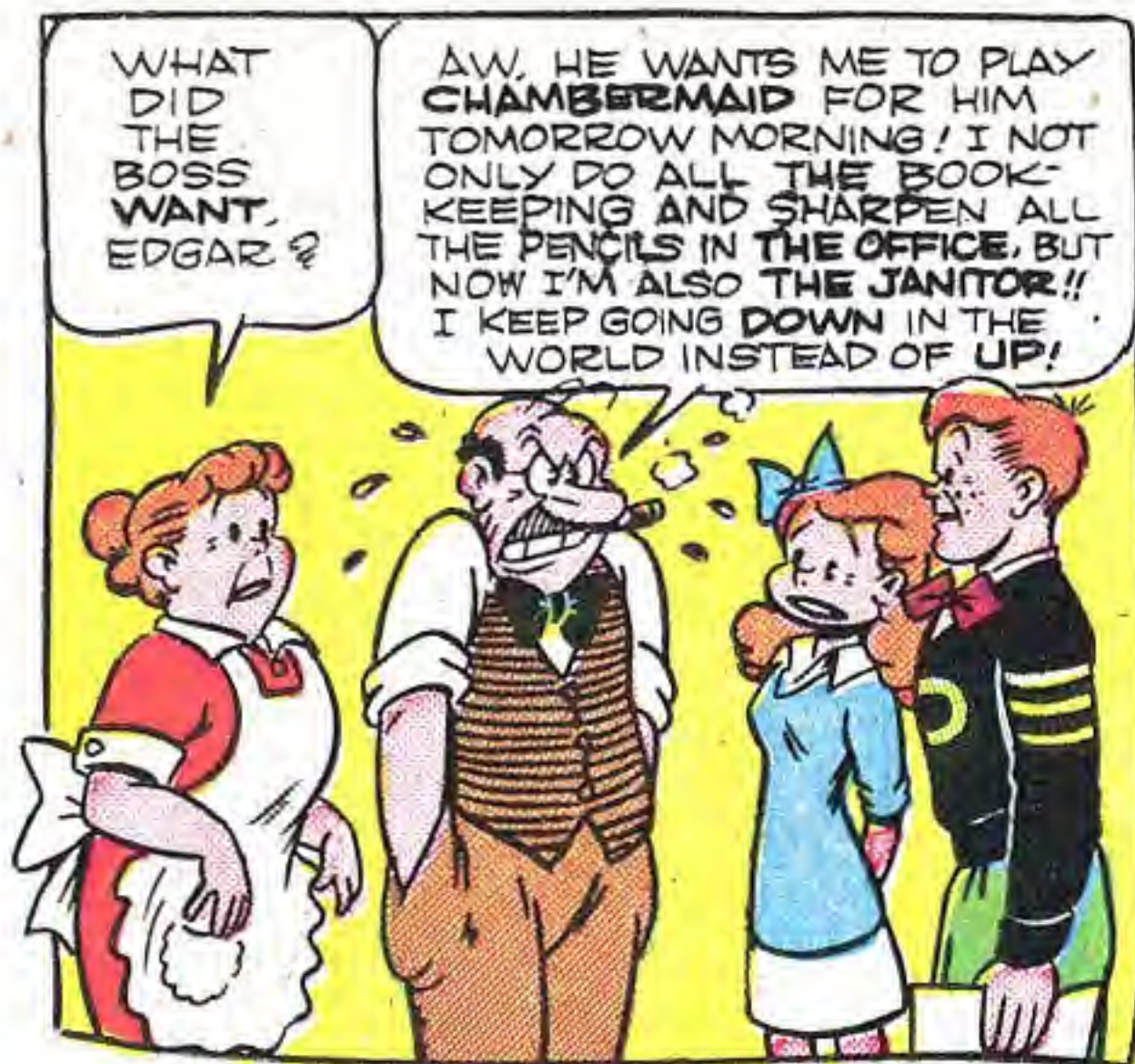
The KILROYS

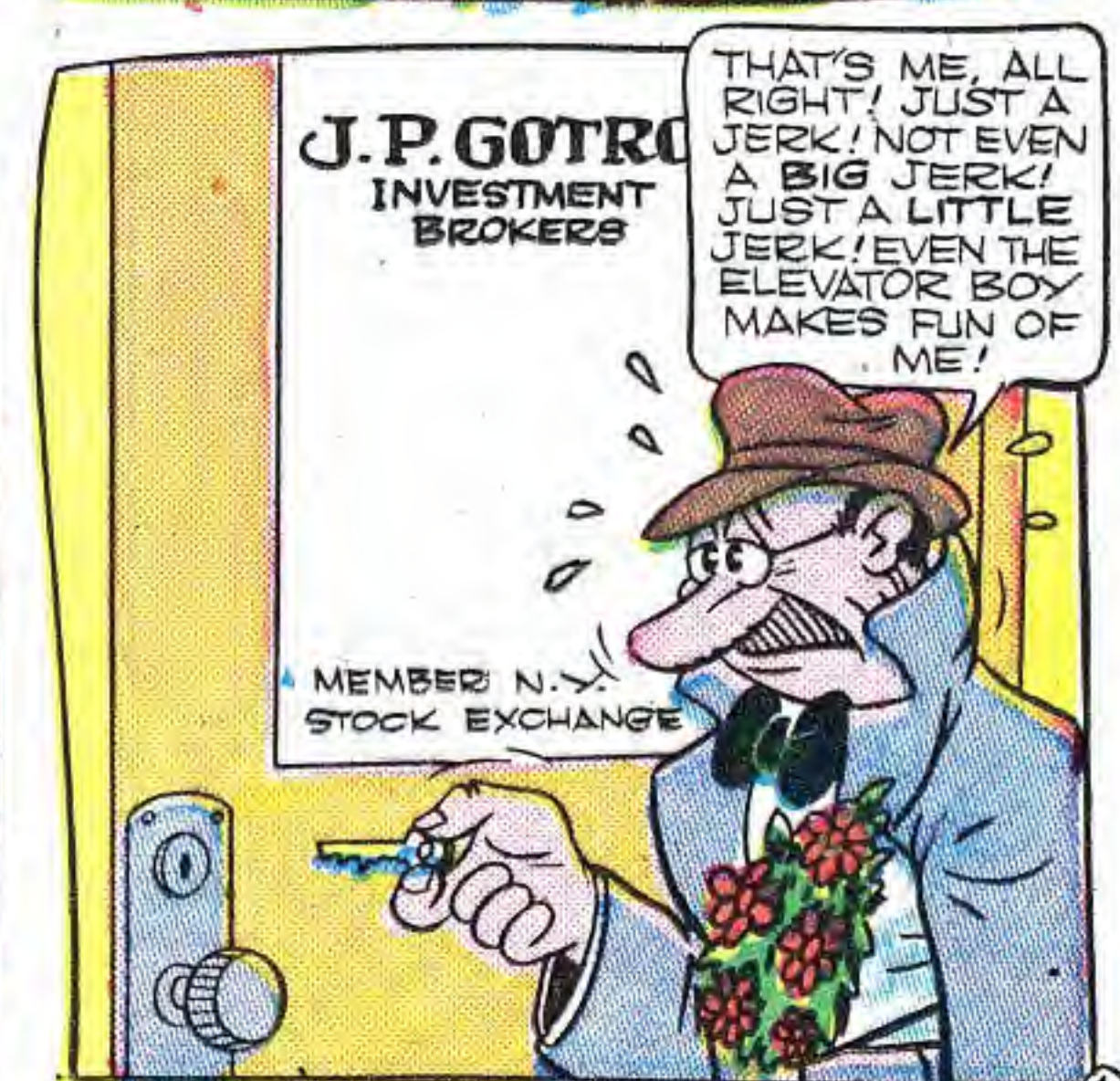
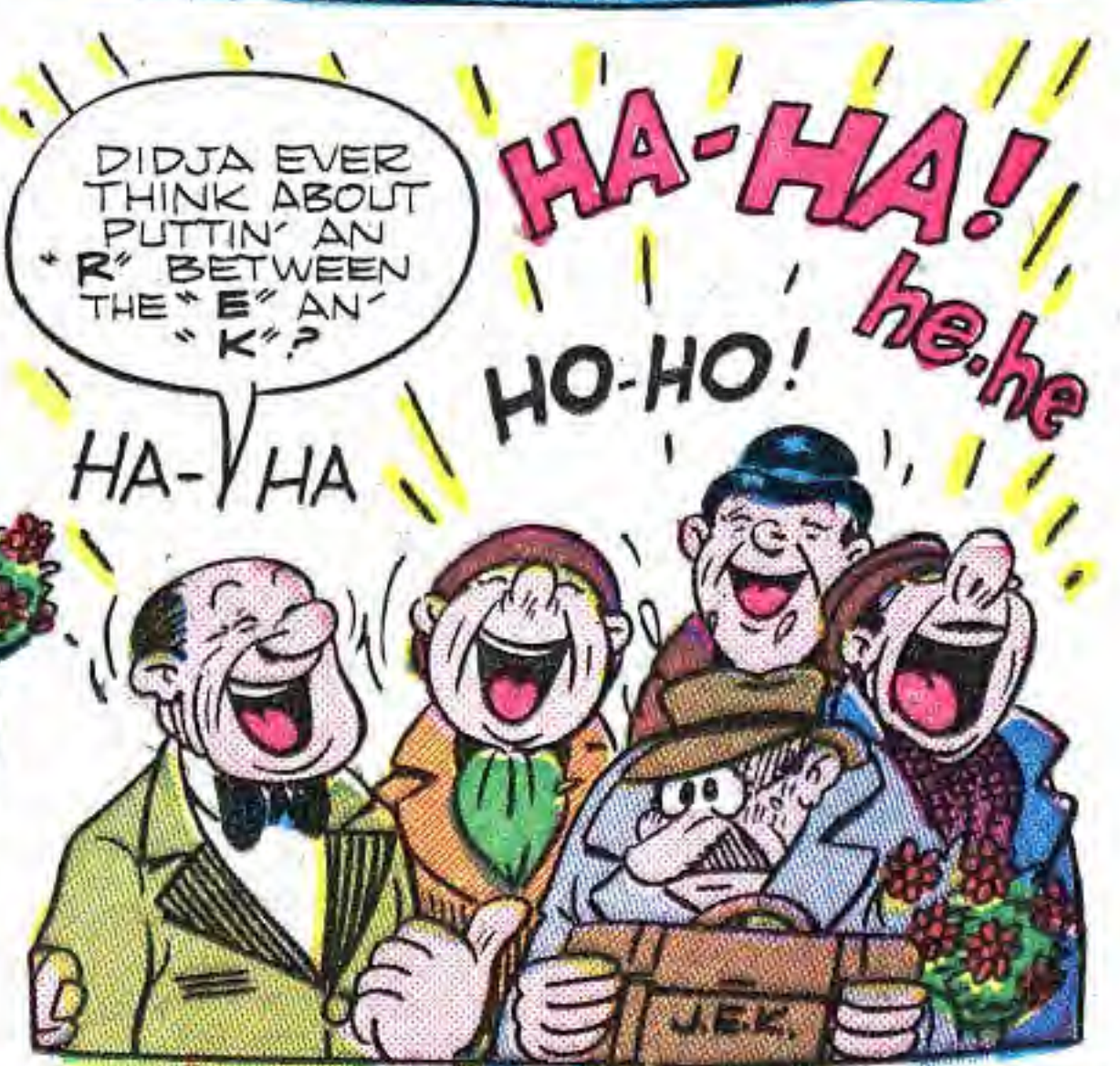
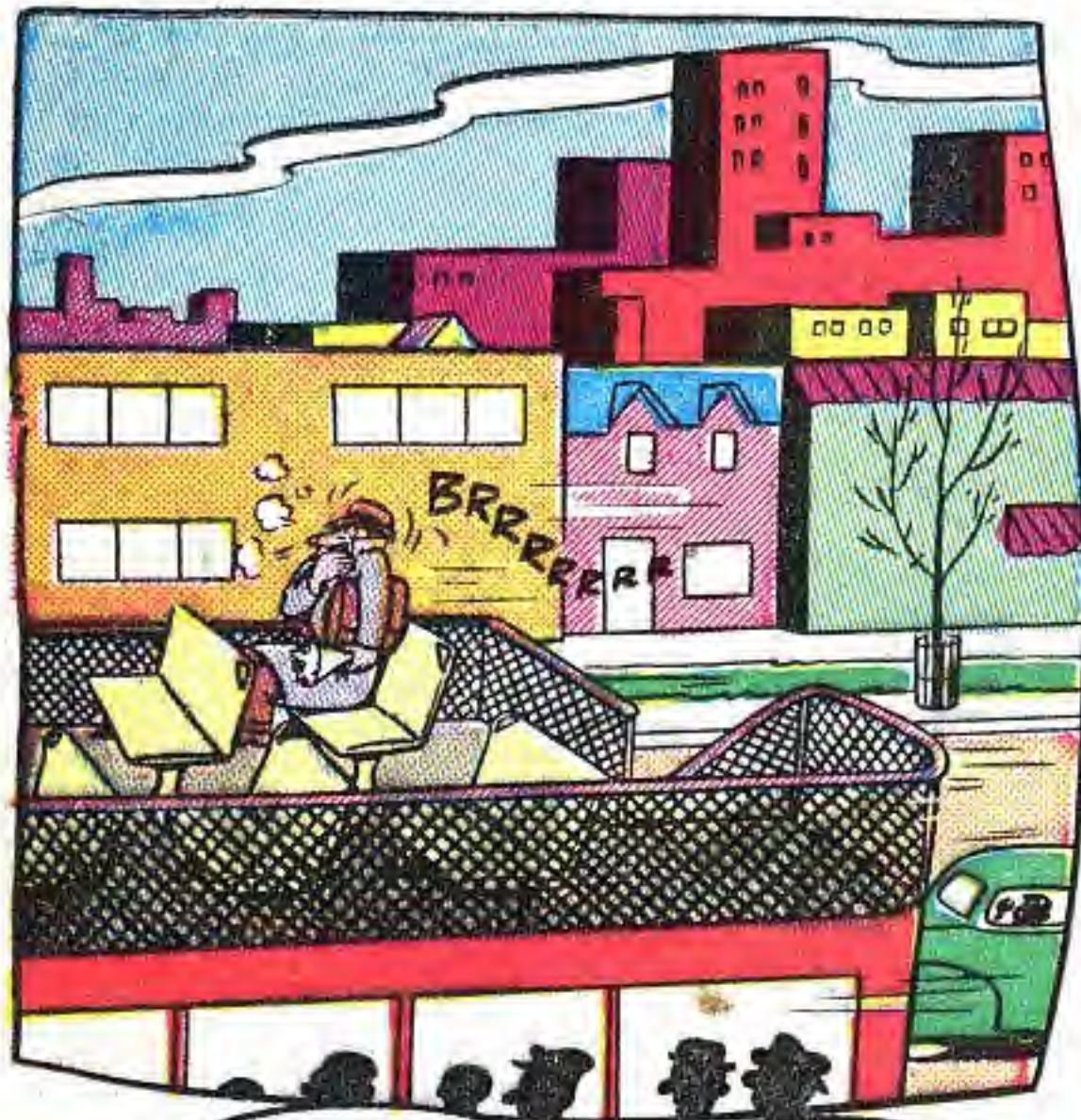
"MAN OF DISTINCTION"

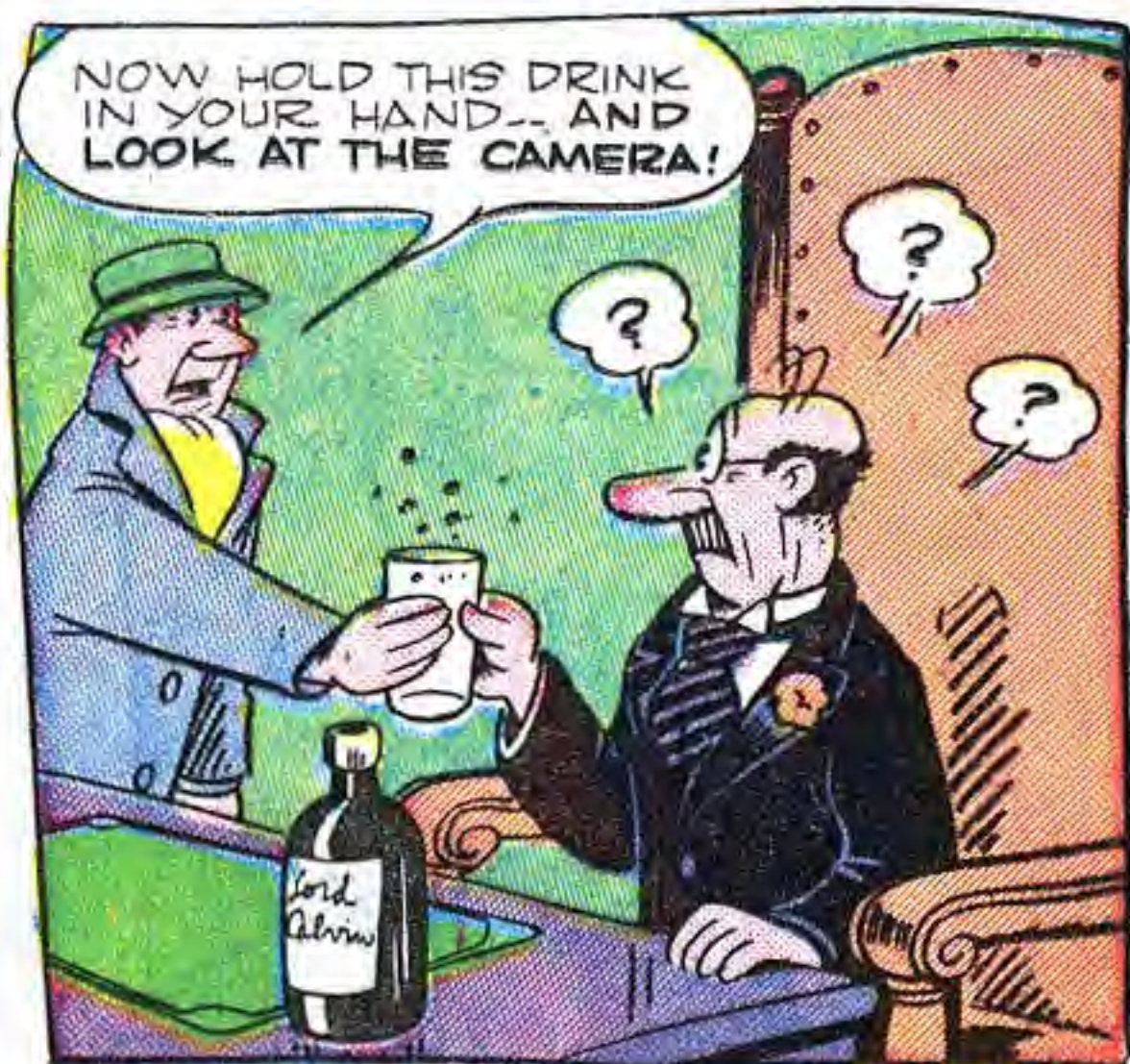
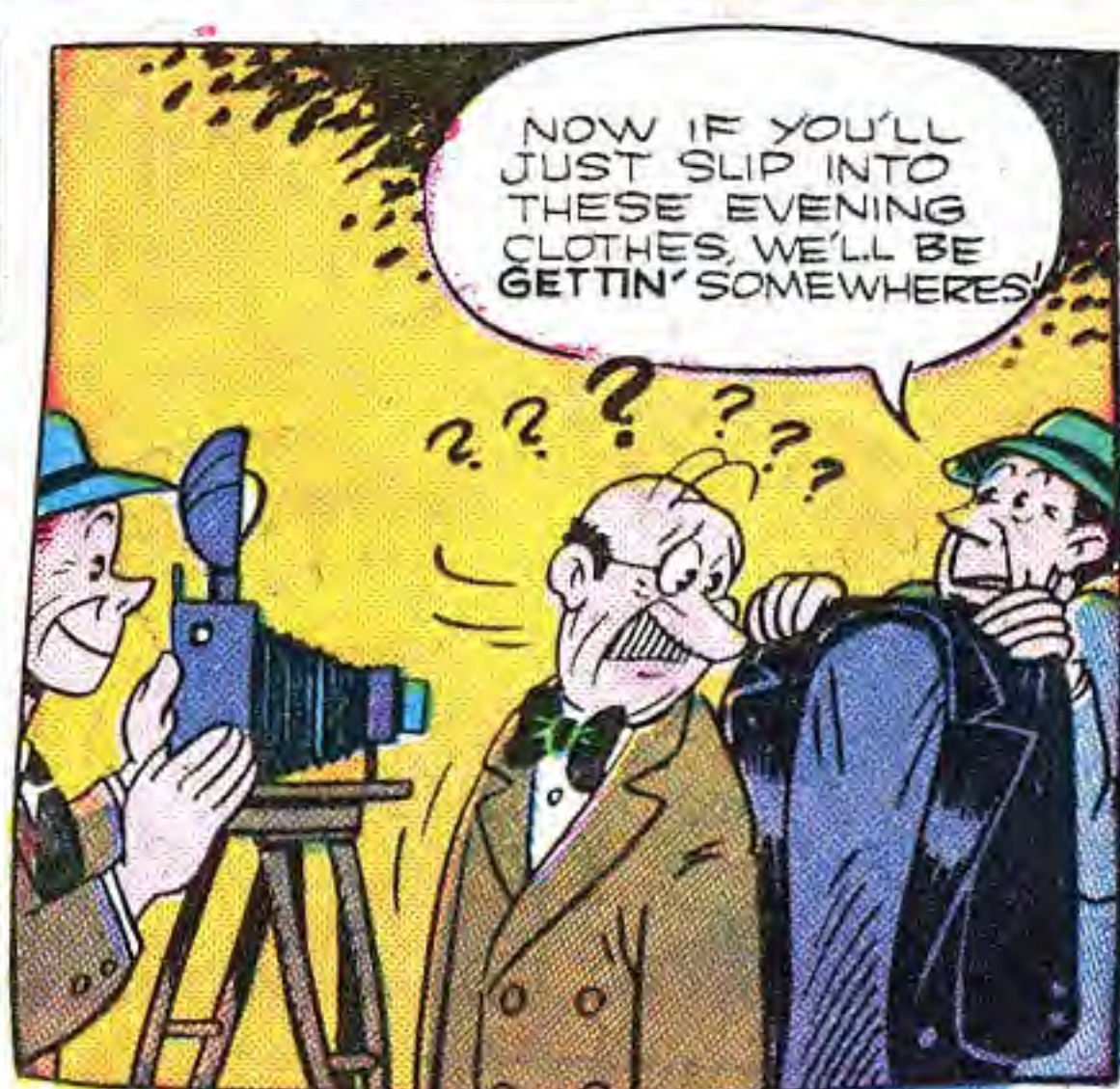
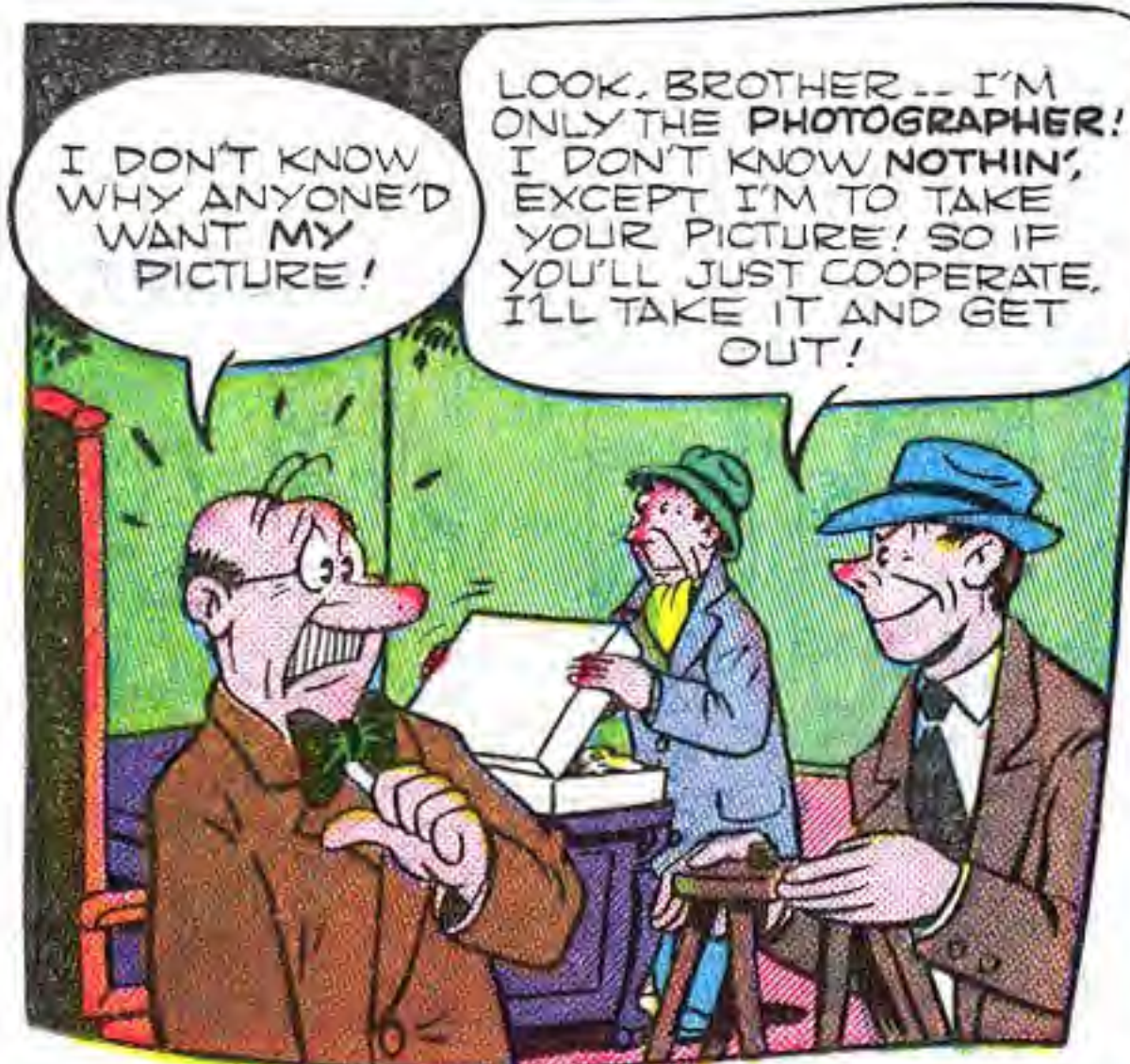


WELL, SIR, I REPRESENT THE LUCKSTER AND HUCKSTER ADVERTISING AGENCY! WE'RE TAKING PICTURES OF OUTSTANDING BUSINESSMEN.. AND YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN AS SUCH A MAN IN YOUR COMMUNITY!! WE WOULD LIKE TO DROP IN YOUR OFFICE TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN A.M. TO GET A PICTURE OF YOU!













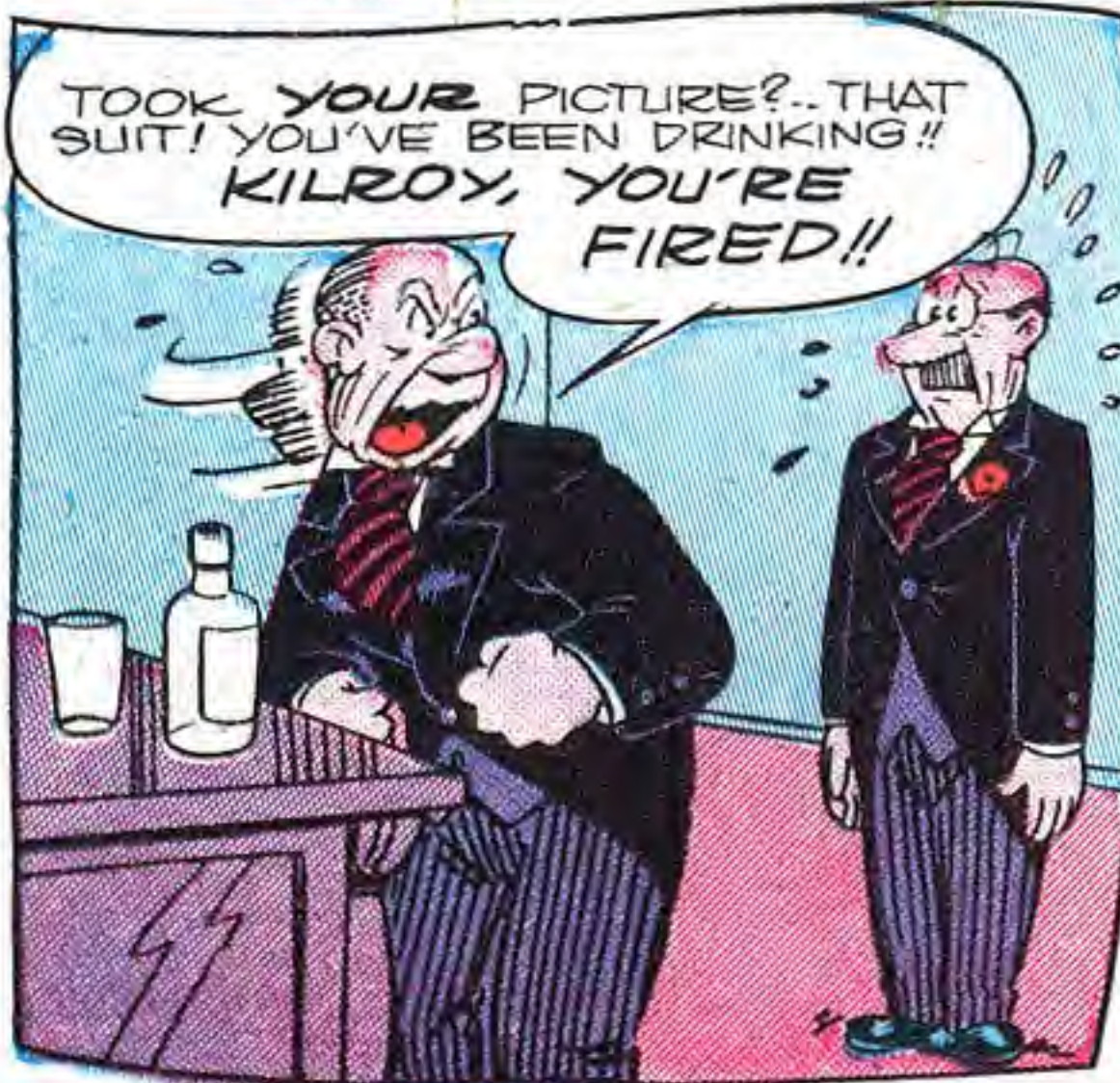
DID THE ADVERTISING MEN SHOW UP YET?

NO SIR! JUST SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS!



WELL? WHERE ARE THEY?

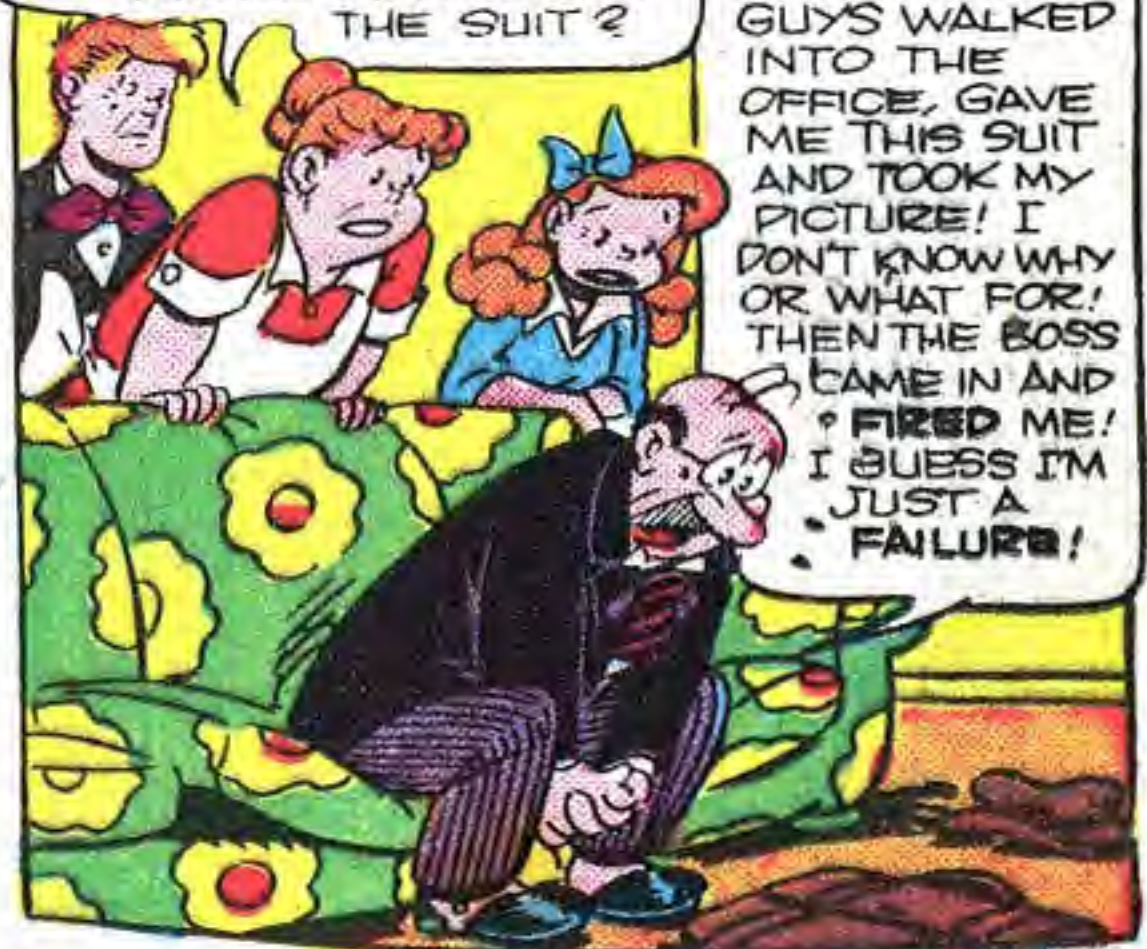
THEY TOOK MY PICTURE AND LEFT!!



TOOK *YOUR* PICTURE?... THAT SUIT! YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING!!
KILROY, YOU'RE FIRED!!

BUT **EDGAR!** HE MUST HAVE HAD **SOME** REASON FOR FIRING YOU!... THAT SUIT OF CLOTHES! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE DID YOU GET THE SUIT?

BELIEVE ME, I'M AS CONFUSED AS YOU ARE! ALL I KNOW IS THAT TWO GUYS WALKED INTO THE OFFICE, GAVE ME THIS SUIT AND TOOK MY PICTURE! I DON'T KNOW WHY OR WHAT FOR! THEN THE BOSS CAME IN AND **FIRE** ME! I GUESS I'M JUST A **FAILURE!**



YOO-HOO! MRS. KILROY! PARDON ME FOR BUSTING IN THIS WAY, BUT DID YOU **SEE** THE **EVENING NEWS**? MY, WE'RE SO **PROUD** TO LIVE NEXT DOOR TO SUCH A **DISTINGUISHED MAN!**

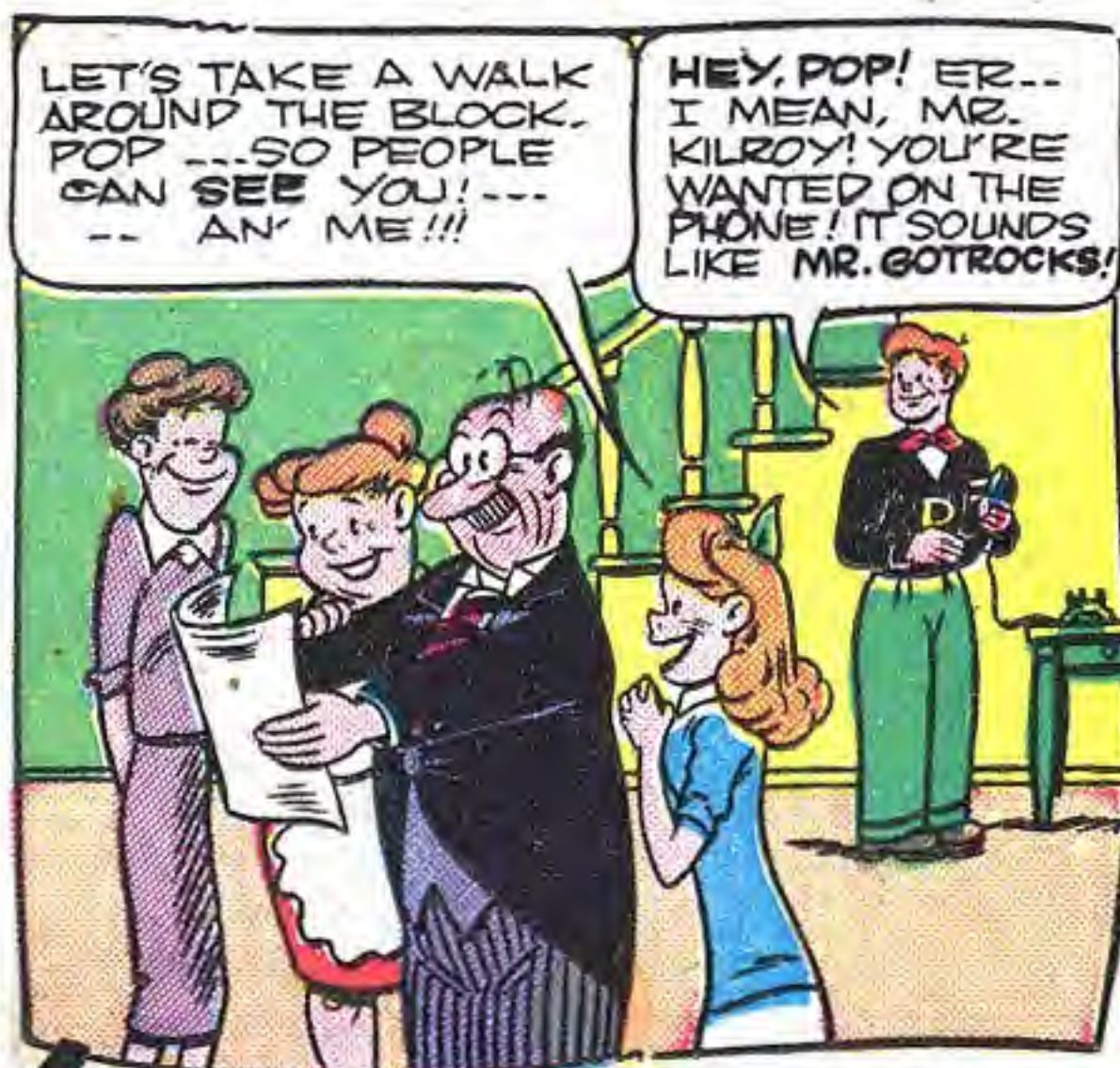
I'M SO TICKLED THAT I WAS THE FIRST TO SHOW IT TO YOU!

IT'S **POP!**

EDGAR!

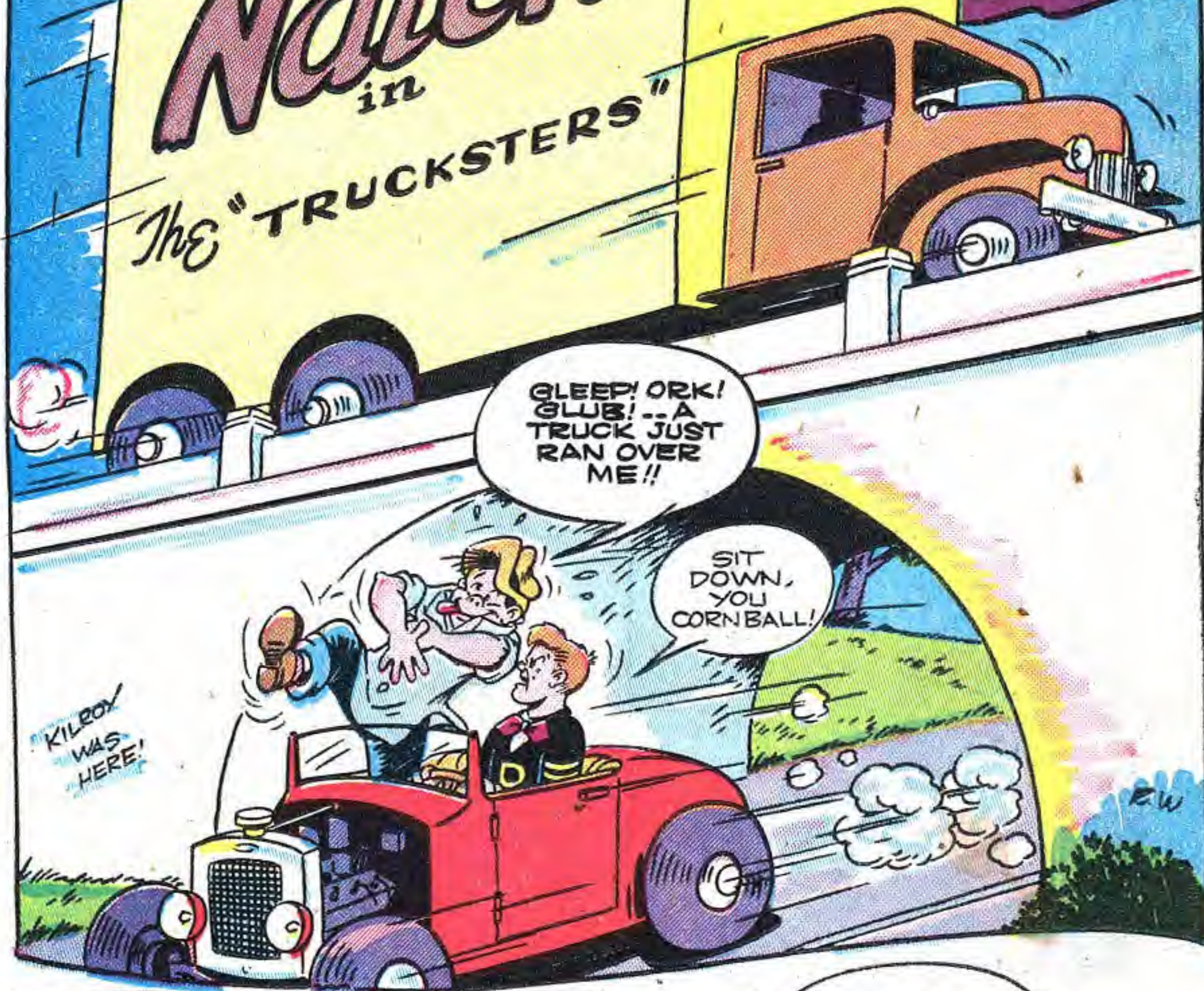
OH BOY, WAIT'LL THE KIDS SEE THIS!





Natch

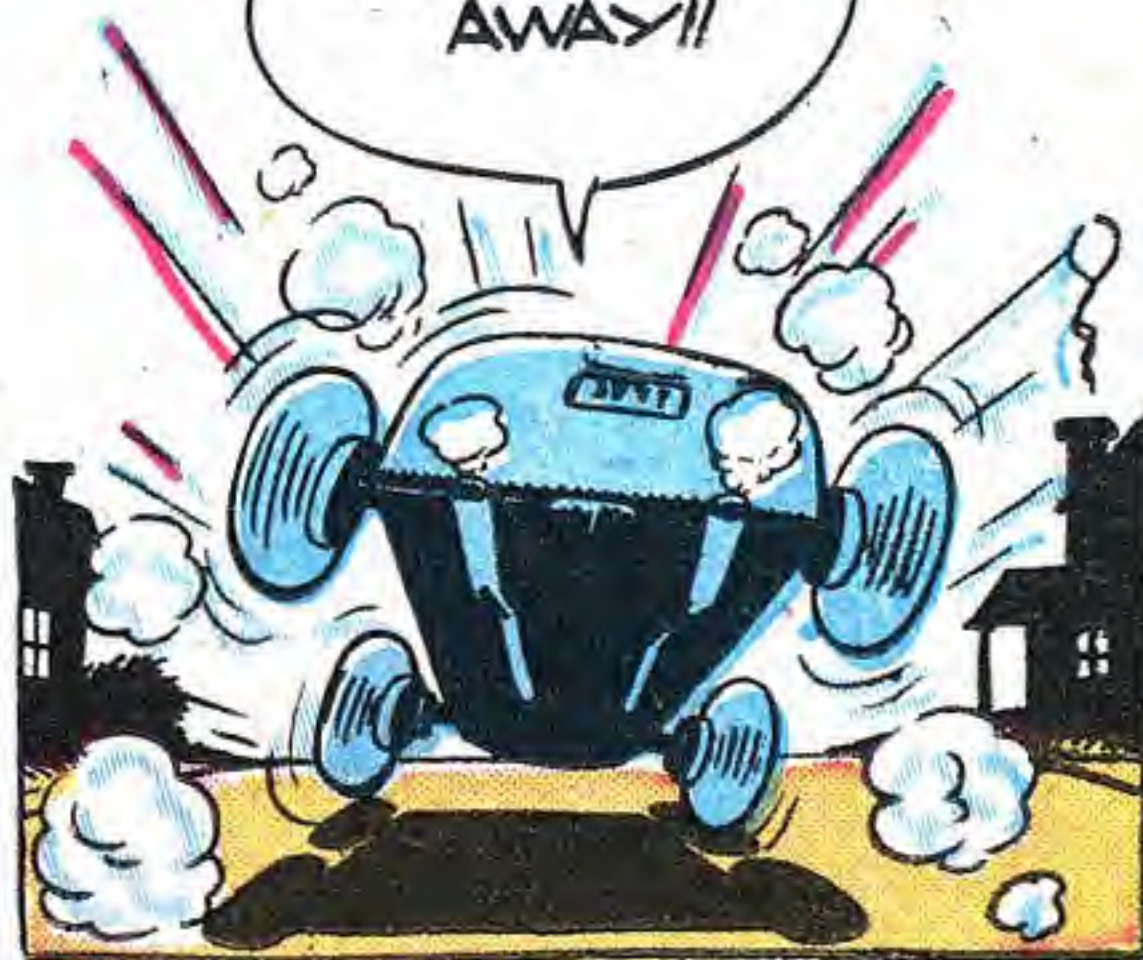
in
The "TRUCKSTERS"

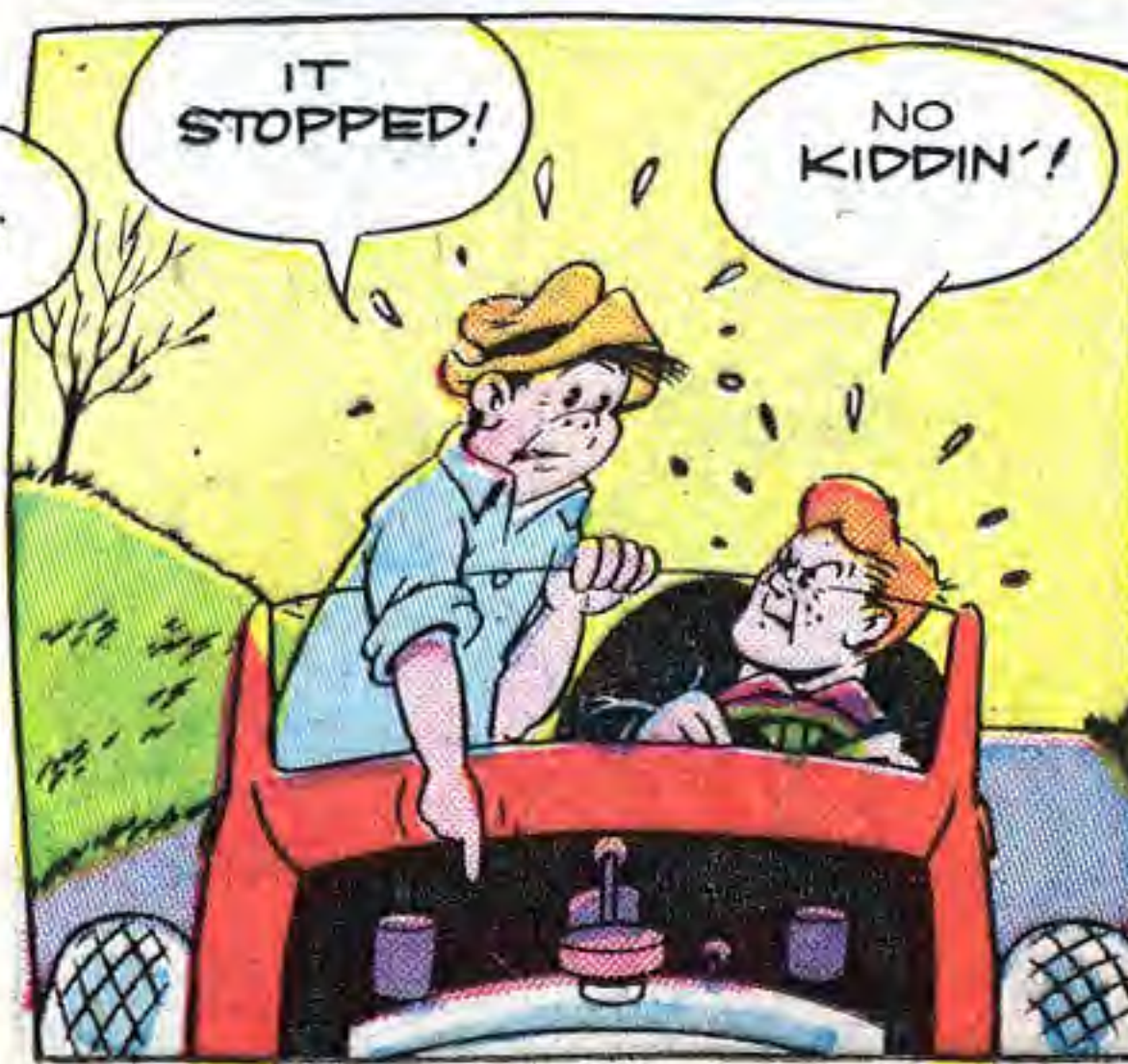
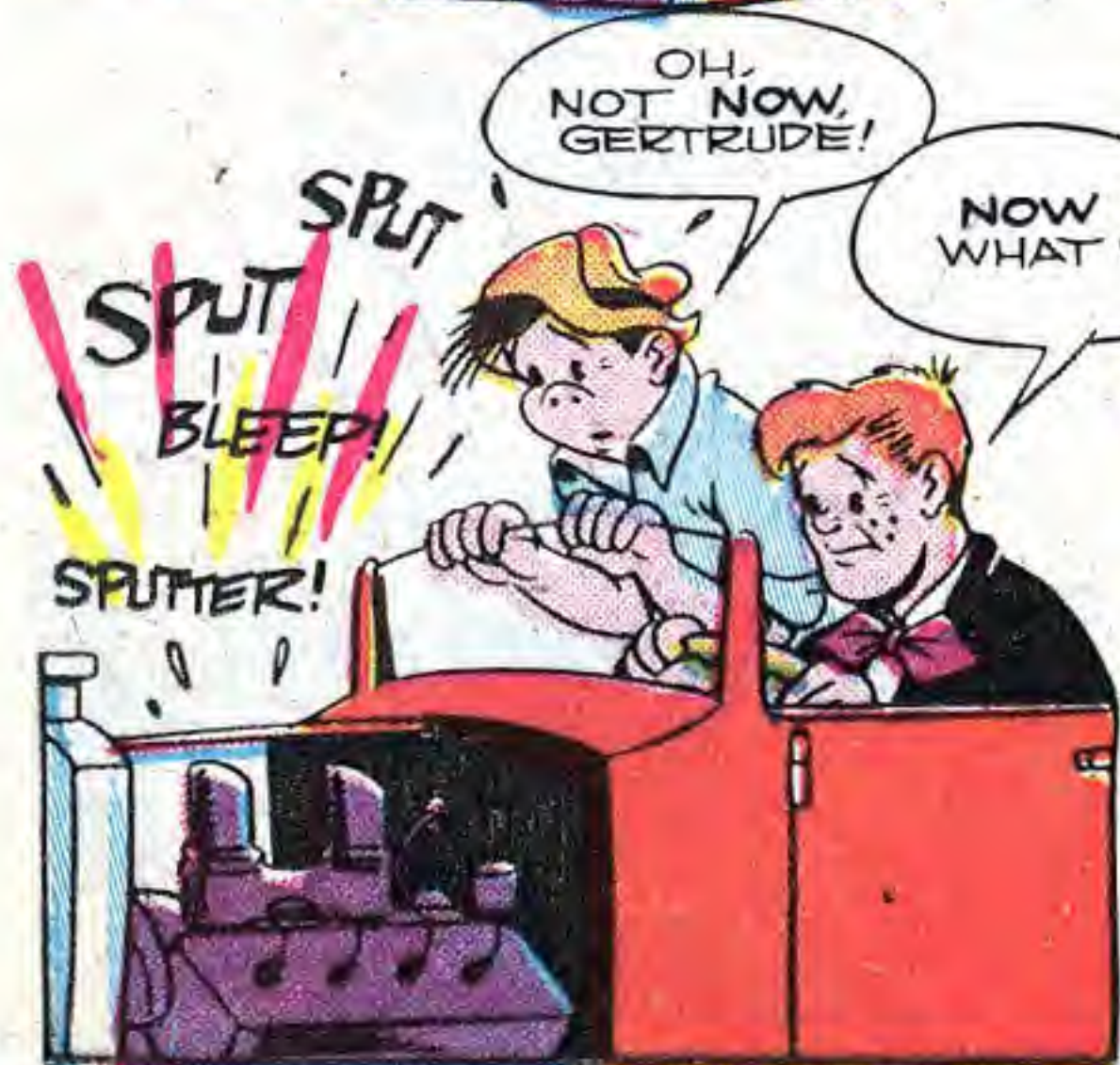
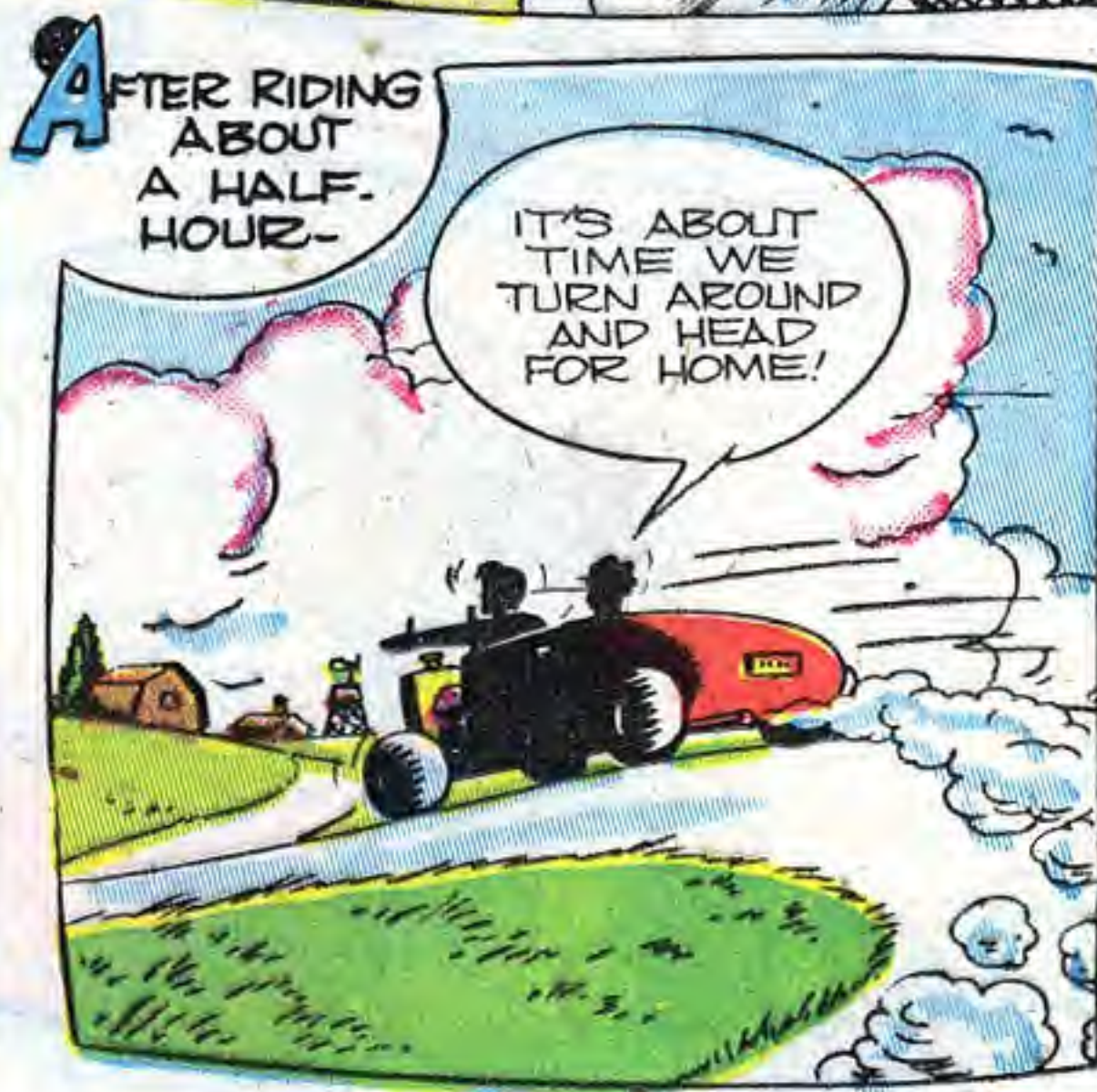
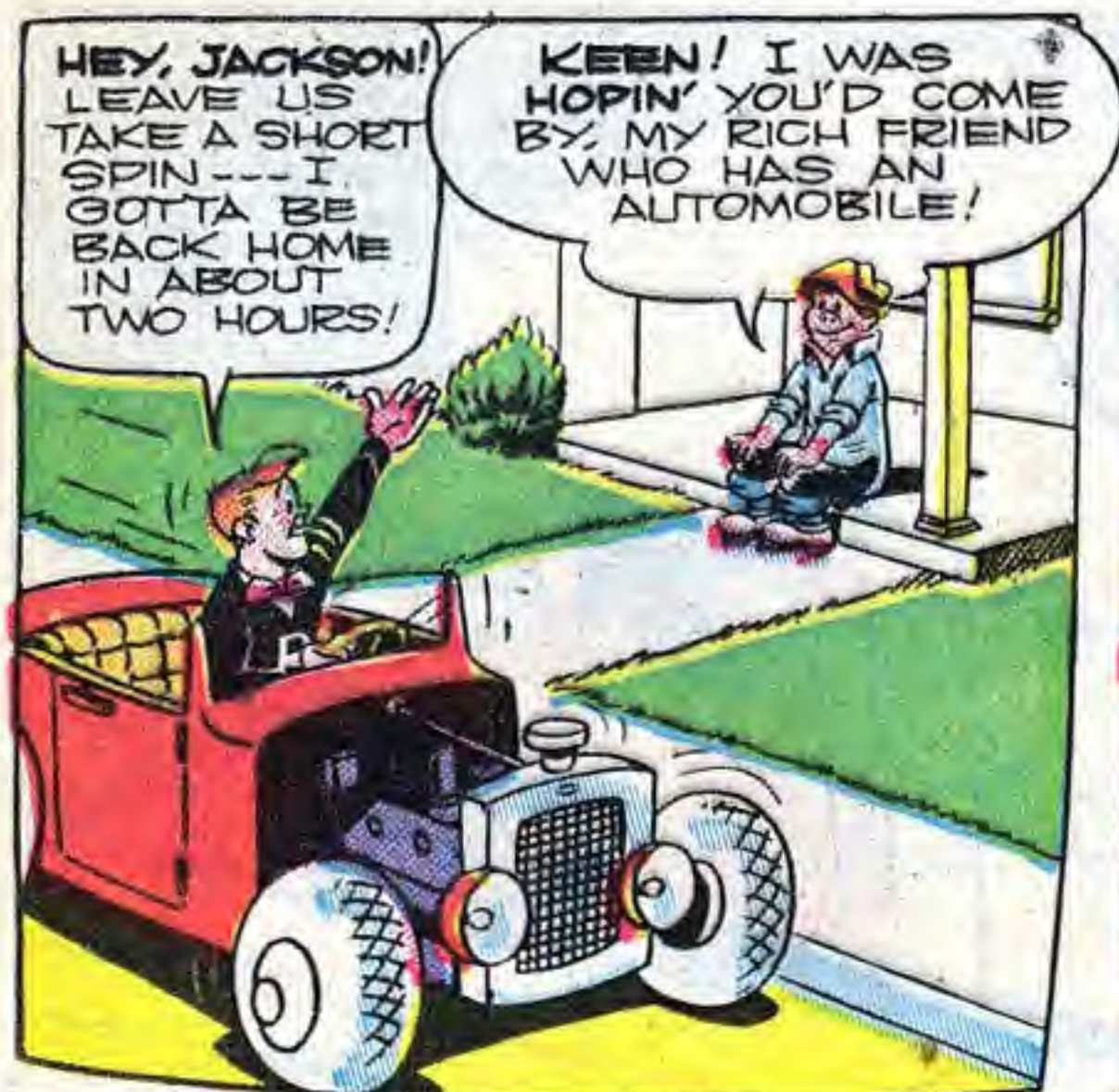


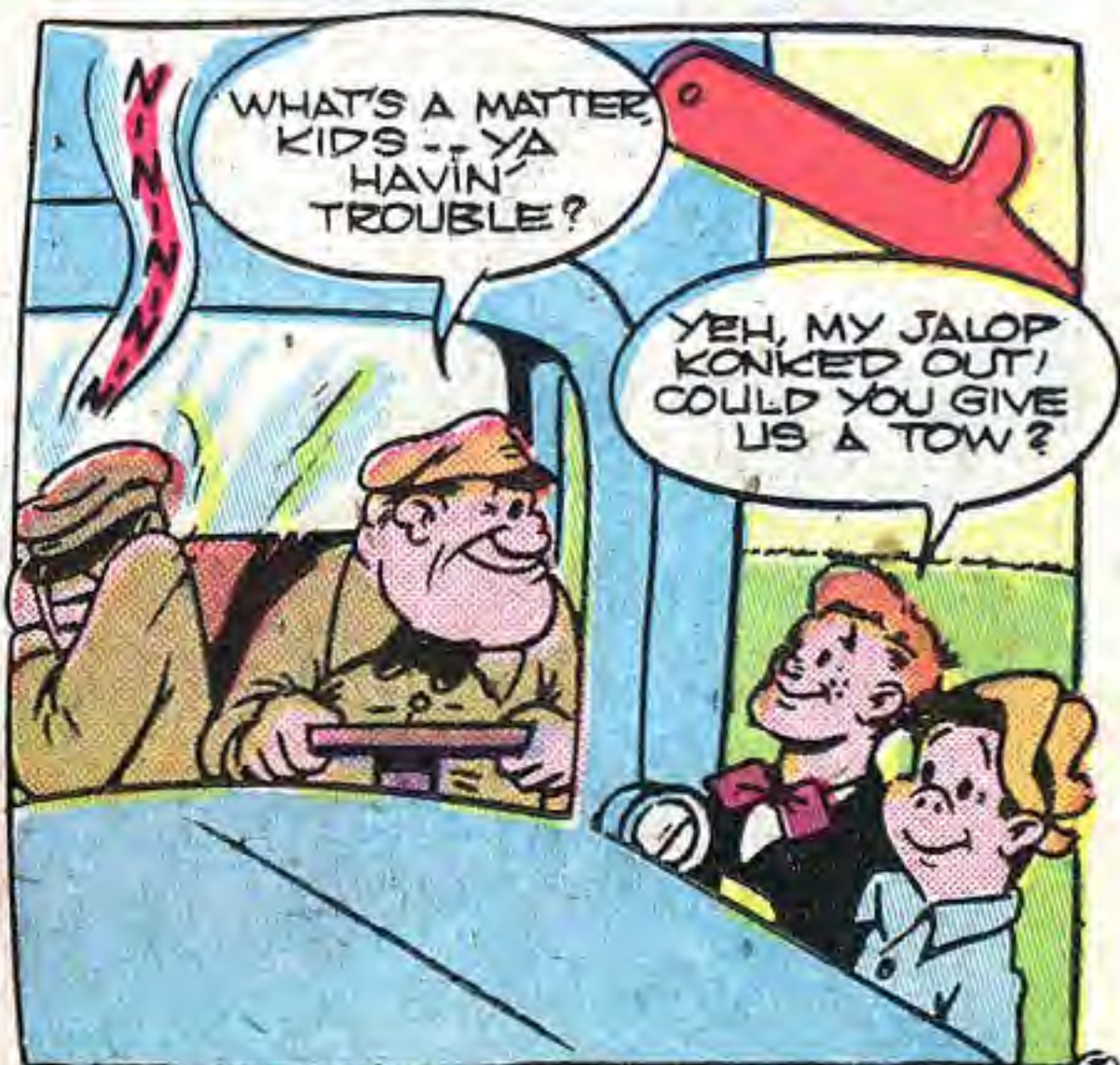
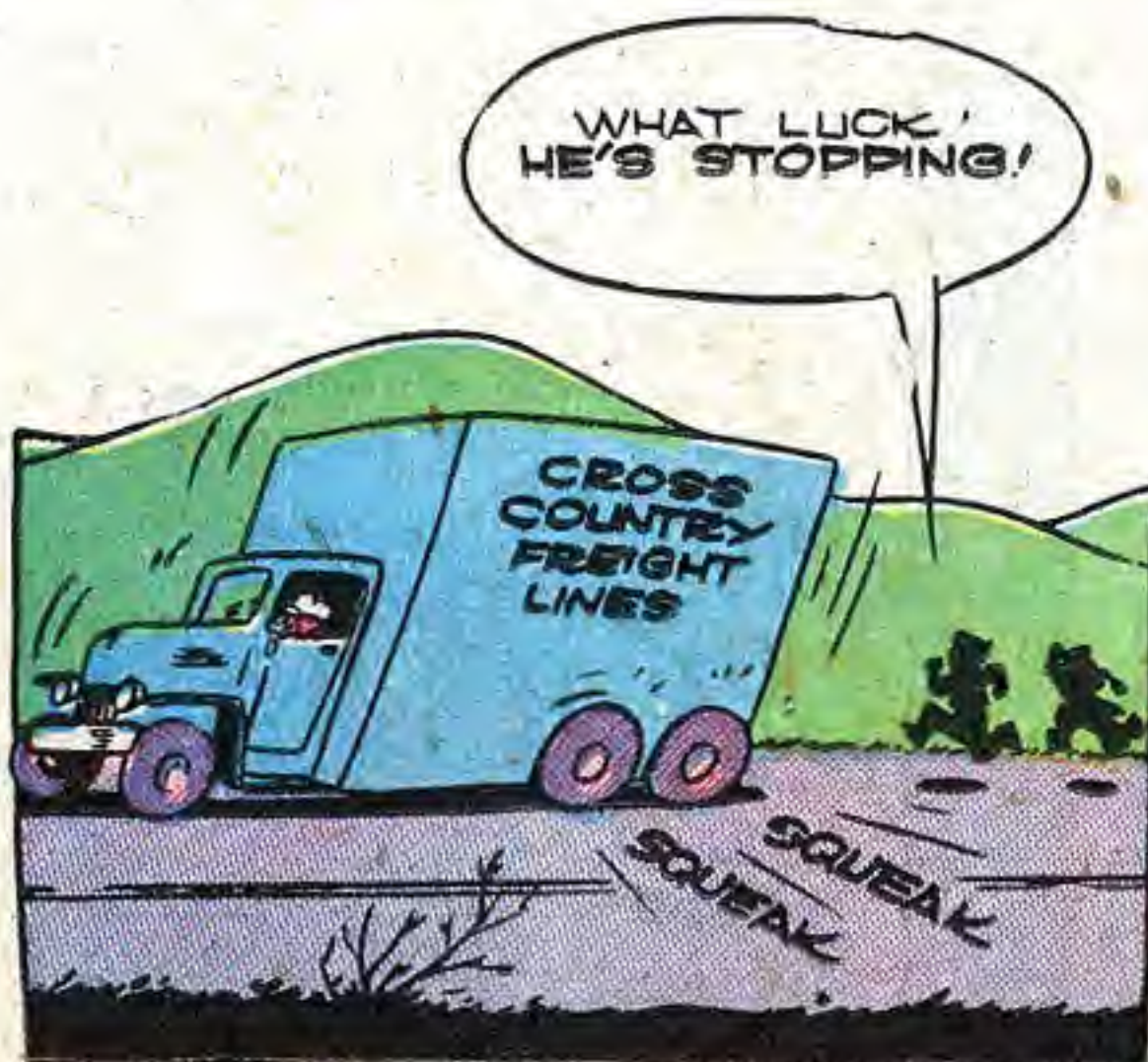
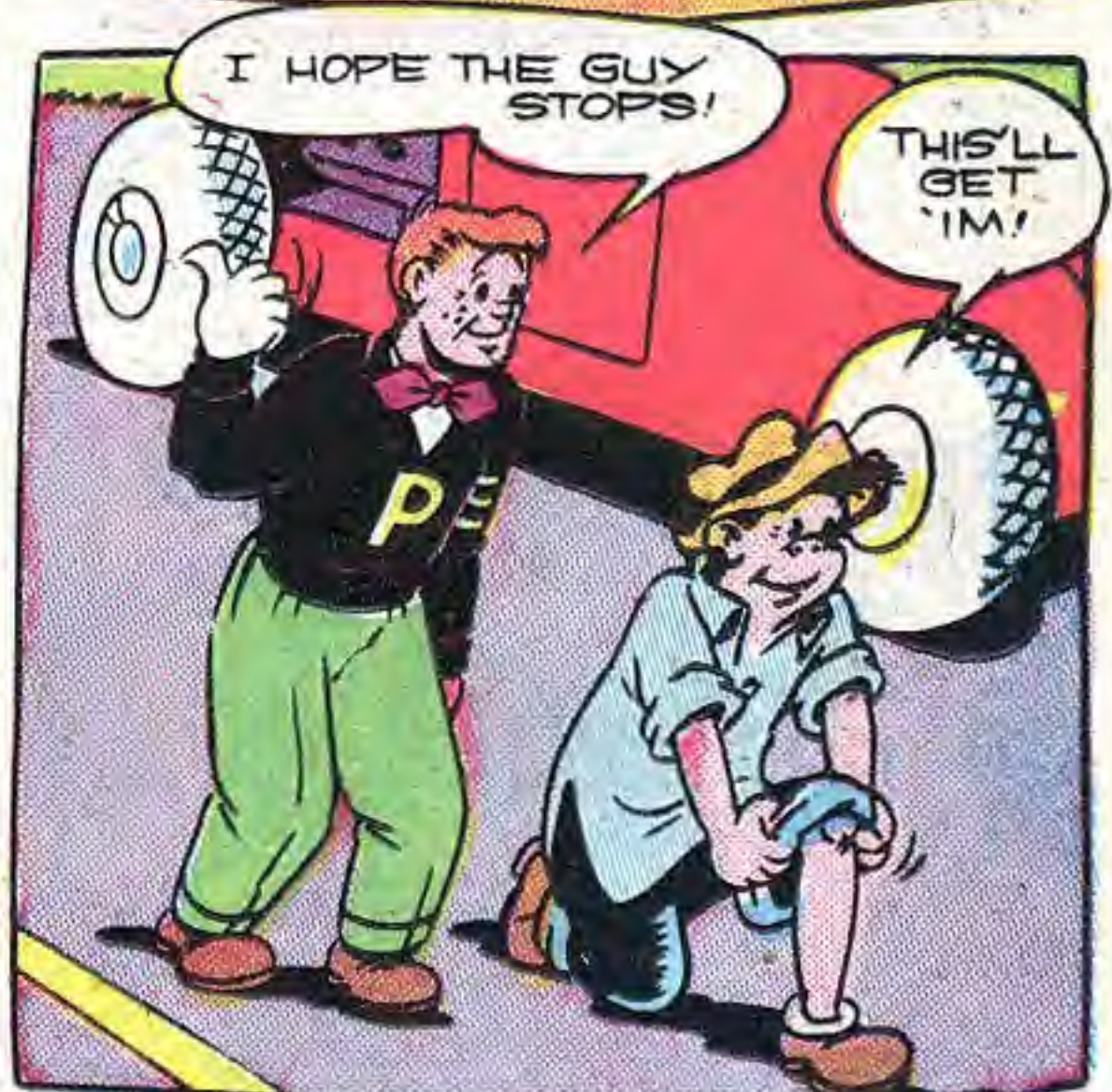
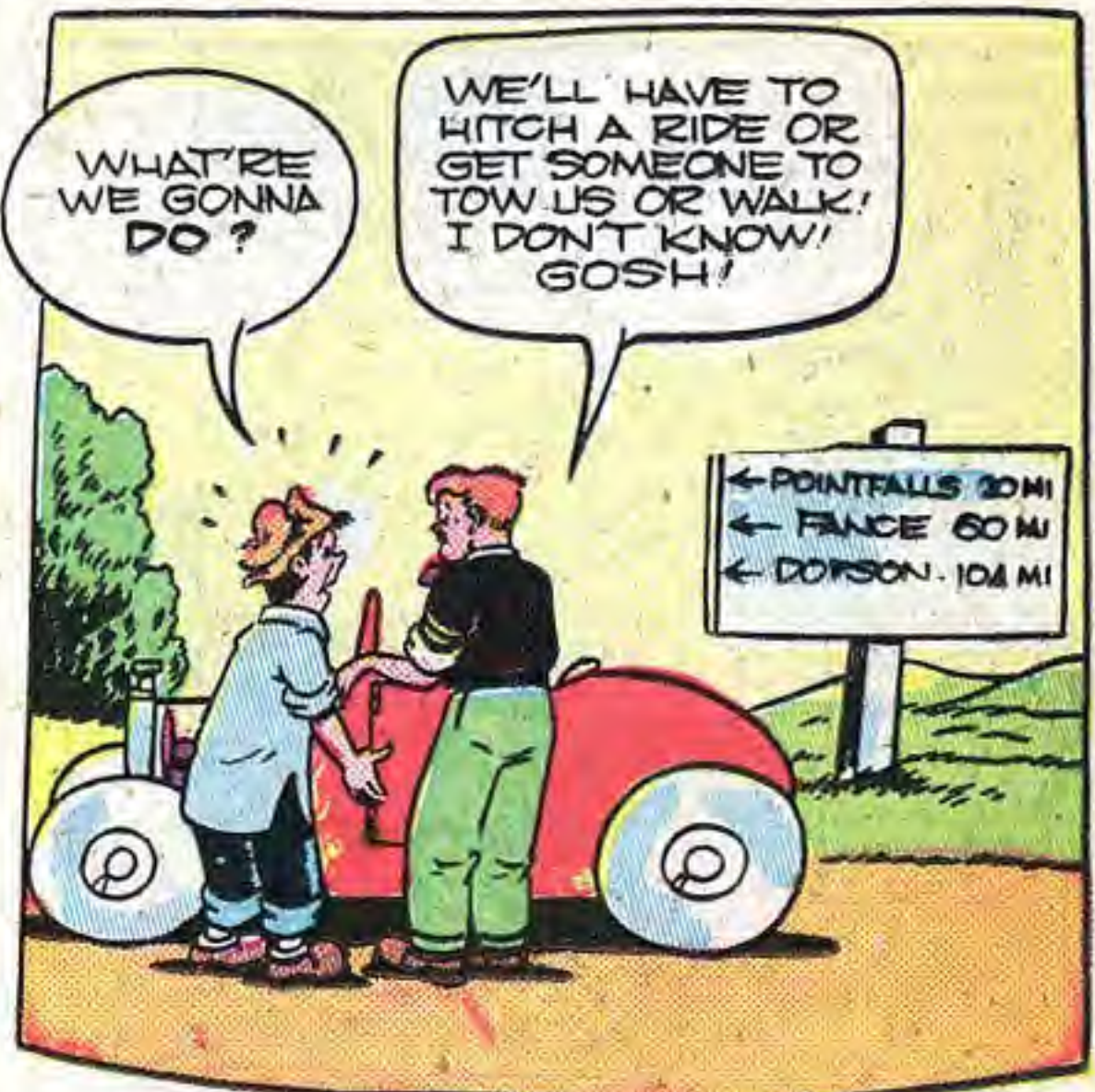
MOM, I'M GOIN' OVER TO JACKSON'S HOUSE!

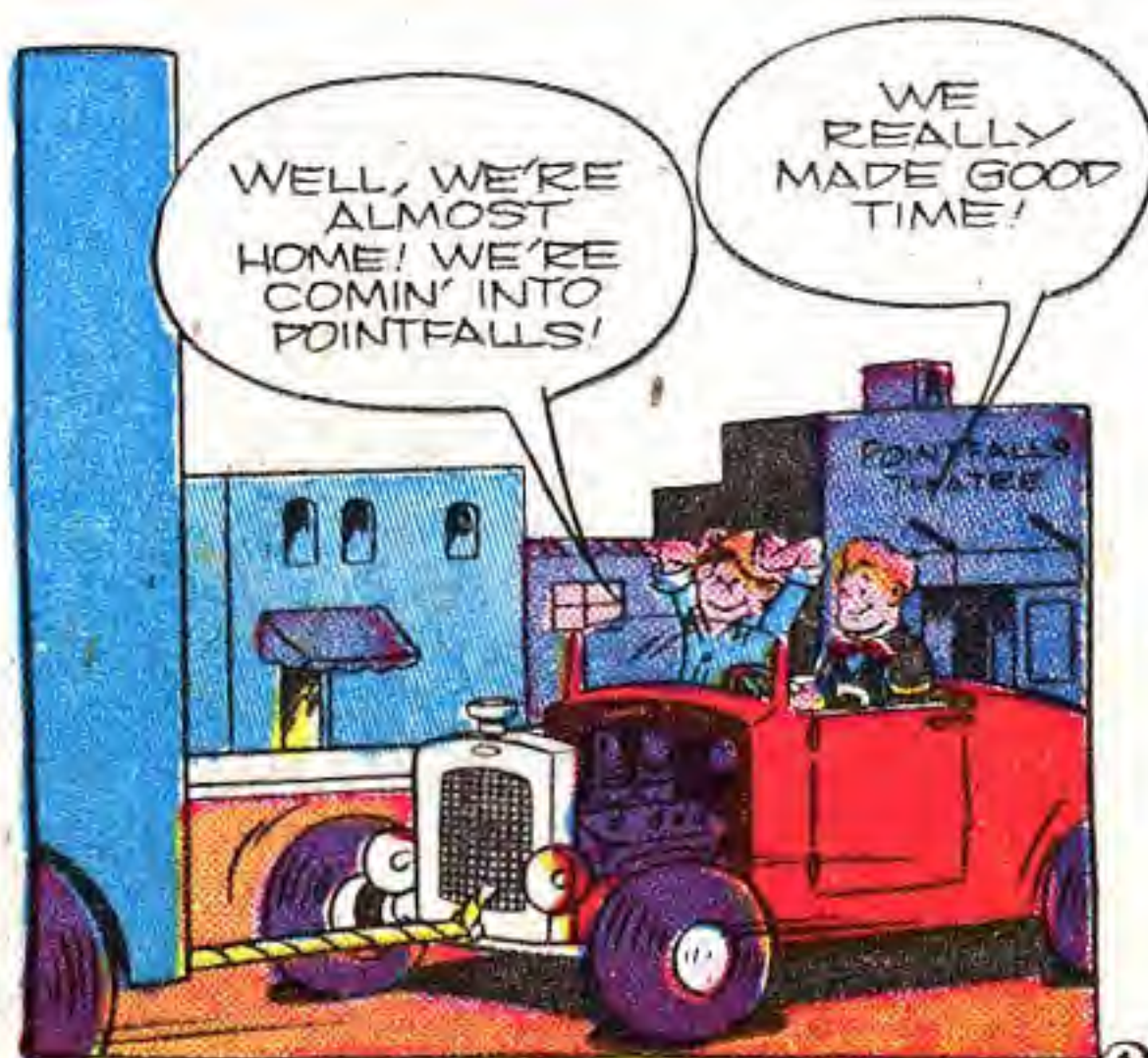
WELL, GET BACK HERE BY ABOUT FIVE-THIRTY! I WANT TO HAVE AN EARLY SUPPER TONIGHT!

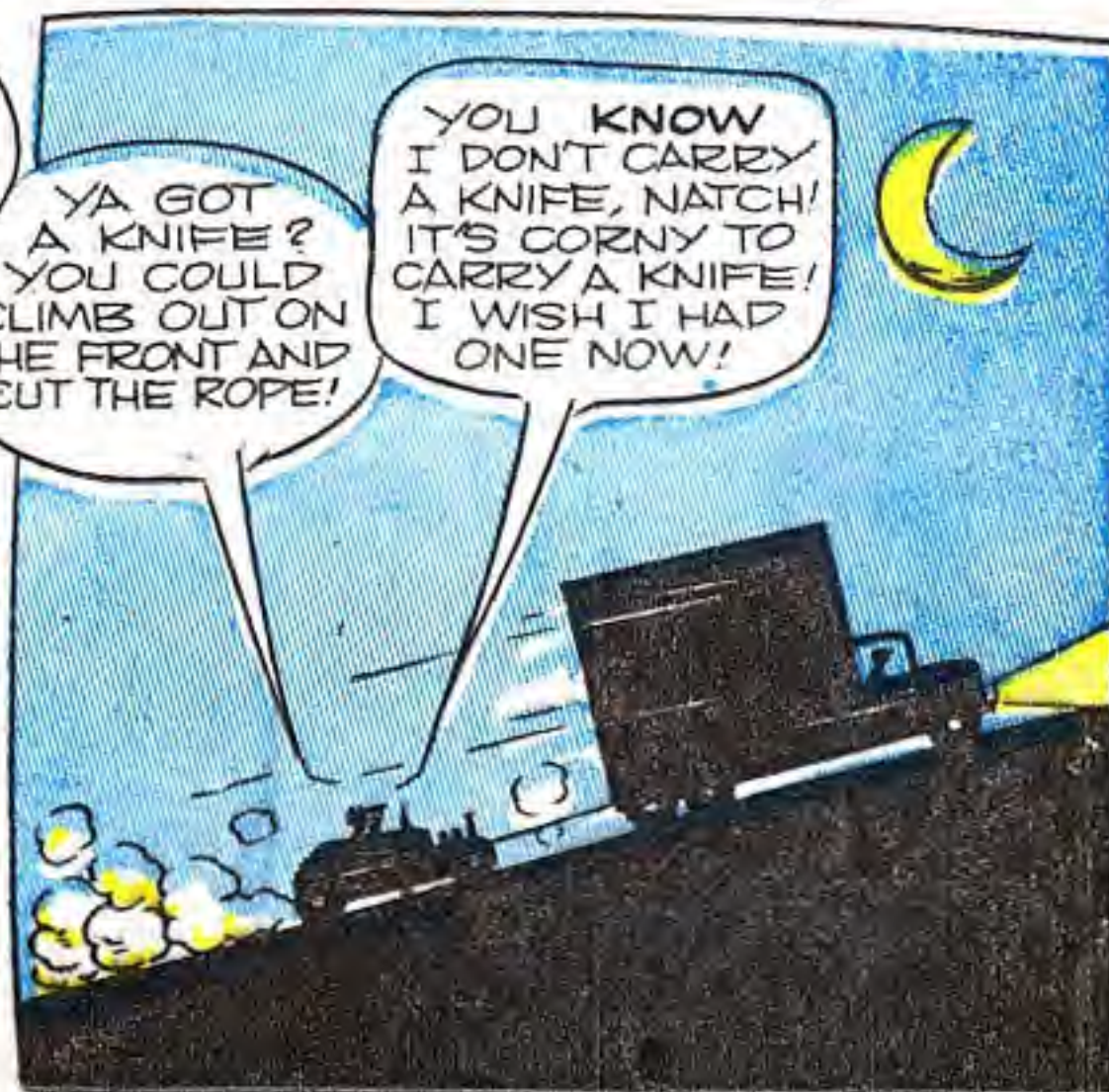
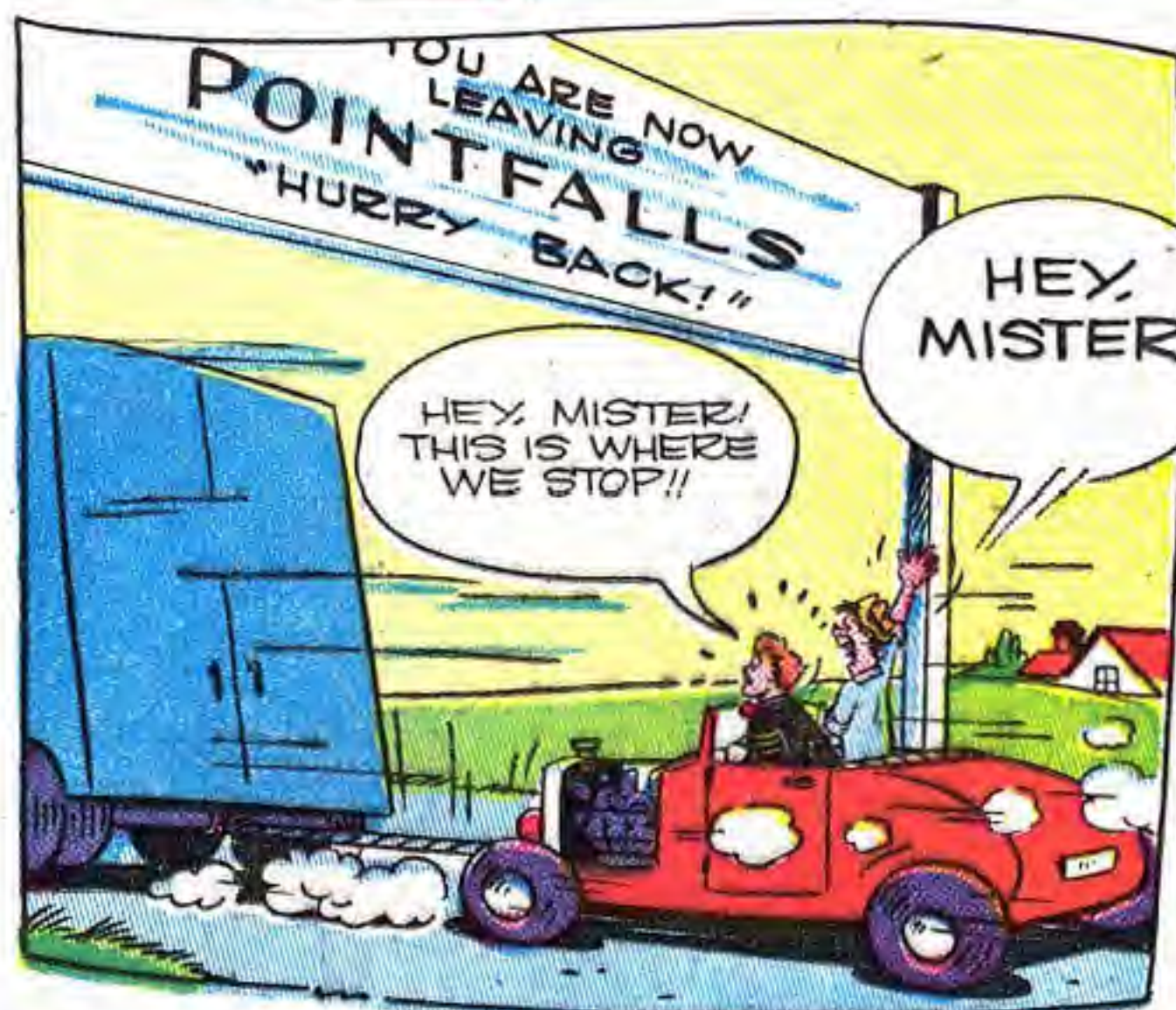
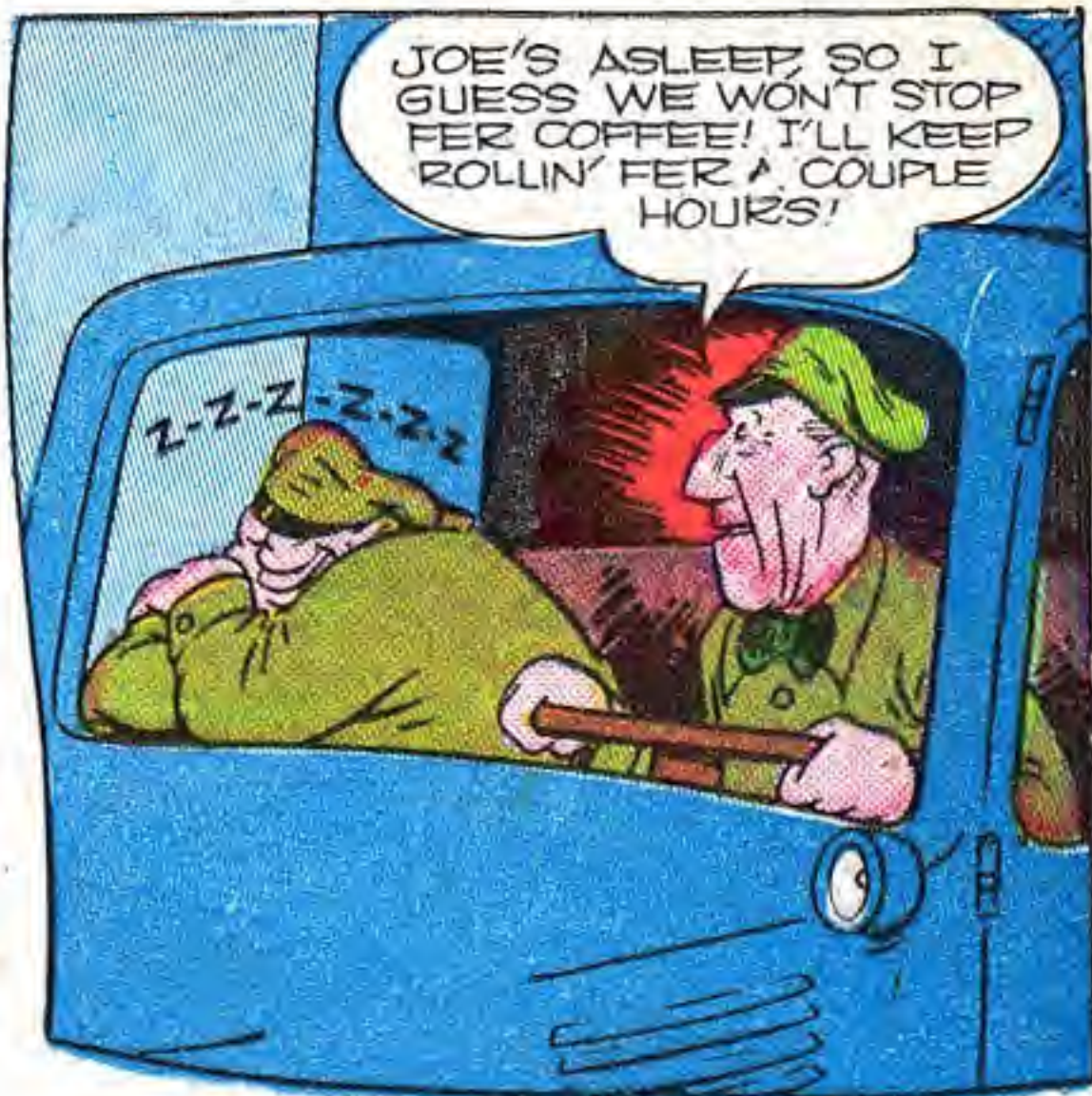
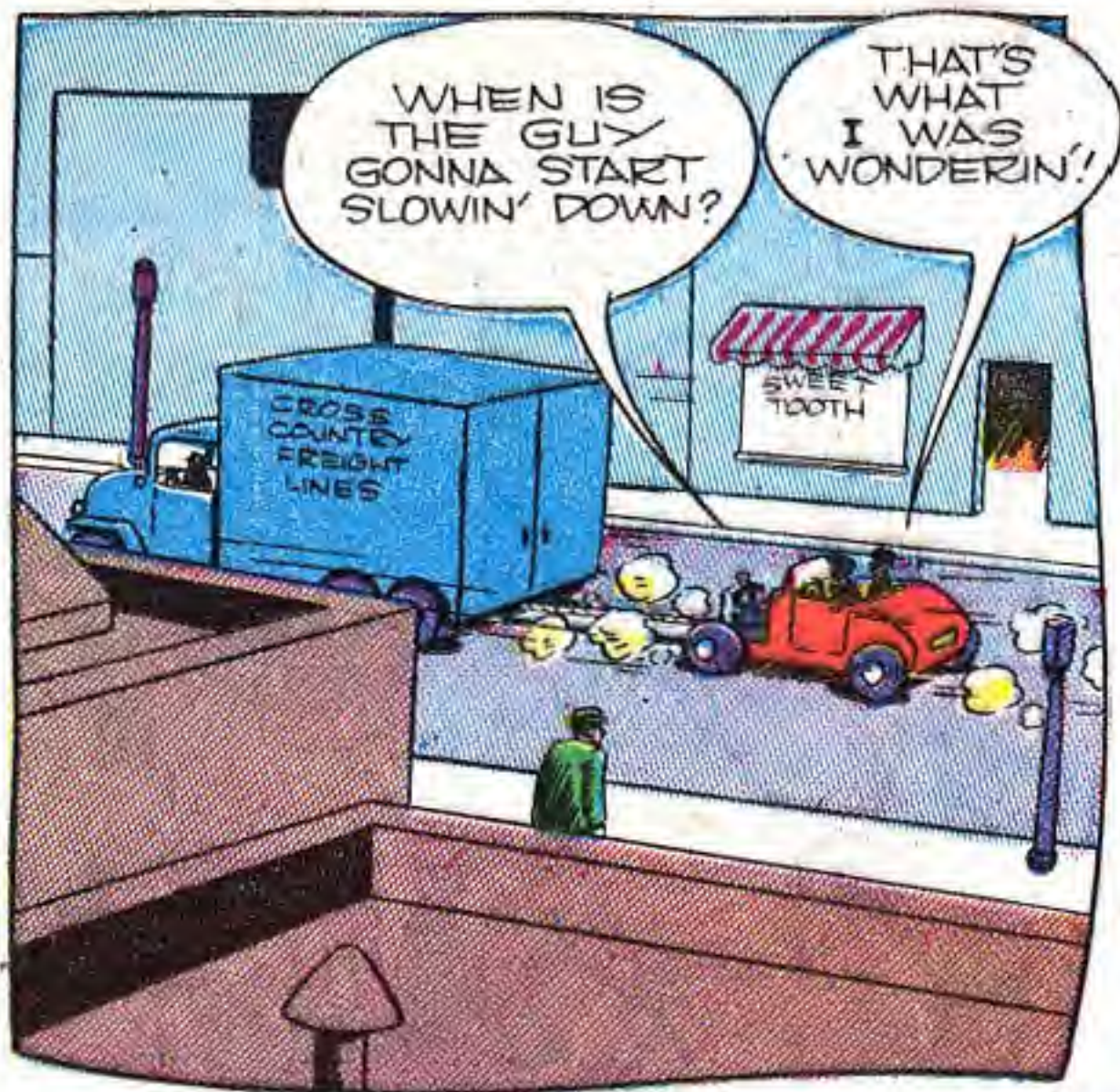
HI-HO, FLIVVER! AWAY!!

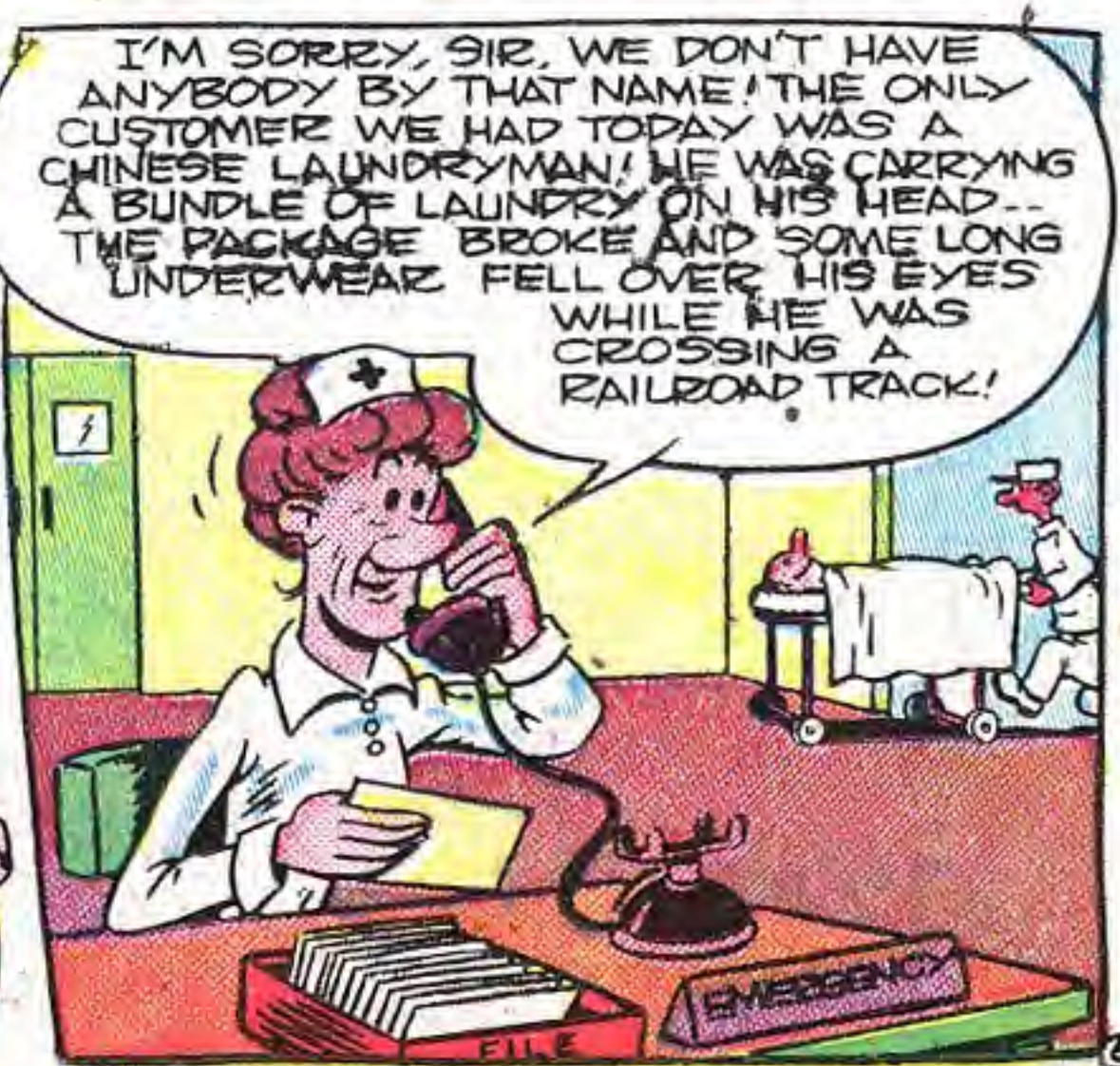
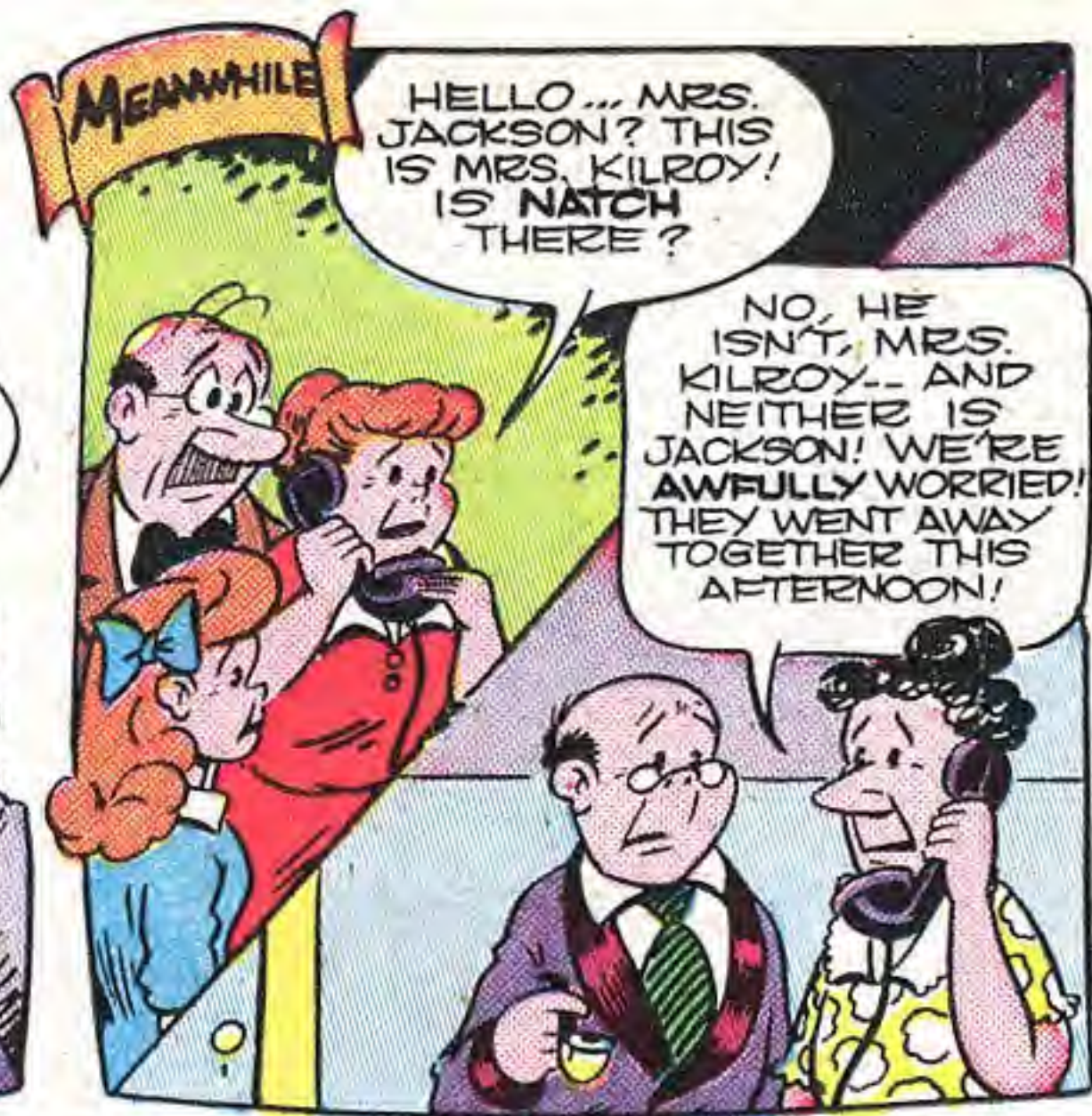


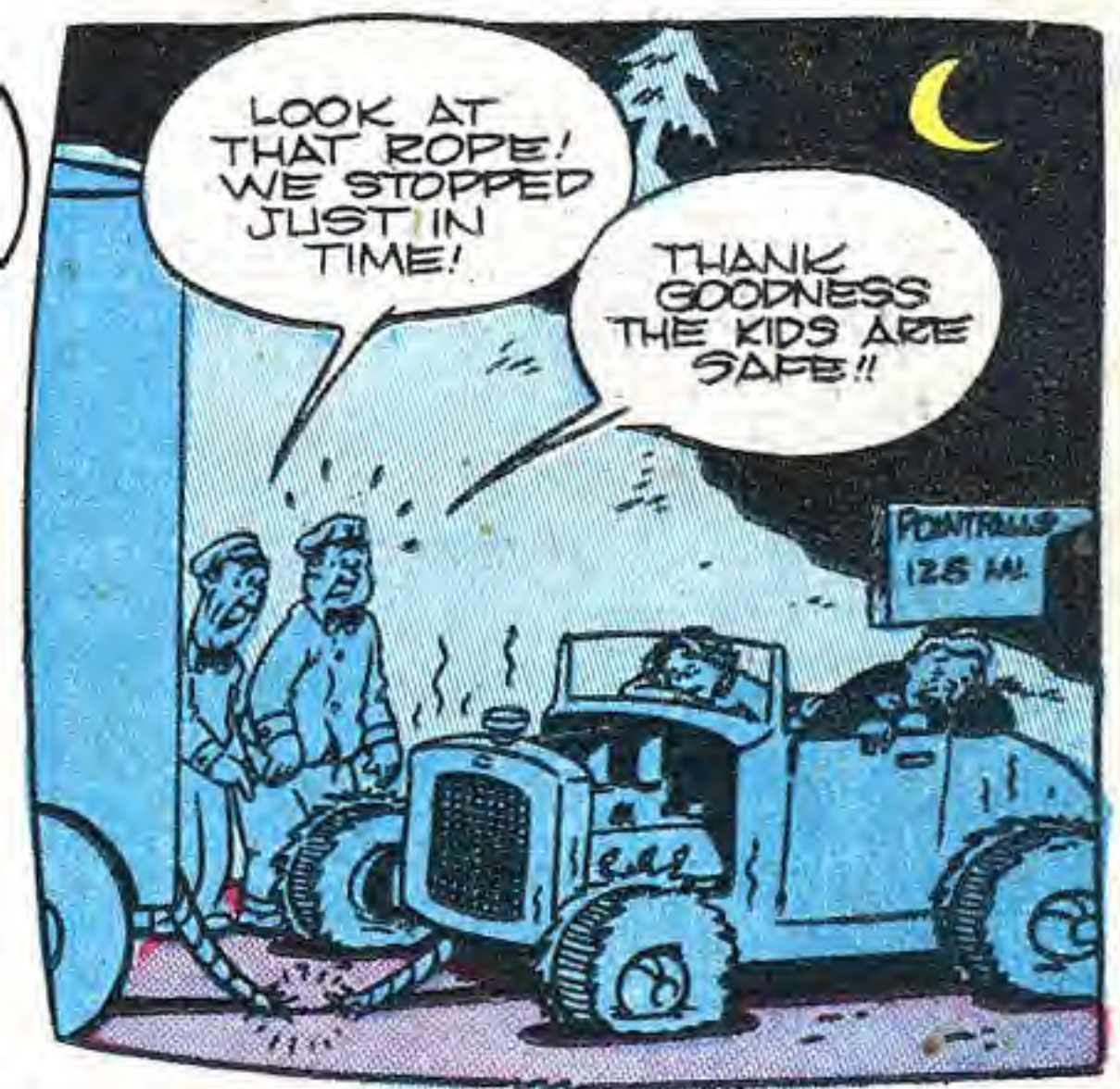
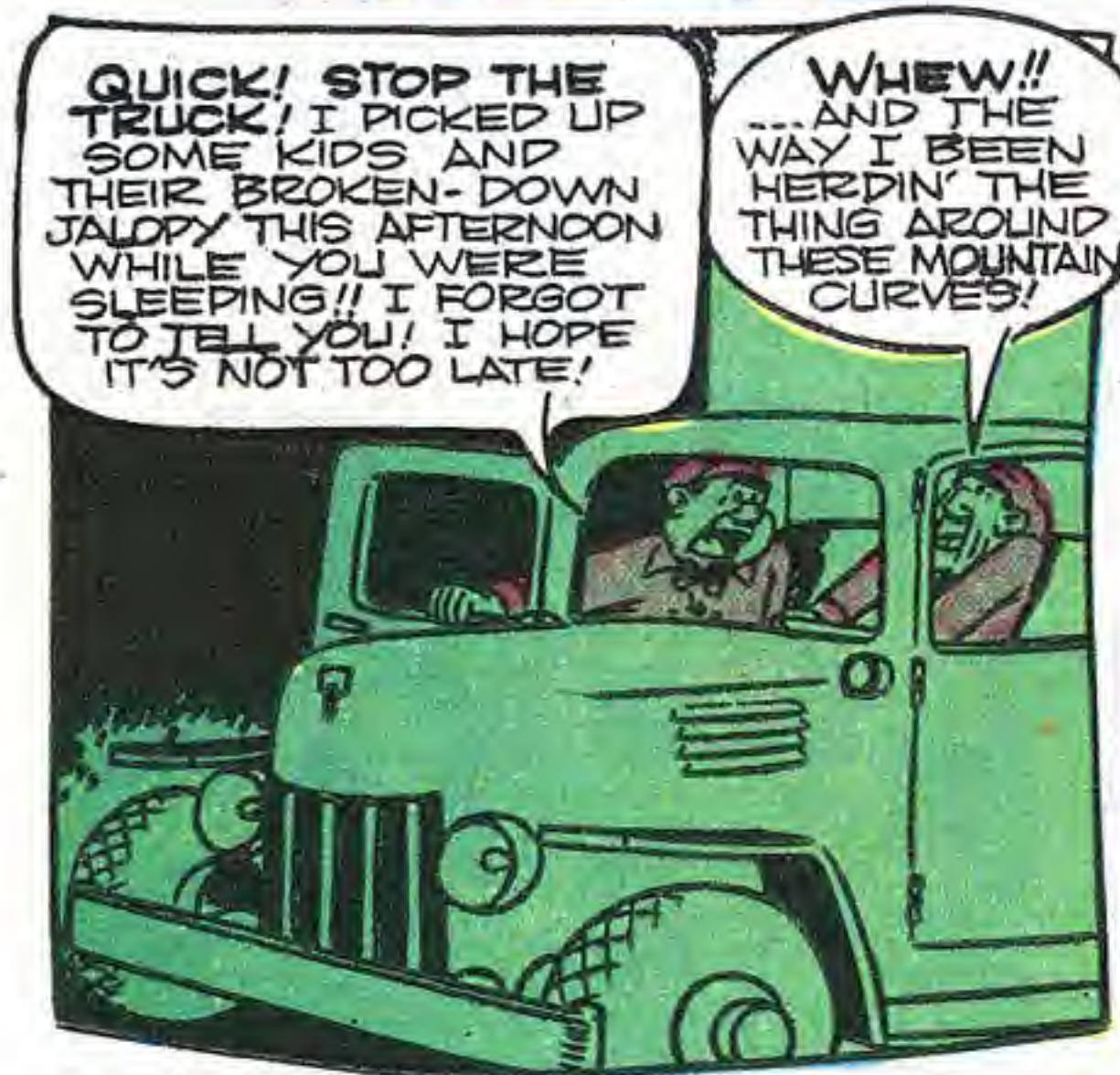


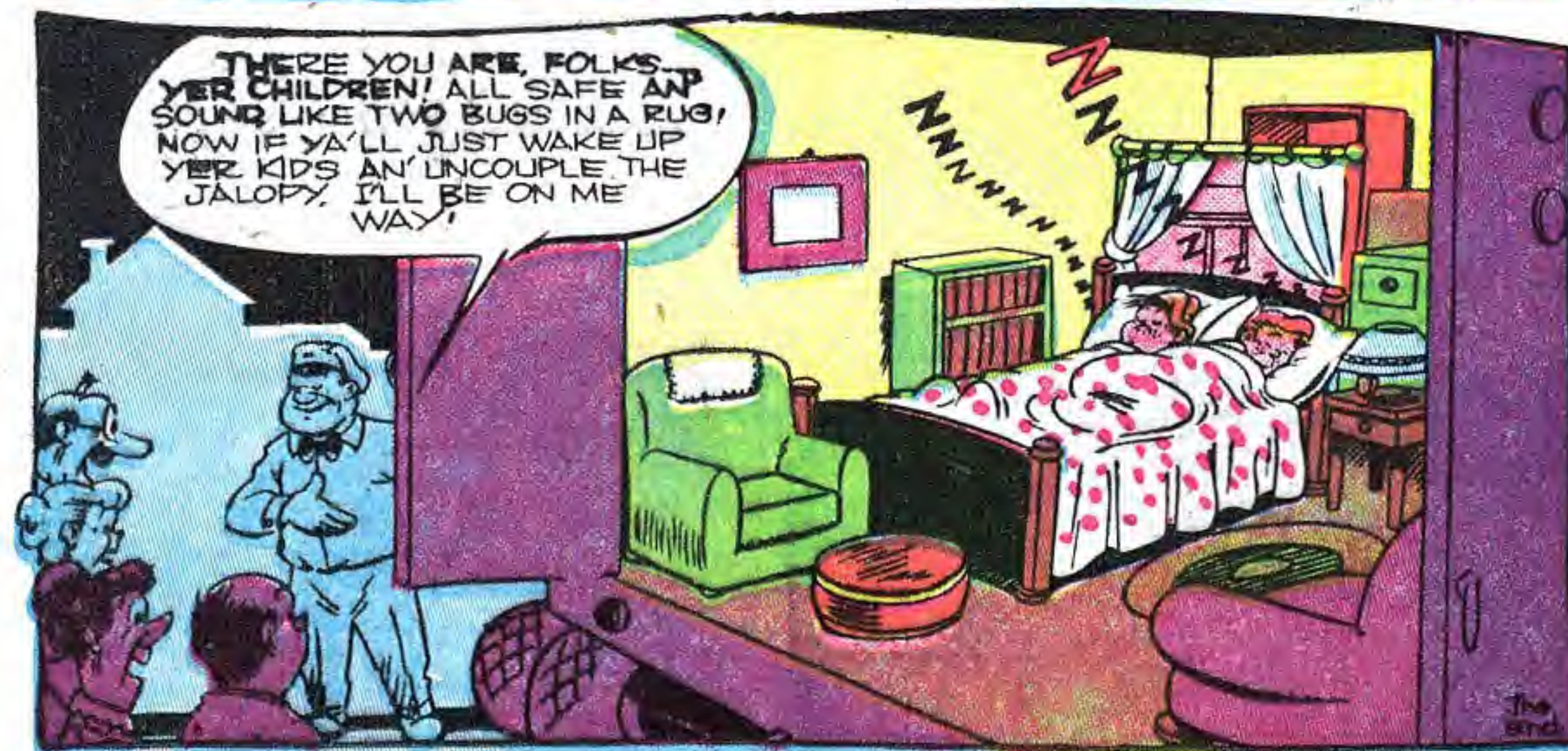
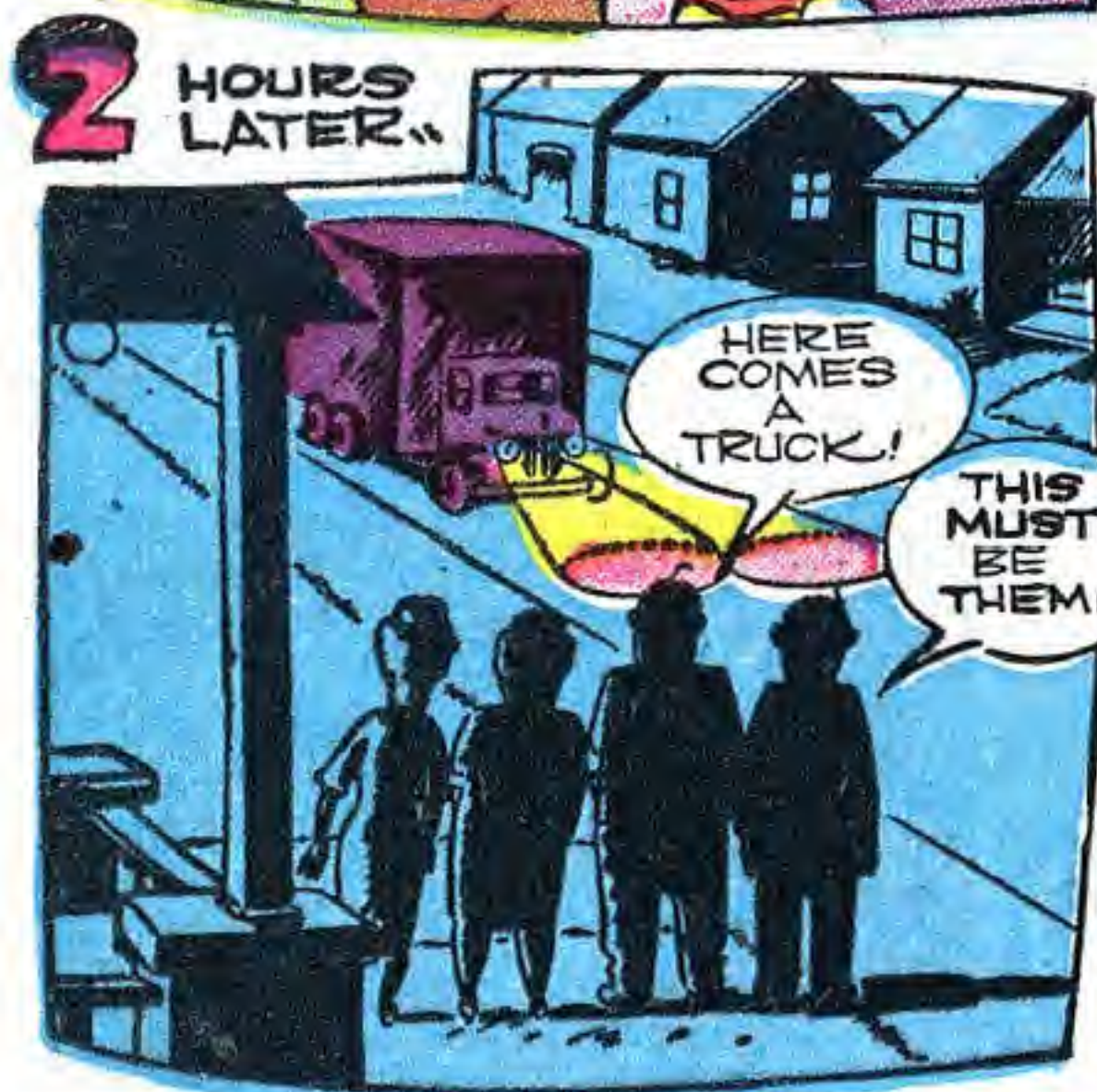
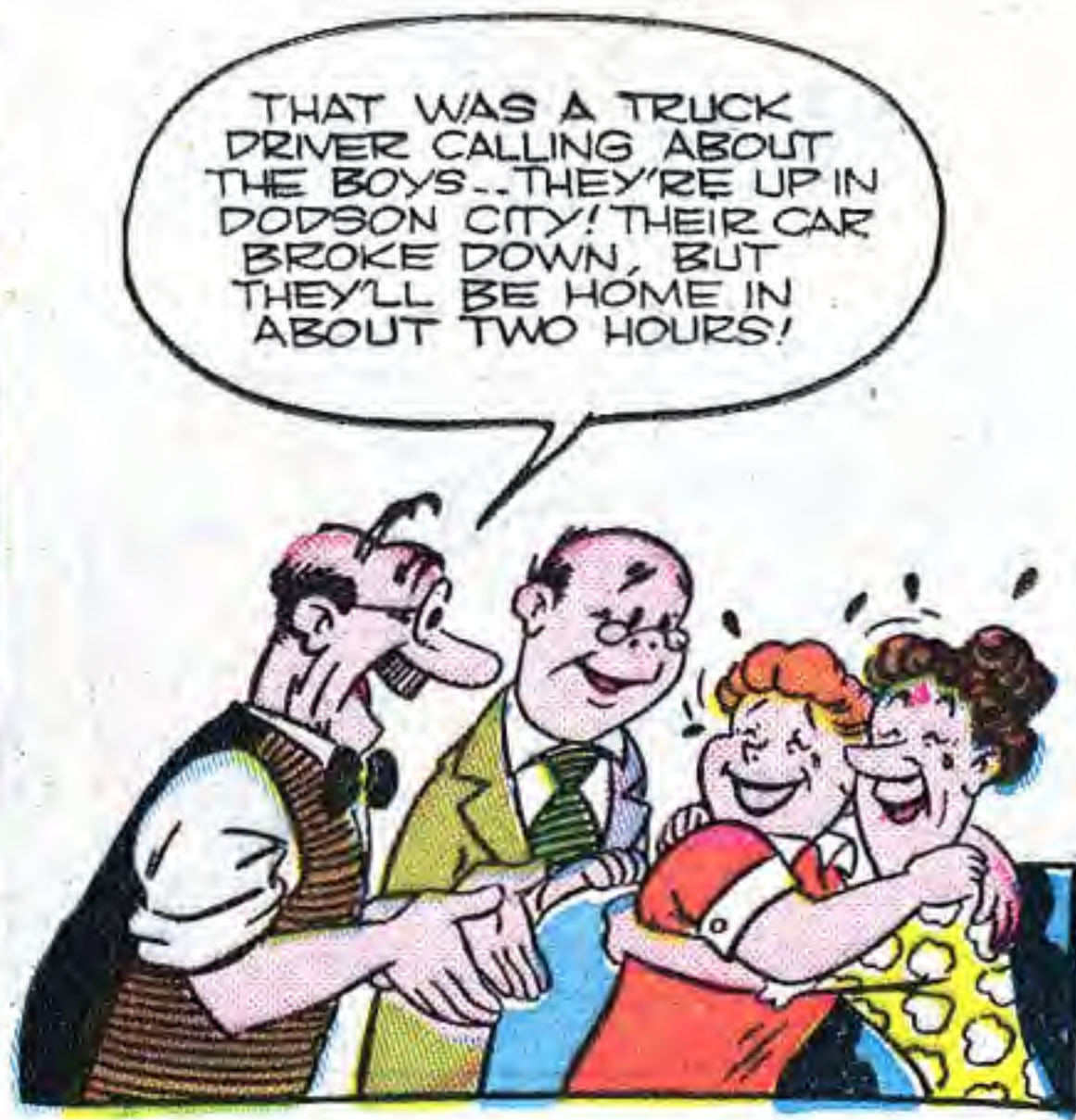












KOLLEGE KAPERS



I THINK A FELLA SHOULD TAKE AN **INTEREST** IN HIS WORK! I'M GONNA BE A **DISC-JOCKEY**!

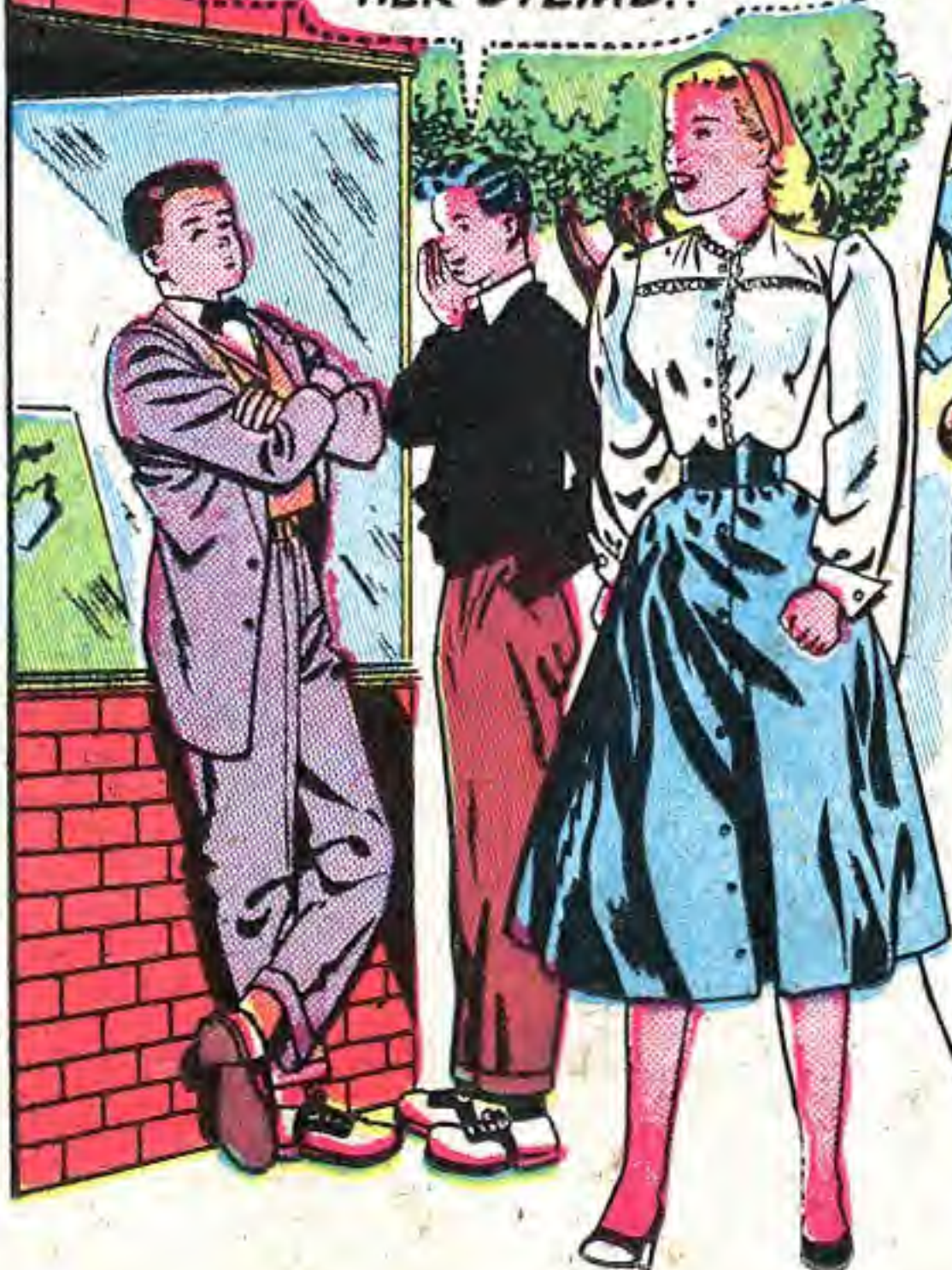
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD-FASHIONED GAL WHO **FAINTED** WHEN A GUY KISSED HER?

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD-FASHIONED **GUY** WHO **MADE** A GAL FAINT WHEN HE KISSED HER!



AL HARLEY

THAT WALLFLOWER WOULD BE POPULAR IF SHE'D **SHED** A FEW PETALS AND SHOW HER **STEMS**!!



PARDON ME. MISS -- THE NAME IS **TAYLOR**!

LONGHAIR

"BROTHER, it's terrific!" said Dink Marlow, pounding the top of the table so that the malts and cokes danced in their glasses. "We're a cinch to win . . . with me and my drums, that is!"

He was referring, of course, to the big jazz contest to be held at Midville High in two days. Various high schools were participating, and the prize was a week's engagement at a leading theatre.

"Can ya imagine, Ellen?" he asked the pretty, slim, dark-haired girl sitting next to him. "Me, with the hottest set o' skins in town! I'm not like some *long-hairs*," he added scornfully, looking out of the window and pointing to a passing figure. "Like *that* cornball, for instance!"

"Why, that's David Drew!" Ellen Bertram said. "He's not a cornball, Dink! He's just, well . . . just serious, I guess!"

"Go on, he's a longhair! Who ever heard of a *regular* guy passing up cokes an' dances with the gang in favor of making music on a fiddle? Bach, yet! Boy, Midville High is lucky there's somebody like *me* around!"

Ellen said nothing. She did, however, look a bit uncertain as she and Dink rose, paid for their drinks and left the ice cream parlor. Dink was still talking about his certain triumph in the jazz contest as they walked down the street.

"I'll knock 'em off their feet!" he boasted. "I'll . . ." he stopped short. "Y'know somethin', Ellen?" Dink Marlow asked suddenly. "I don't feel very good. I feel sorta funny!"

"You *look* sorta funny too, Dink," Ellen peered at him closely. "You seem to have spots all over your face!"

There was no doubt about it. Dink Marlow had the measles! "This is what I get for baby-sitting," he moaned. "And here's where Midville High loses the jazz contest . . . ooooooh!"

"What's wrong, Dink?" David Drew called from the porch of his house. "Lose something?"

Dink would not condescend to answer, but Ellen told David what had happened. "So you see," she concluded, "Dink can't drum and we'll lose!"

"Not necessarily," David remarked thoughtfully. "I could represent Midville High! Would you lend me your drums, Dink?"

"You!" the stricken boy sneered. "What do you know about drummin'?"

"I've studied elementary primitive rhythms," David answered. "The repetitive pagan beat . . . the monotonous thumping . . . the wild frenzy of cacaphony . . . the . . ."

"That's enough!" Dink shouted despairingly. "You might as well take the drums. With your attitude, we'll lose anyway!"

On the day of the contest, the school audience overflowed into the street outside the auditorium. When the curtain rose and revealed intense, serious-looking David Drew, everyone laughed and wished Dink Marlow were there. Everyone, that is . . . but Ellen!

But when David brought the sticks down skillfully, expertly, hitting the drumskins with fervor and precision, beating out complicated rhythms that sent feet stamping and hands clapping, everyone laughed again, delightedly, admiringly. Everyone . . . including Ellen!

And when longhair David Drew brought honor and glory to Midville High by winning the contest, he won the respect and friendship of everyone . . . especially Ellen!

"Gosh, David," she smiled, as the two walked home together, "what do you think Dink will say about you now?"

What Dink *did* say, just for the record, was, "Gosh!"

C'MON, FOLKS! THREE CHEERS
FOR THE KILROYS'
GUEST FEATURE
FOR THIS ISSUE!



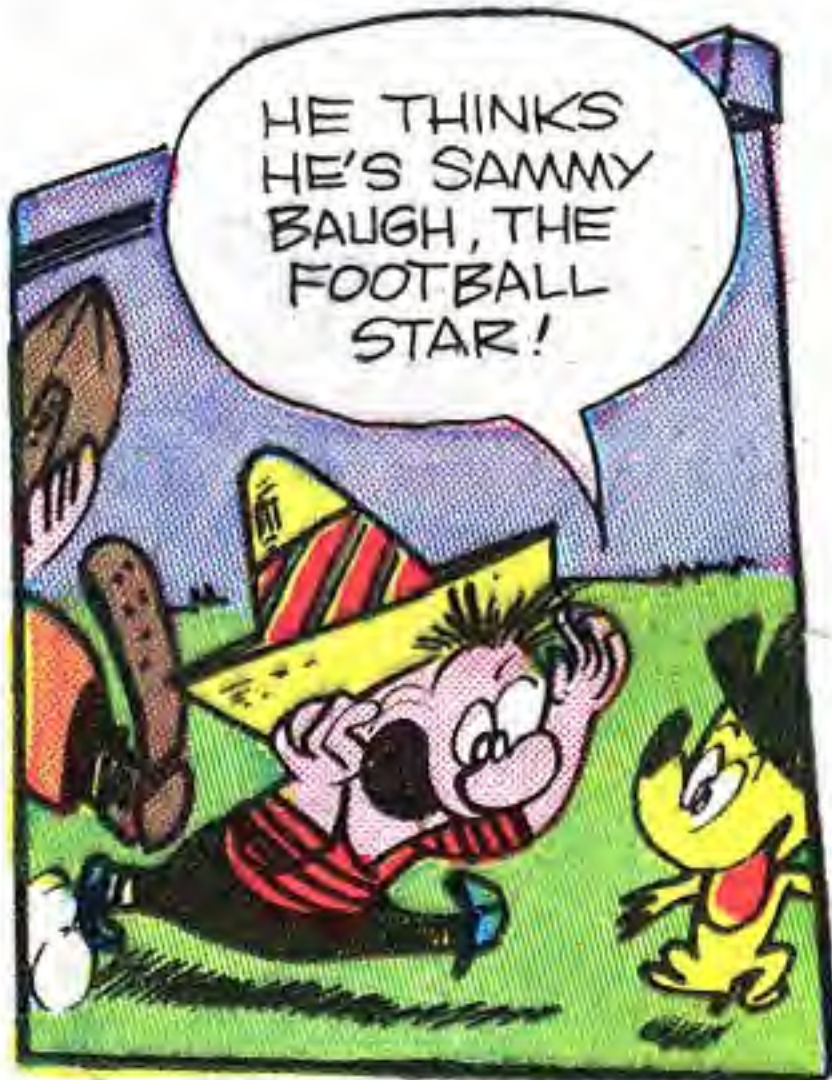
Count Screwloose

BALMYCREST
BOOBY-HATCH

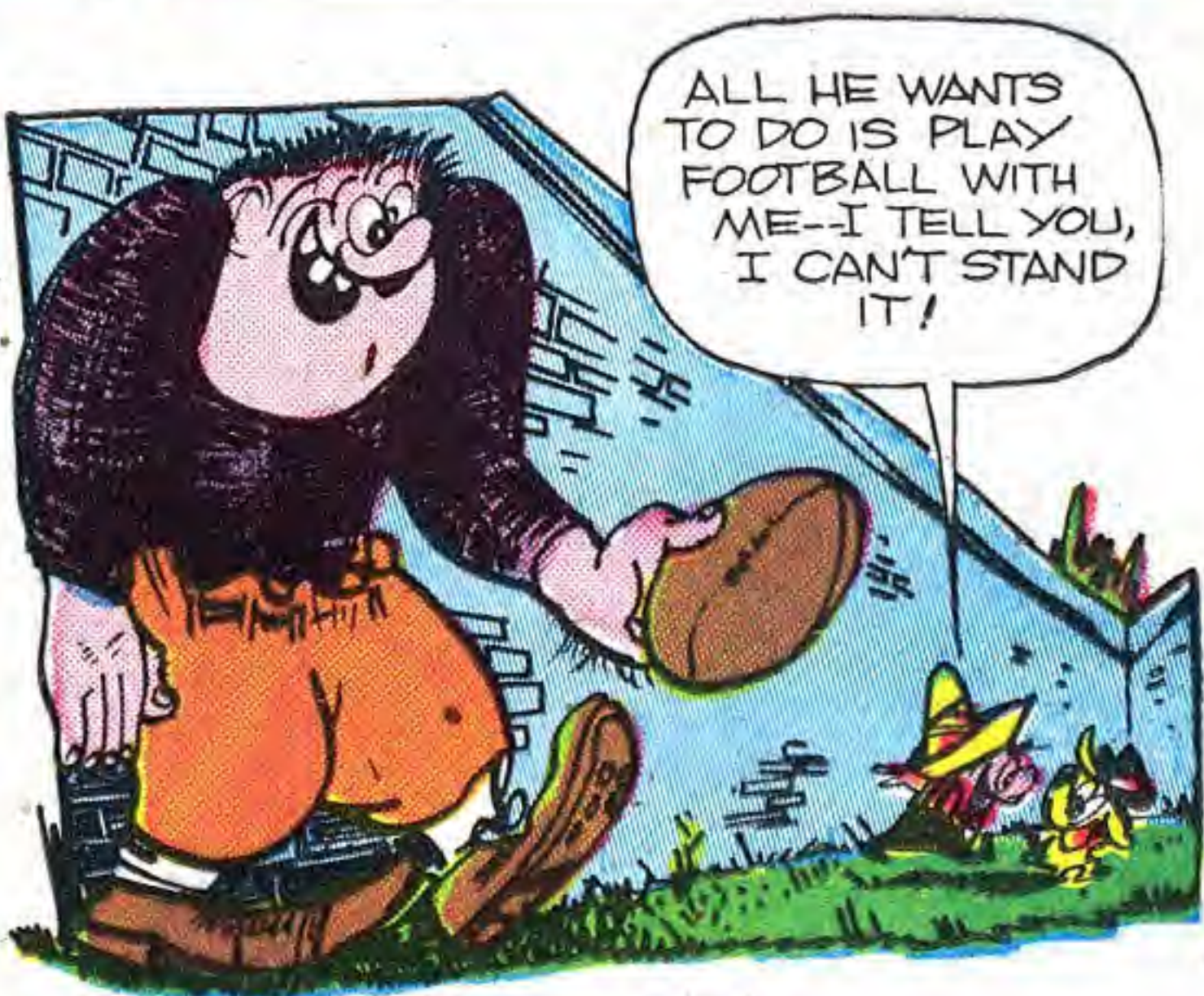
IGGY, I TELL
YOU I CAN'T
STAND IT
ANY LONGER!



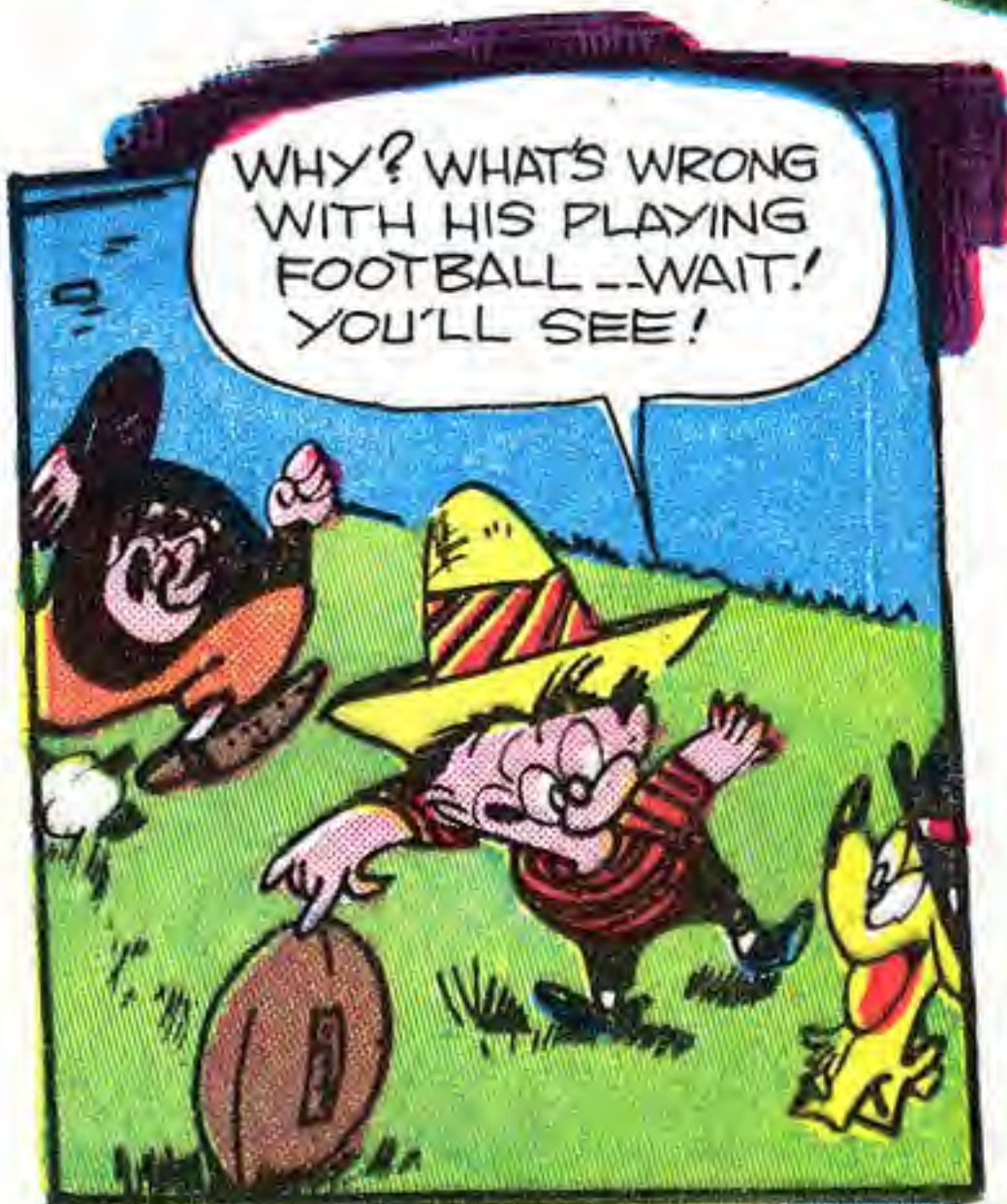
HE THINKS
HE'S SAMMY
BAUGH, THE
FOOTBALL
STAR!



ALL HE WANTS
TO DO IS PLAY
FOOTBALL WITH
ME--I TELL YOU,
I CAN'T STAND
IT!



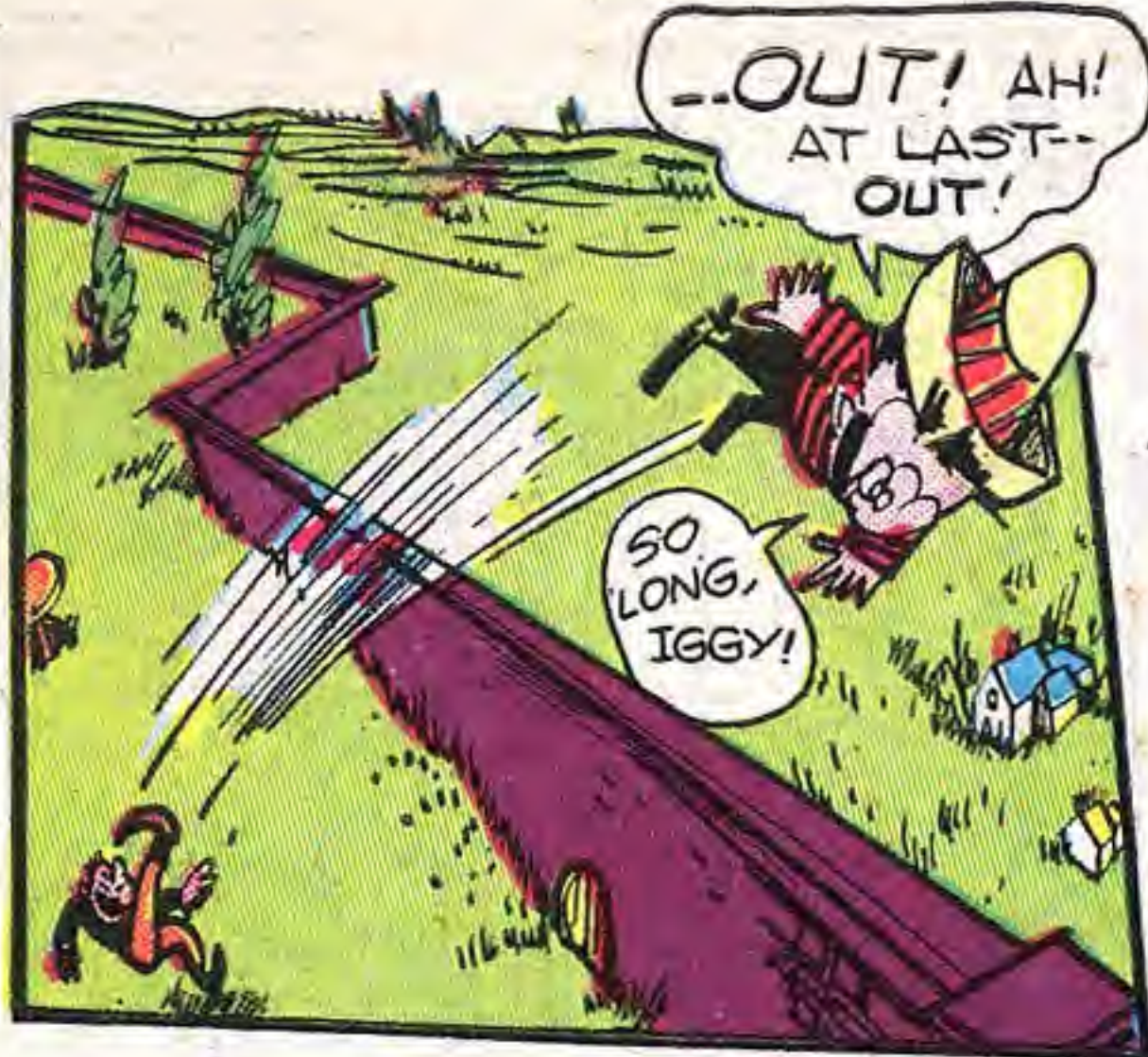
WHY? WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HIS PLAYING
FOOTBALL --WAIT!
YOU'LL SEE!

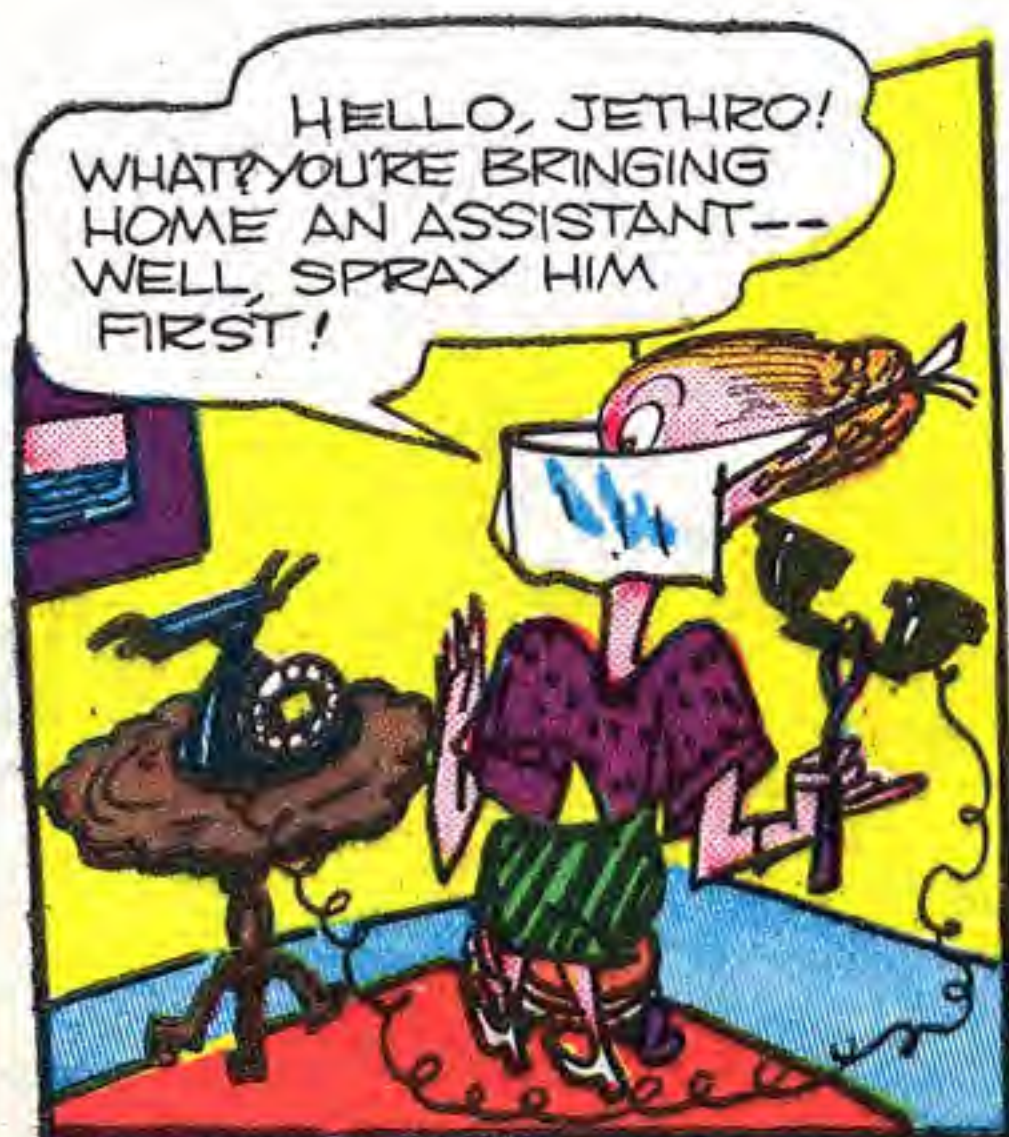
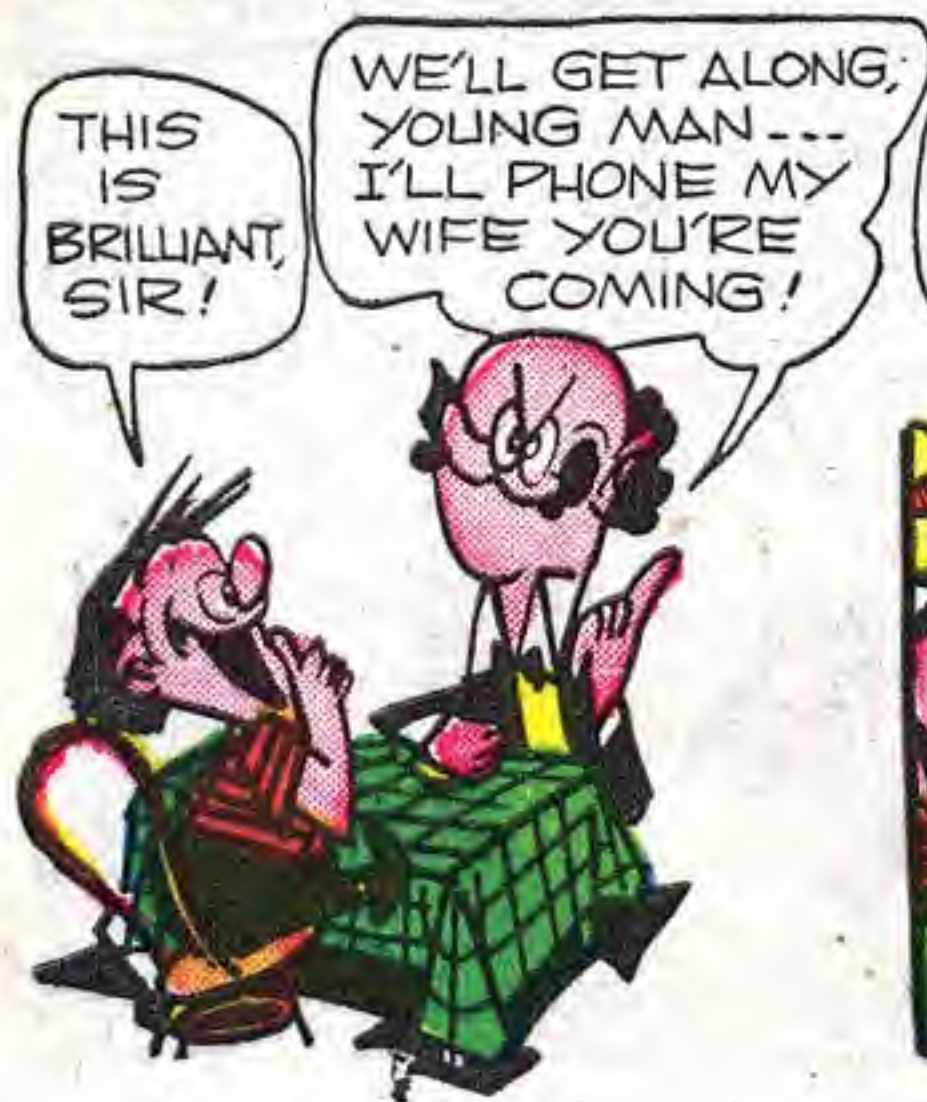
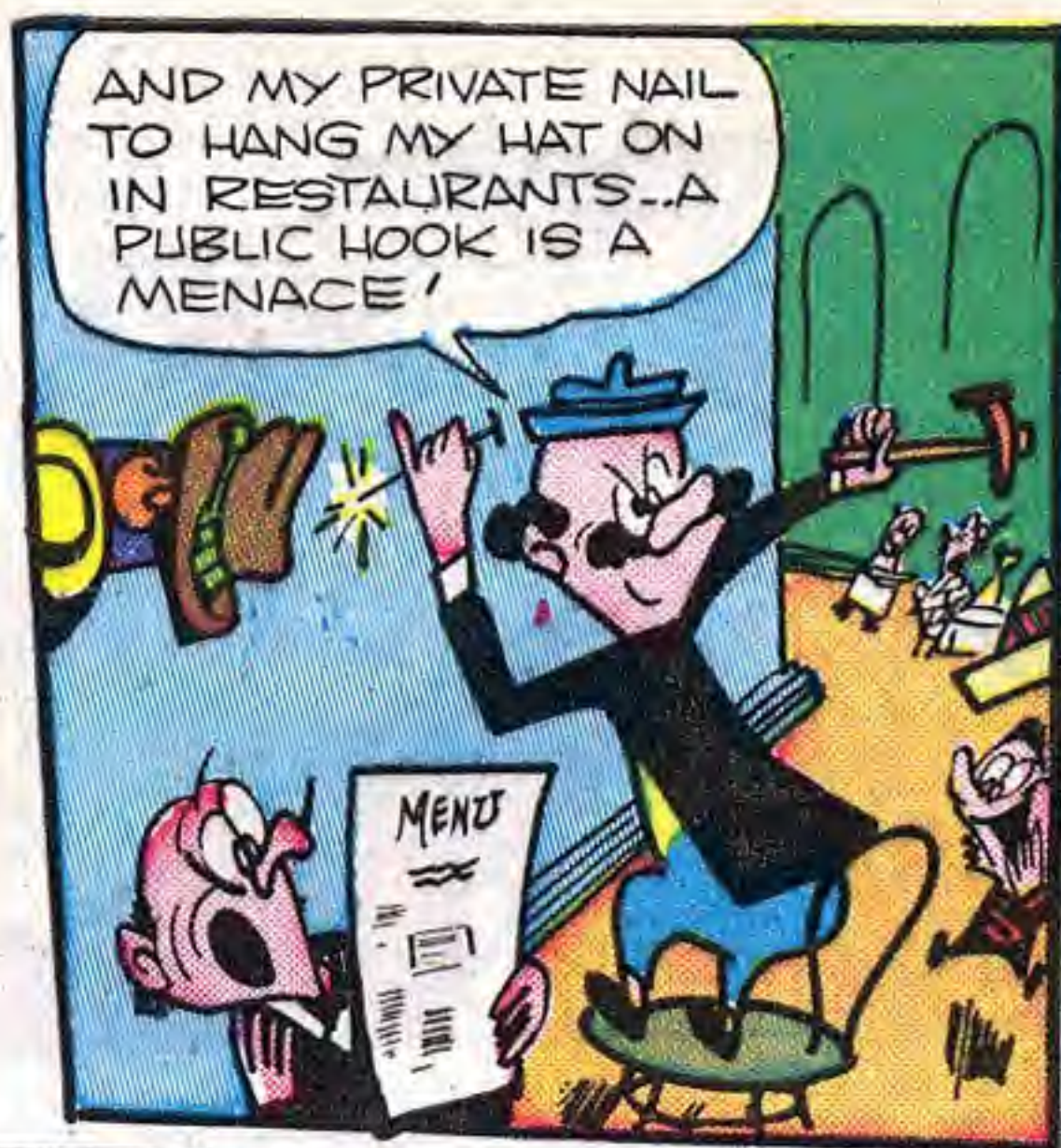


HE KEEPS
GETTING ME
AND THE
FOOTBALL
MIXED UP!
SEE?













"Solid Jackson"

PROF. J. EDGAR KILROY
SCHOOL
of SMOOCHING

GOOD
MORNING,
PROFESSOR!

YOUR
OLD MAN
THINKS OF
EVERYTHING,
NATCH!

YEH,
JACKSON--
BUT WHY
DIDN'T I
THINK OF
IT FIRST?

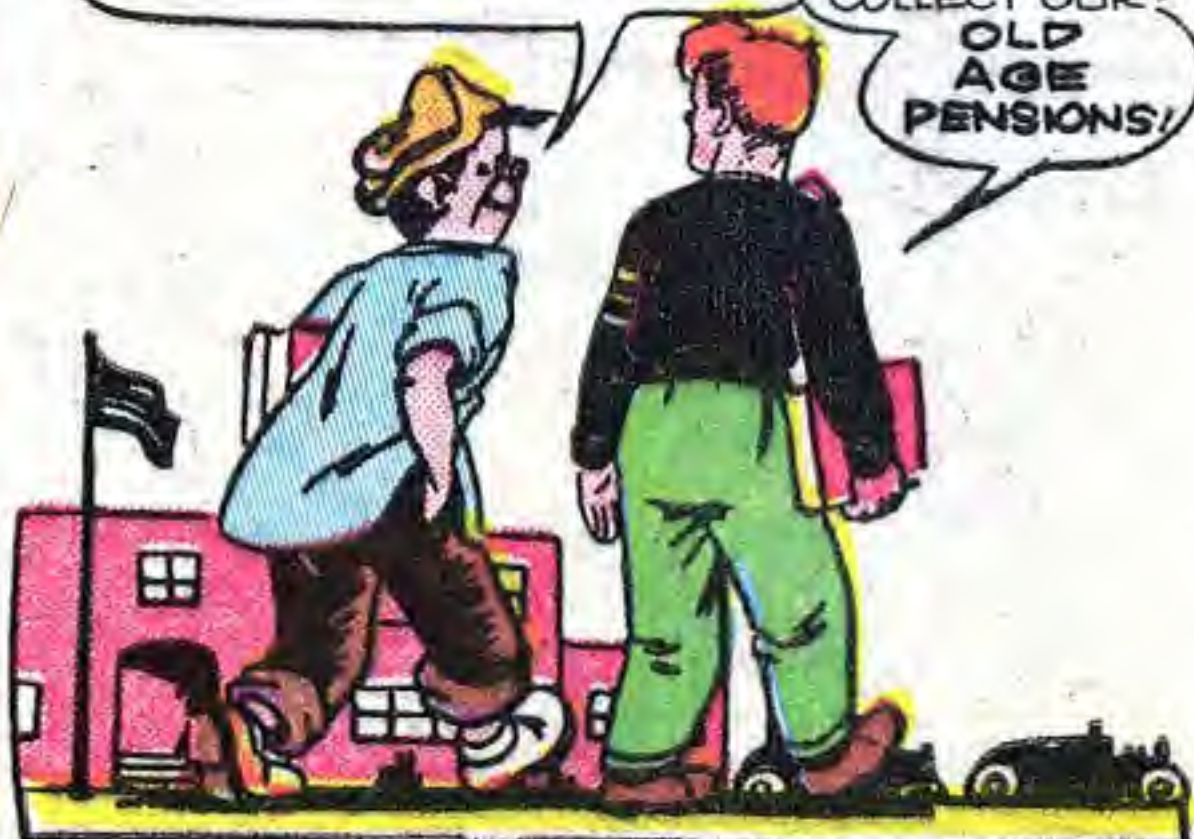
HOT DOG!
FRIDAY! NO
SCHOOL TOMOR-
ROW! HOW ABOUT
TAKIN' IN A BIG
HAIRY PICTURE
SHOW TONIGHT?

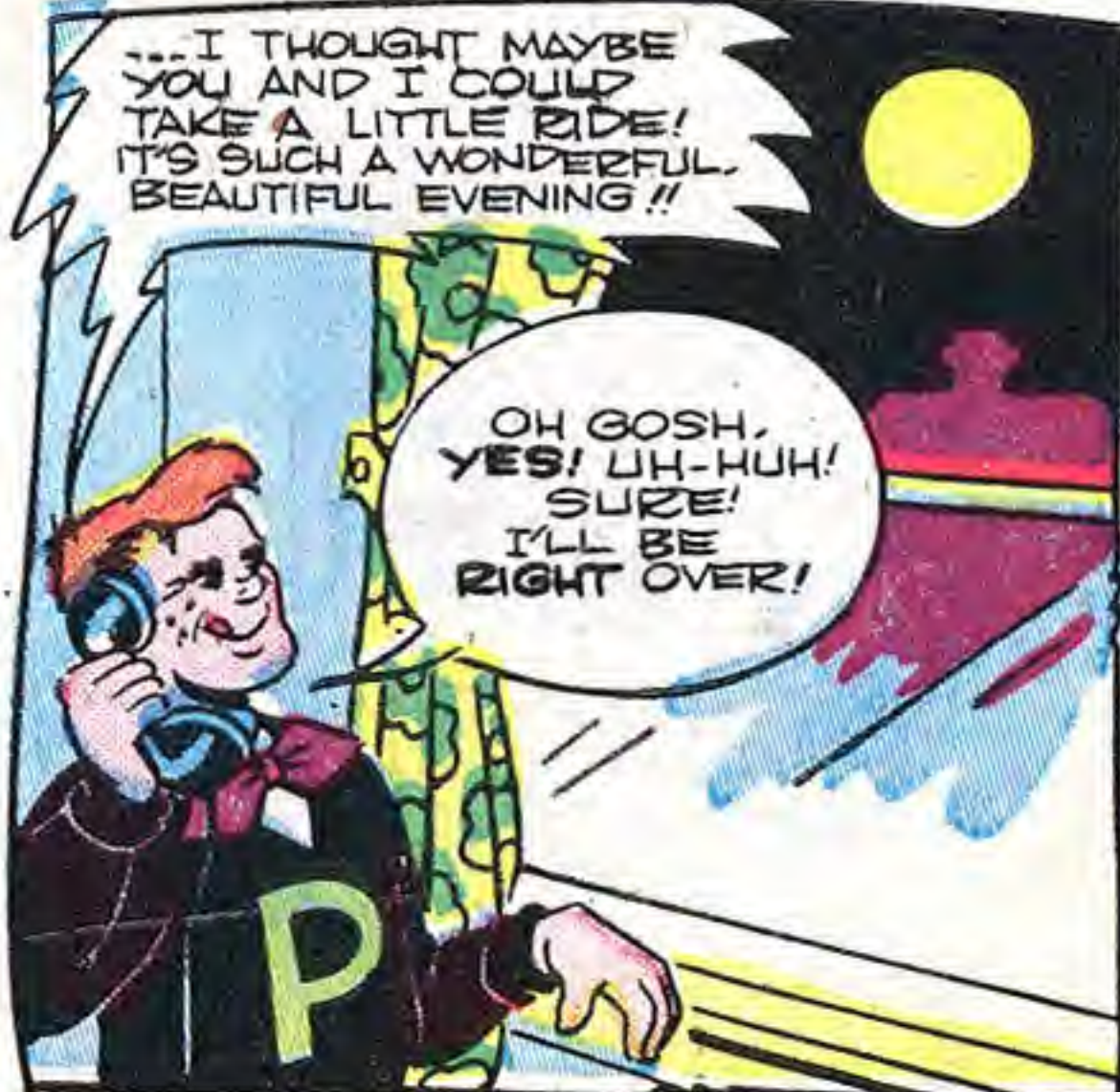
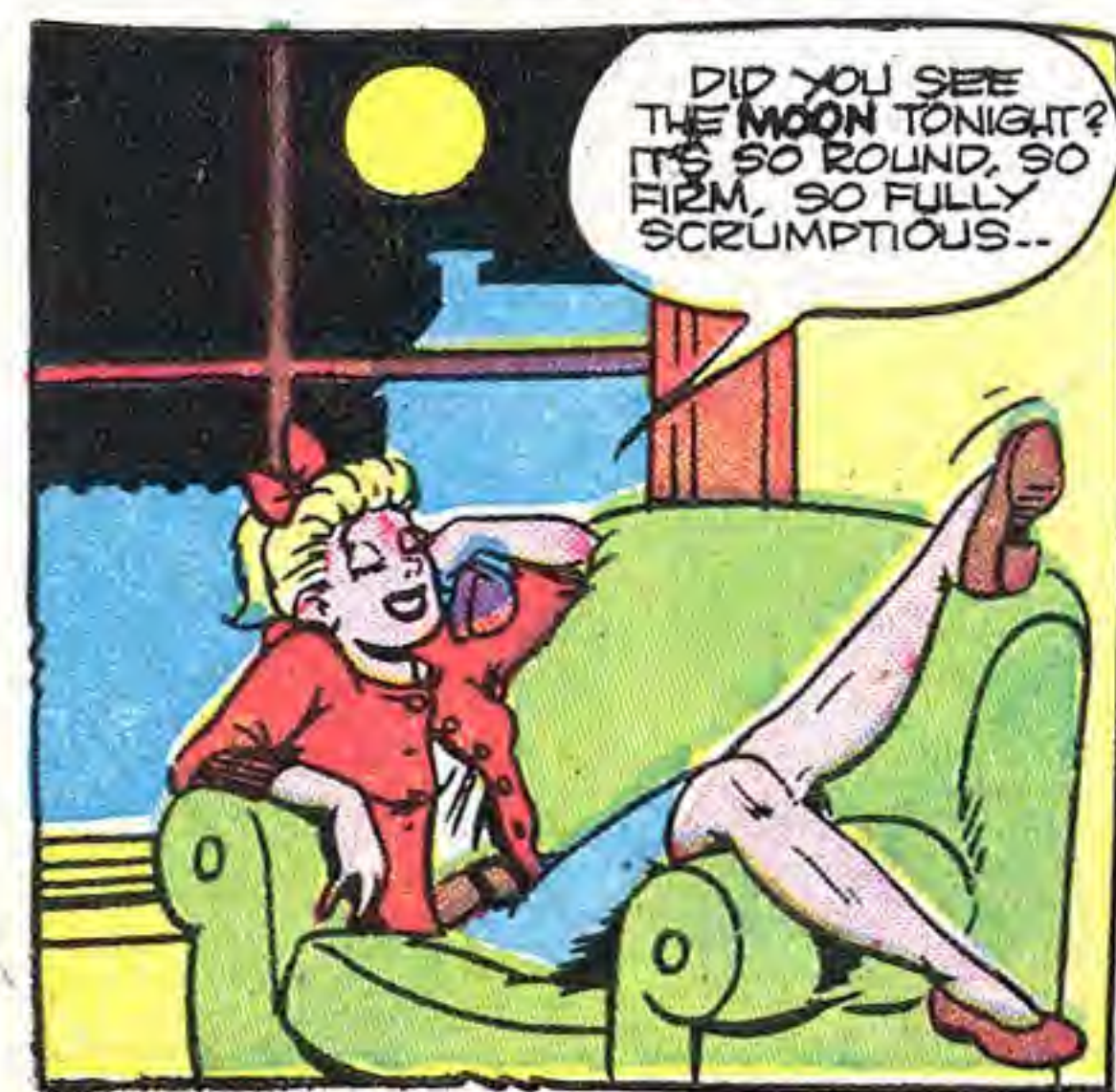
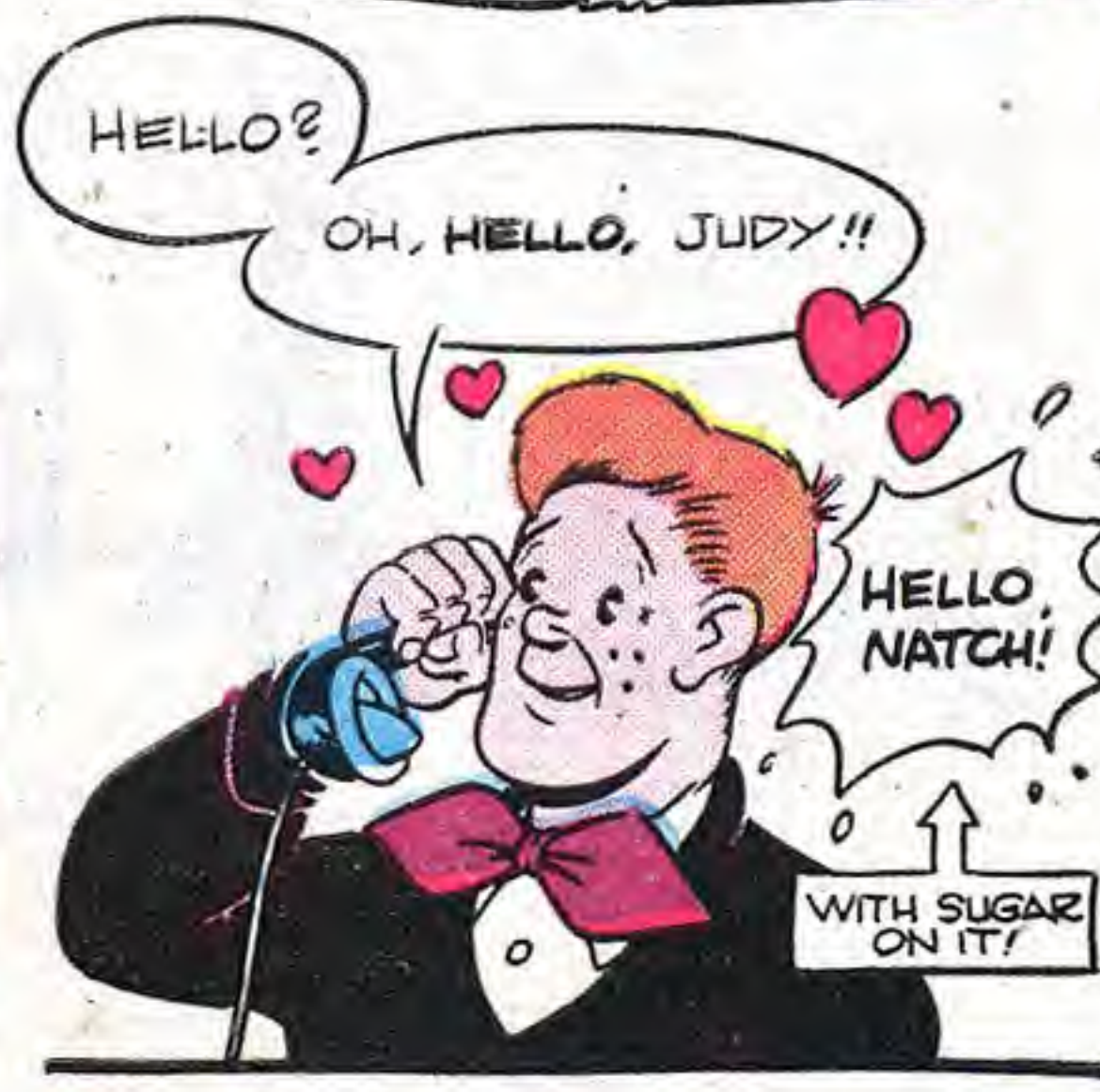
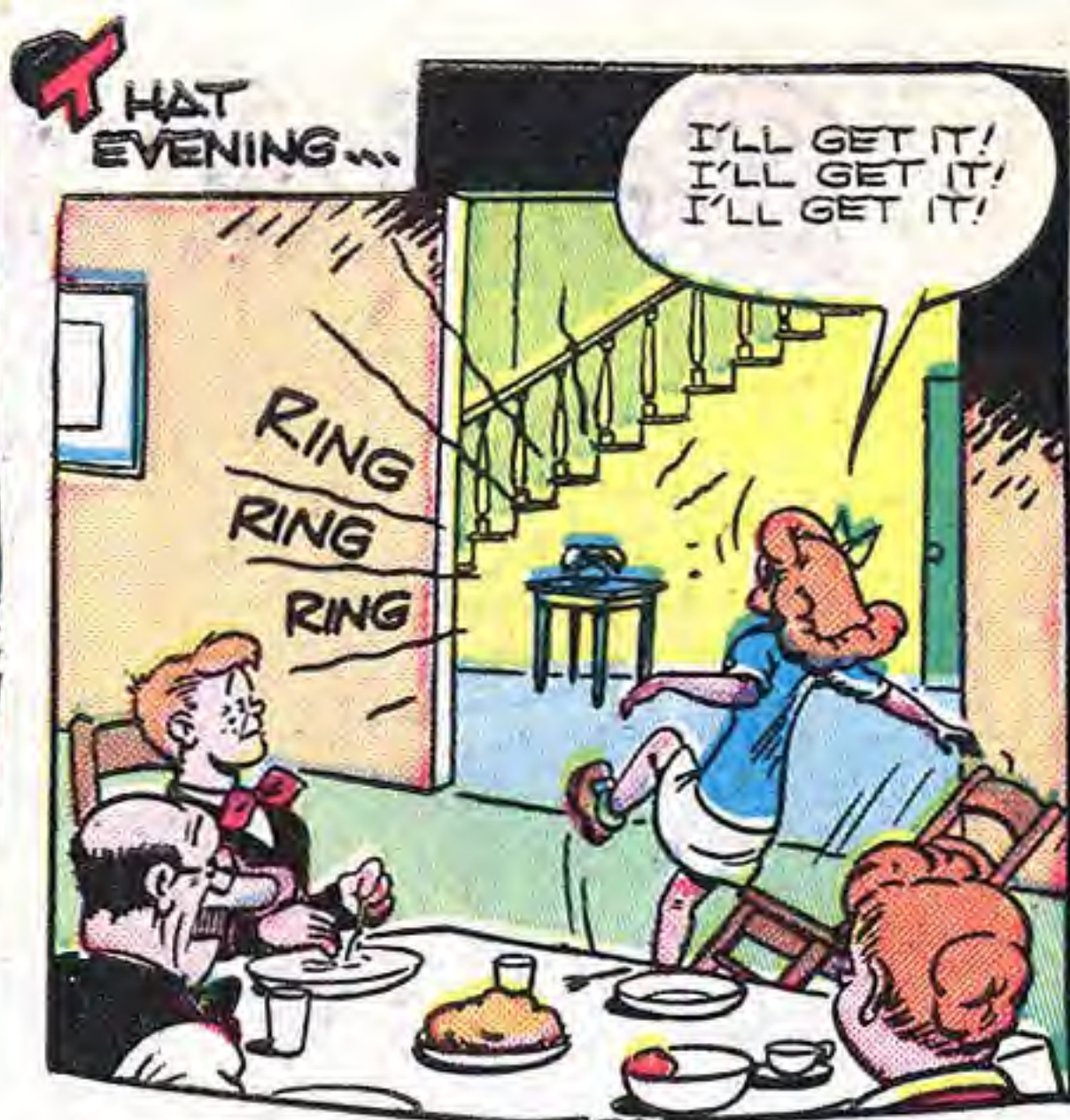
INT. HIGH
SCHOOL

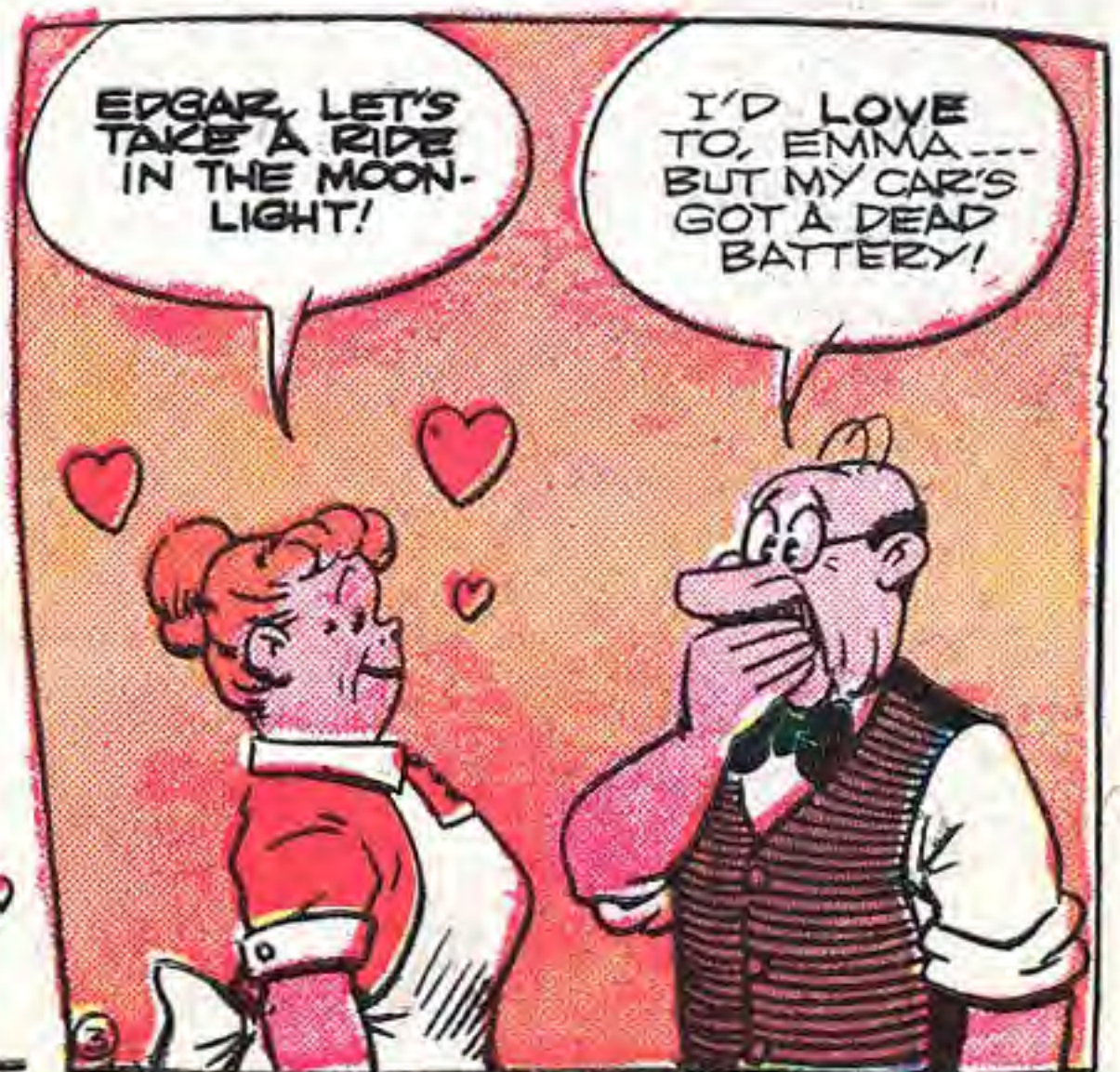
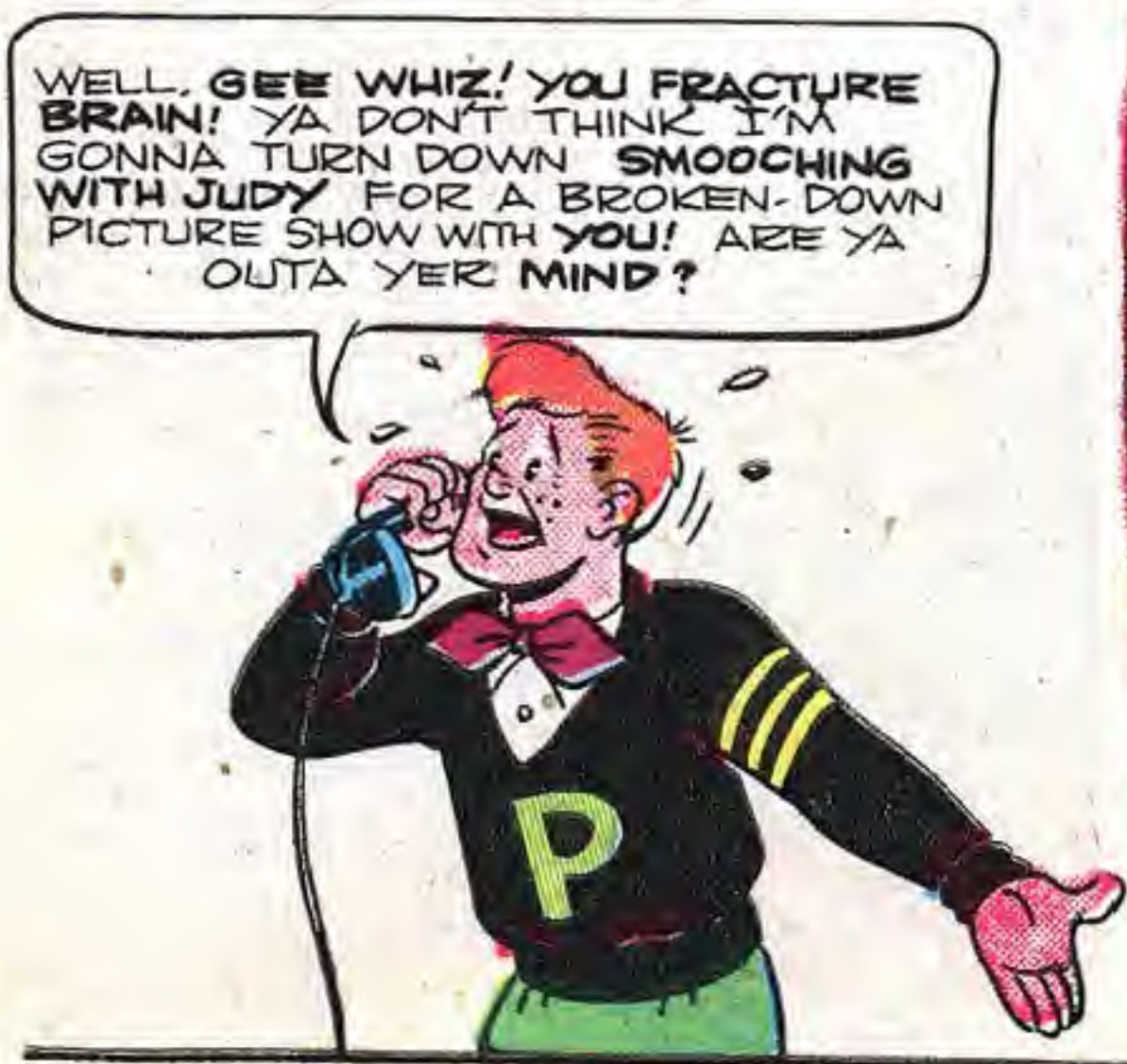
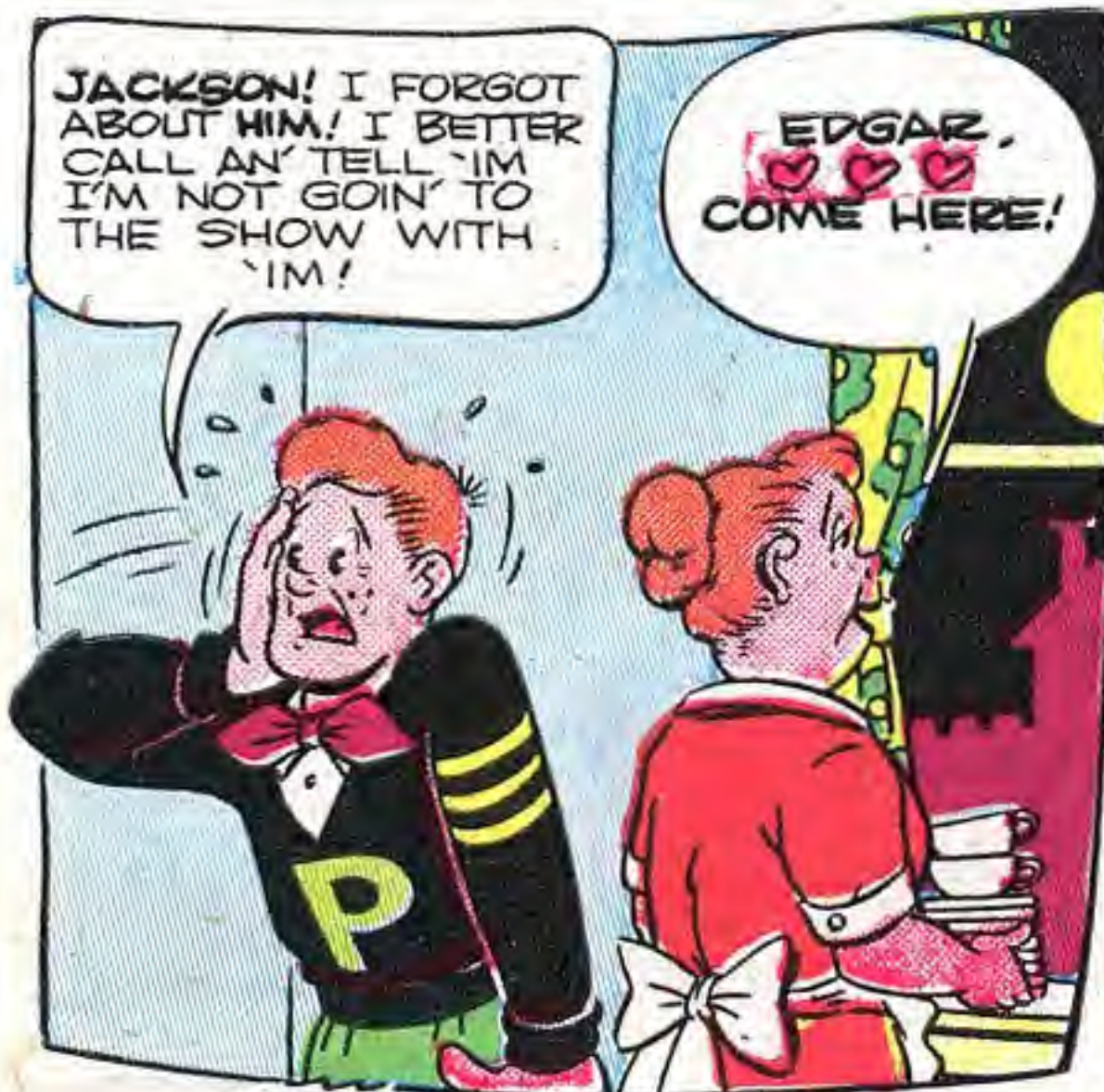
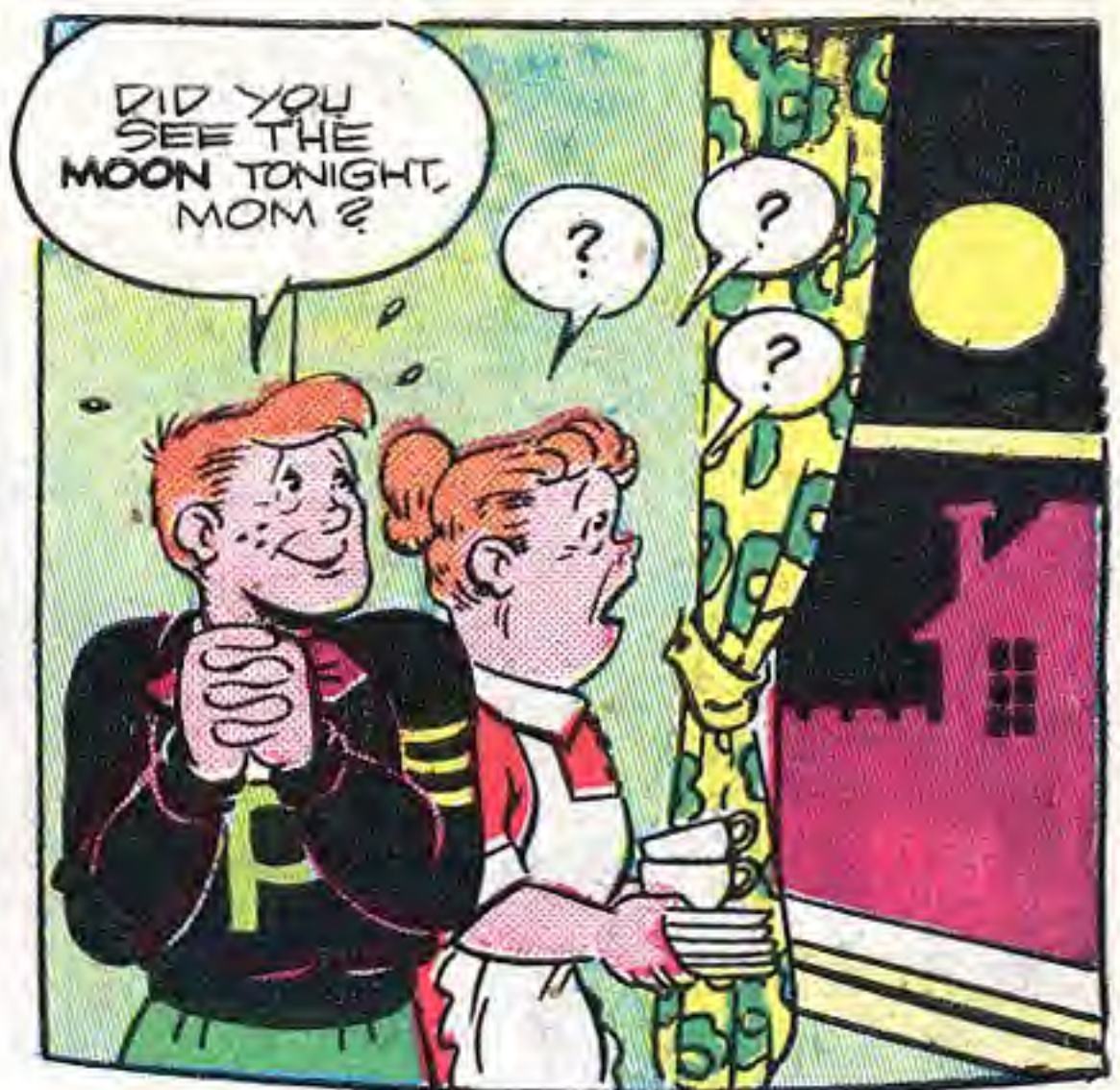
SUITS ME!
WHAT'S
PLAYIN'?

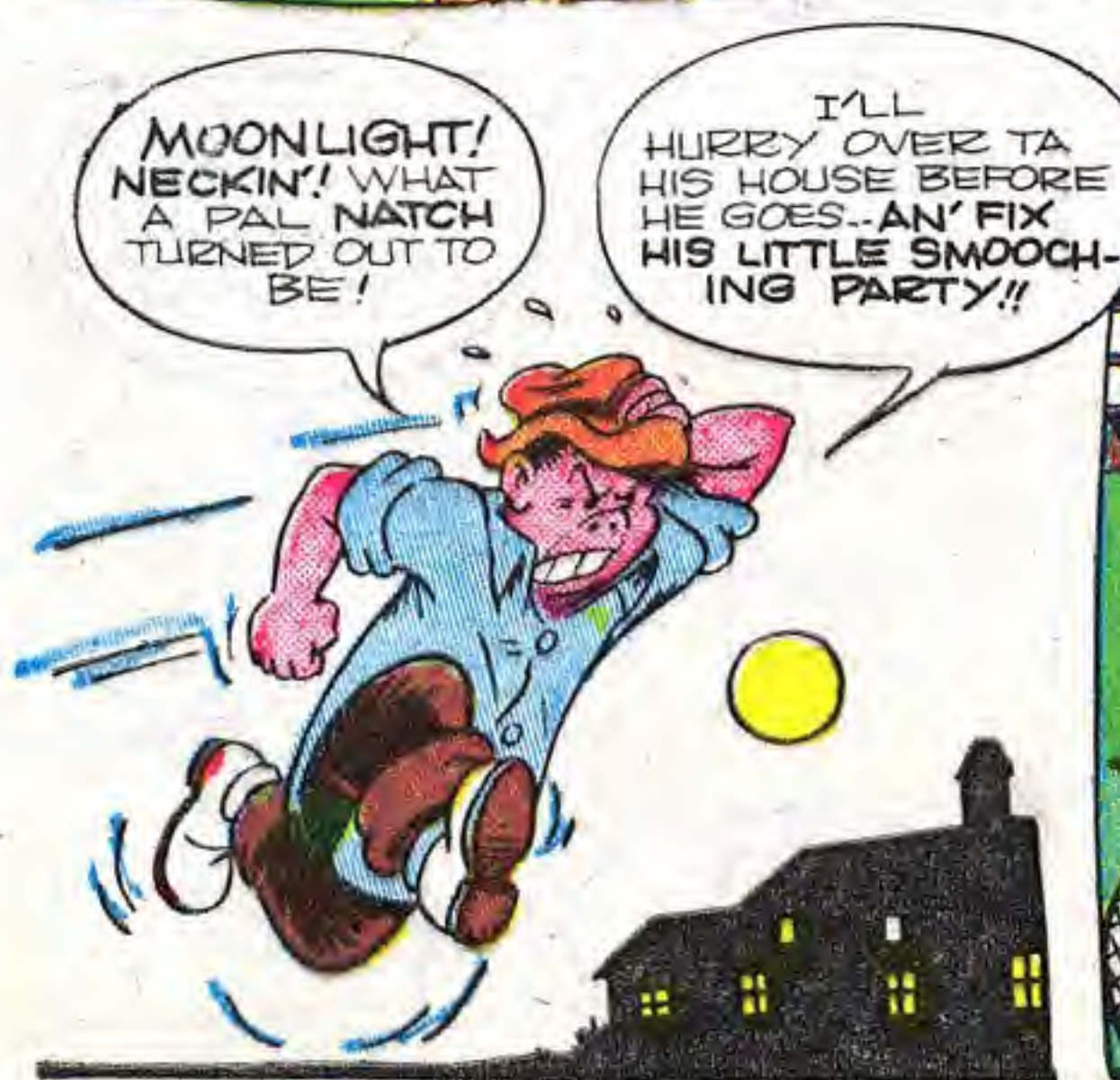
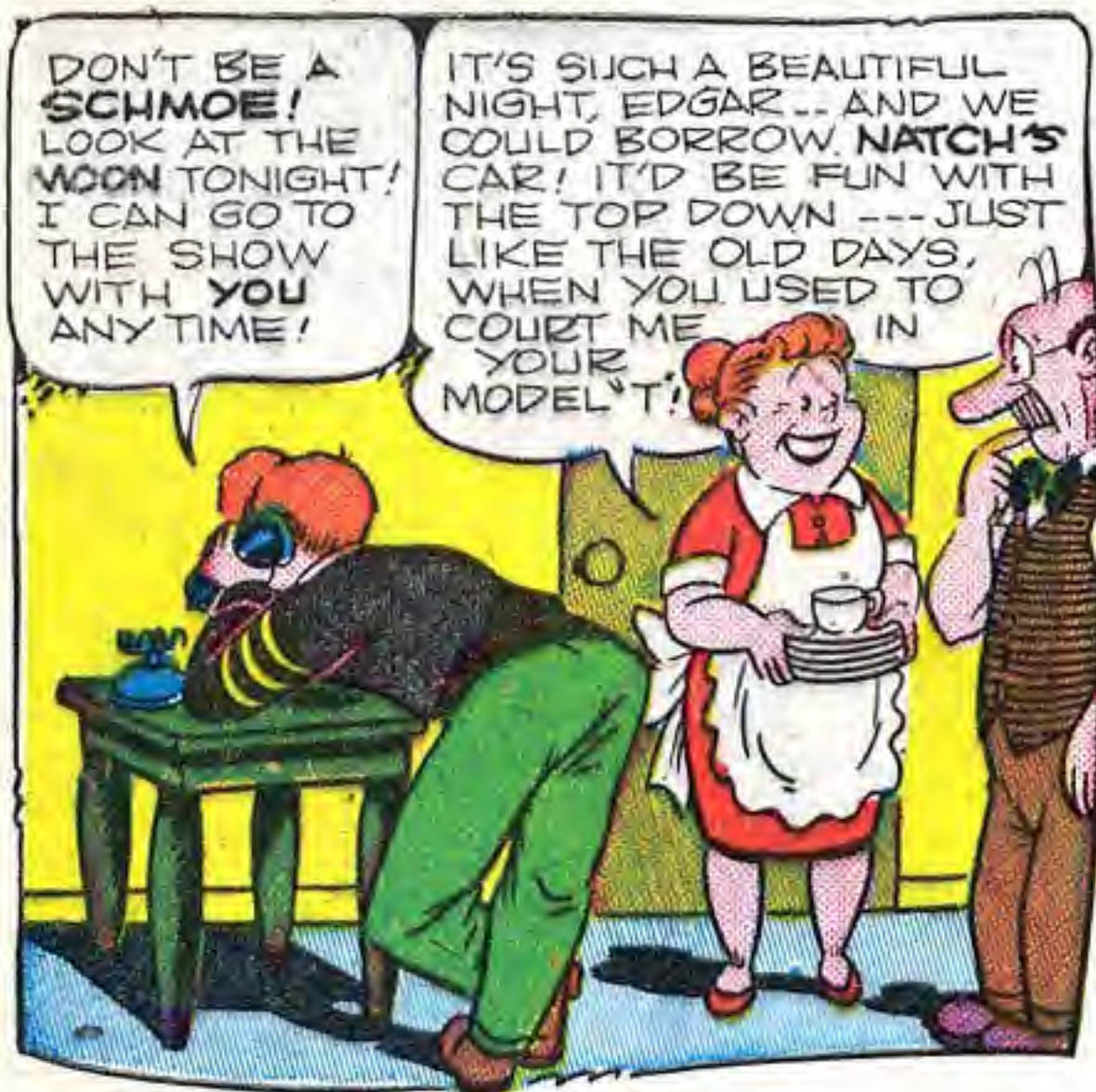
THE STARLAND HAS FOUR
FEATURES, NINE CARTOONS,
A NEWS REEL, TWO COM-
EDIES, BANK NIGHT AND
A NEW POPCORN MACHINE!

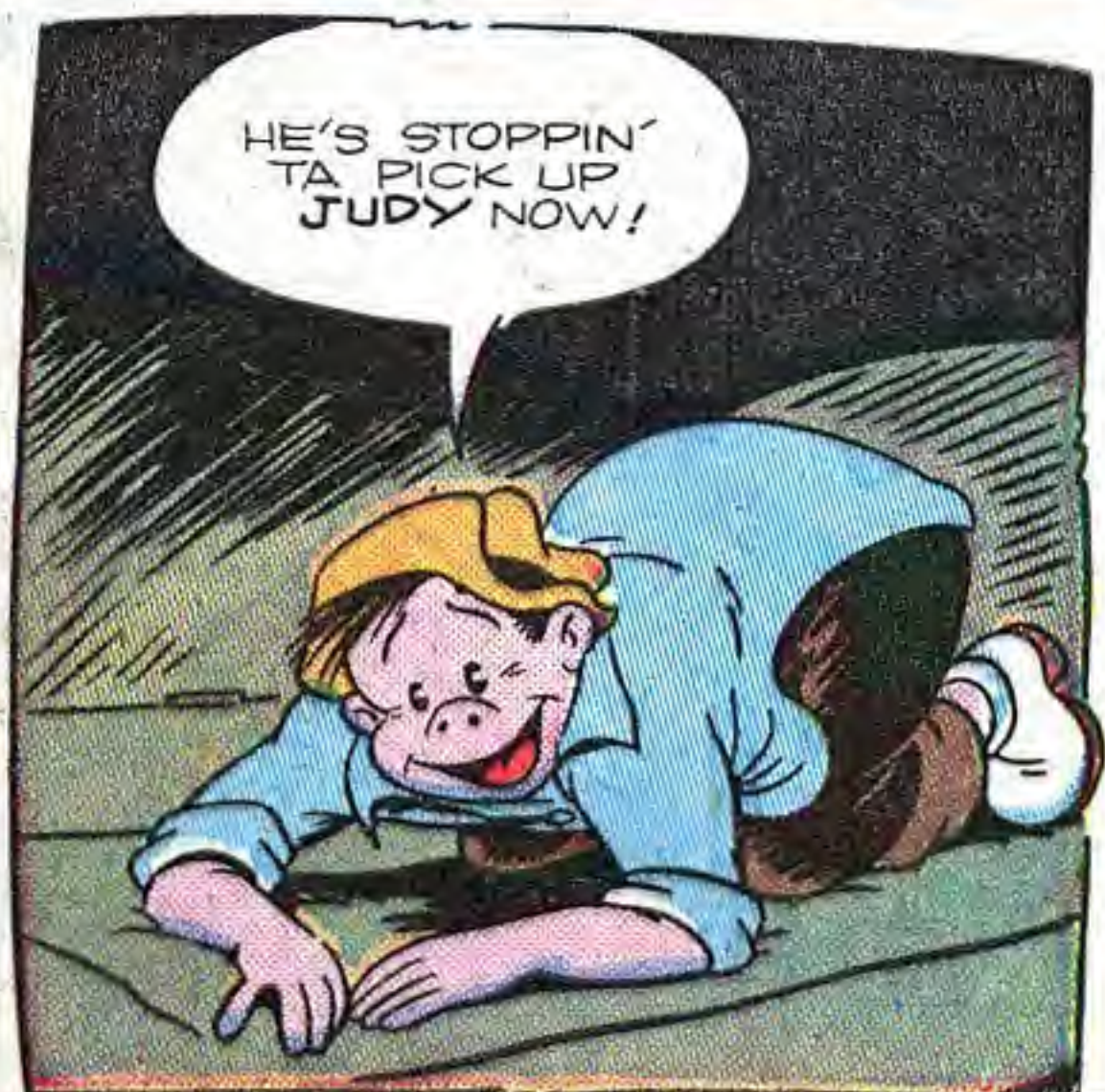
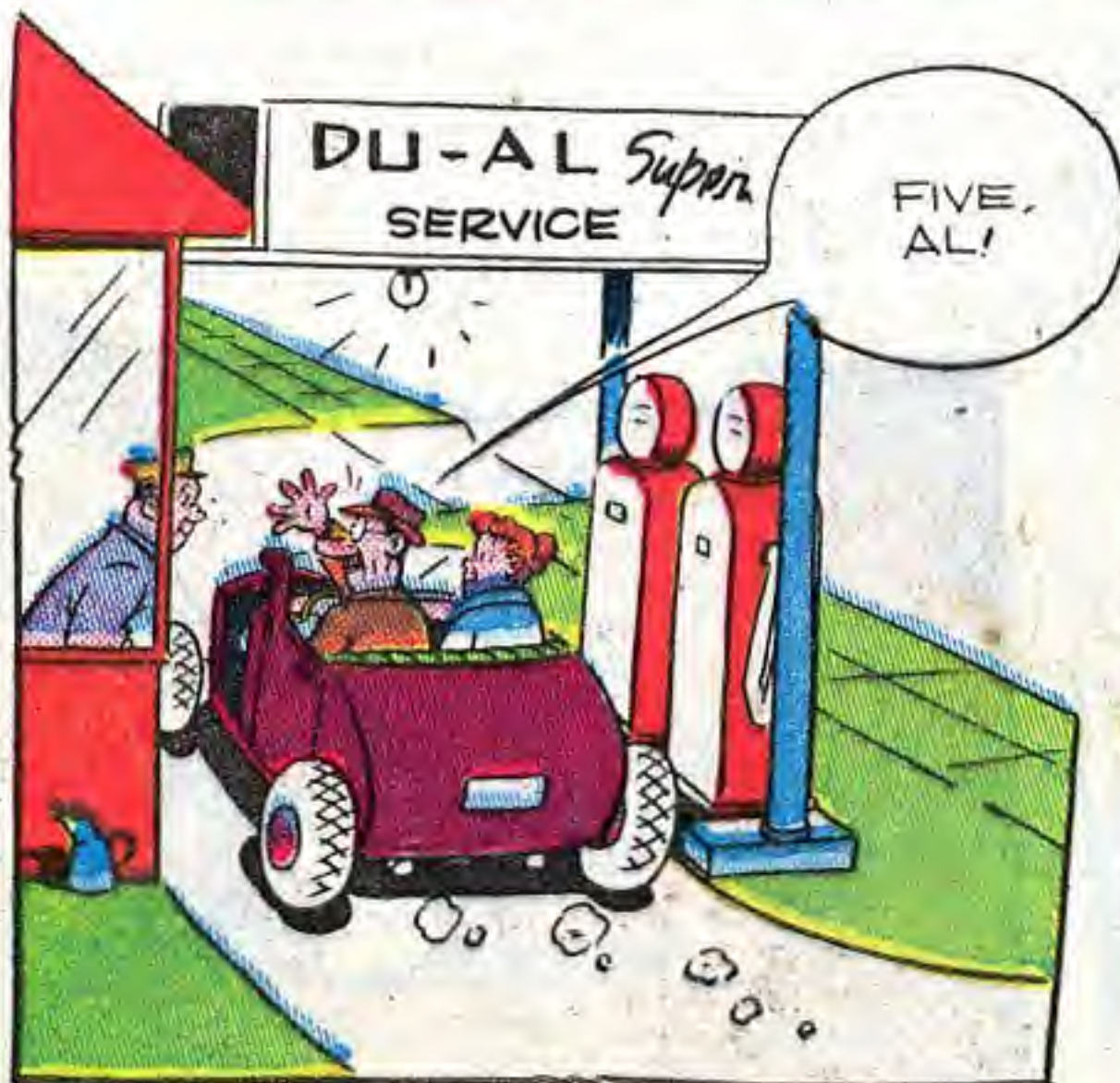
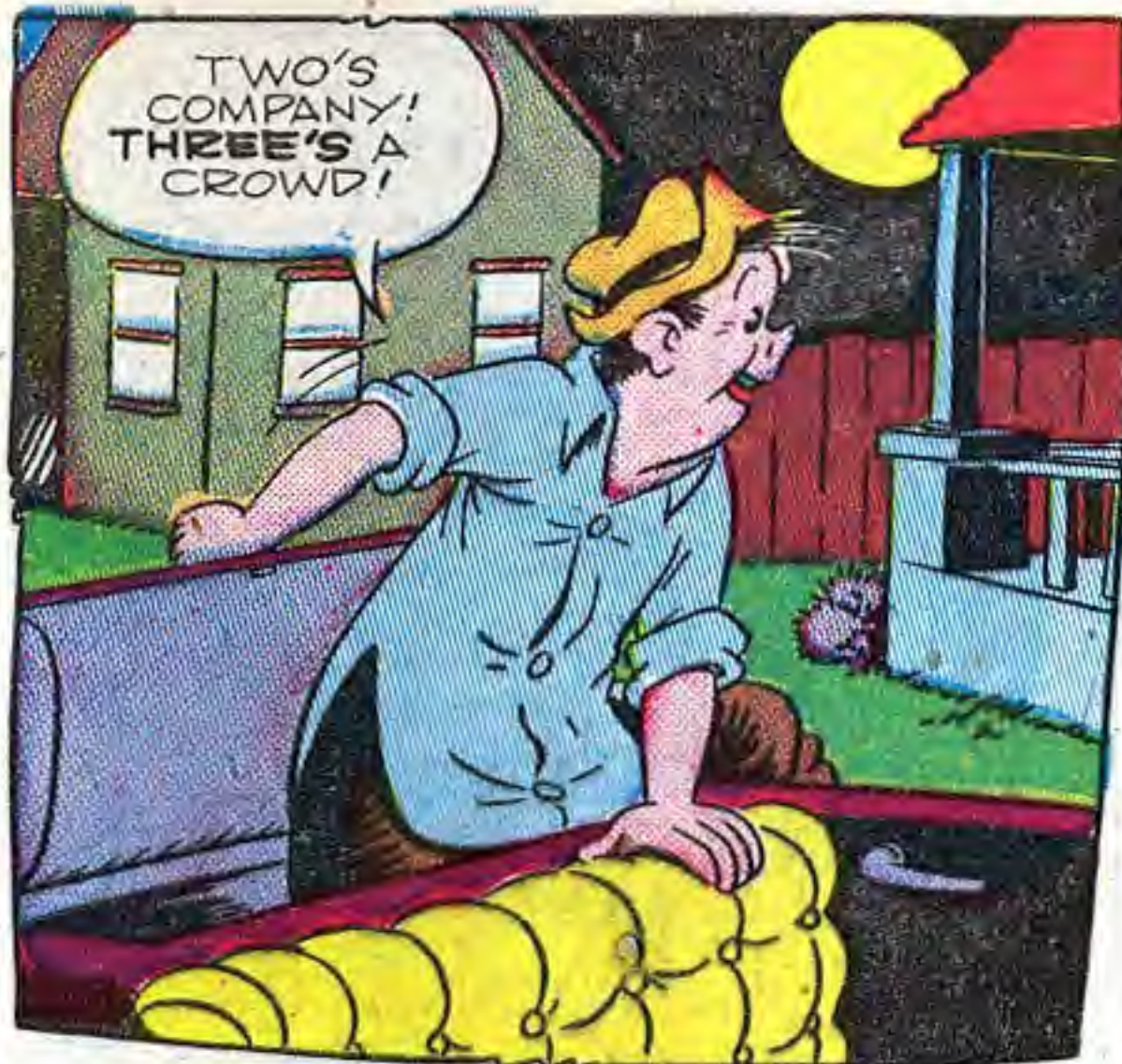
OH, KEEN!
WHEN WE
GET OUT, WE
CAN GO RIGHT
DOWN AND
COLLECT OUR
OLD
AGE
PENSIONS!

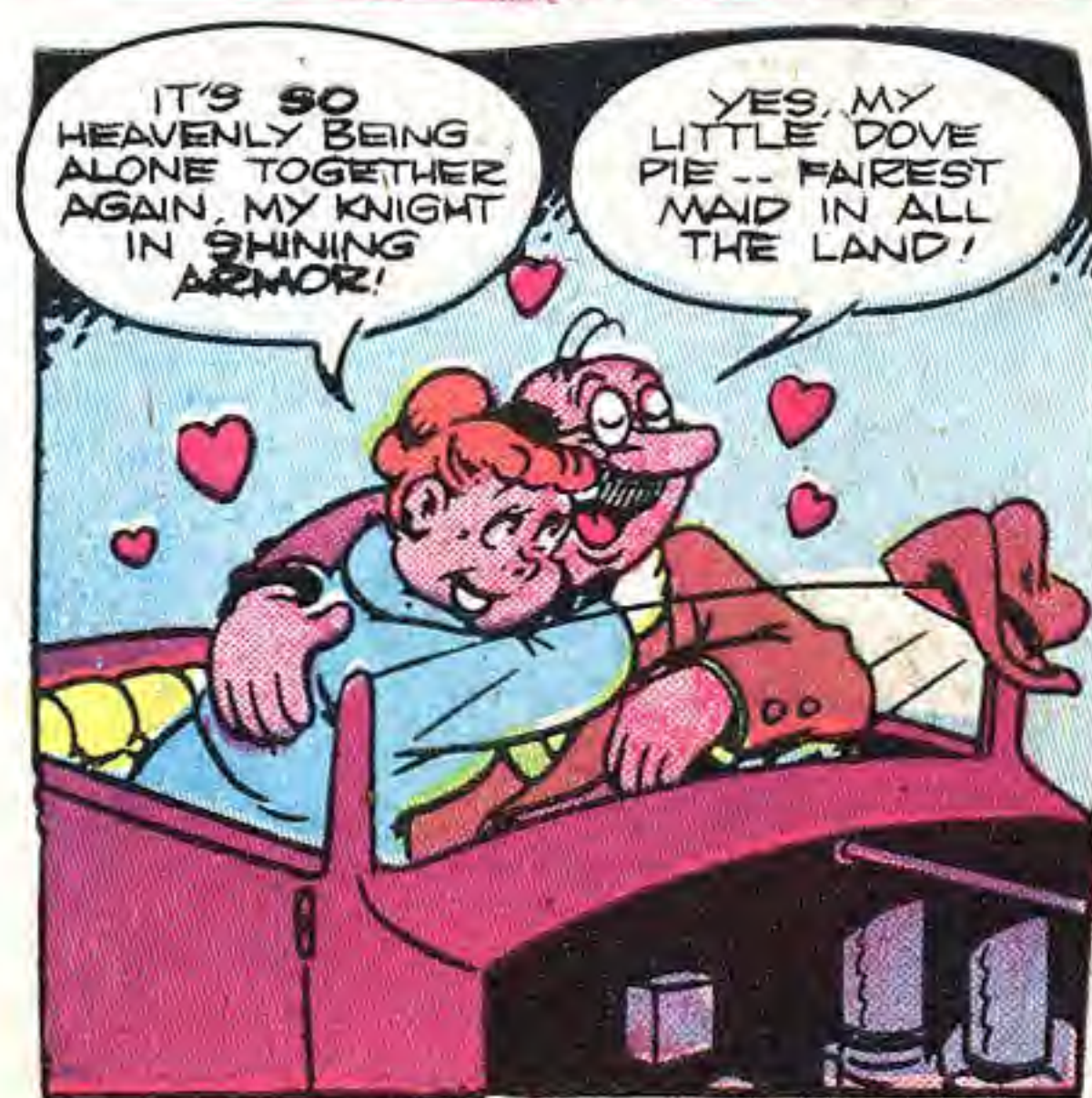
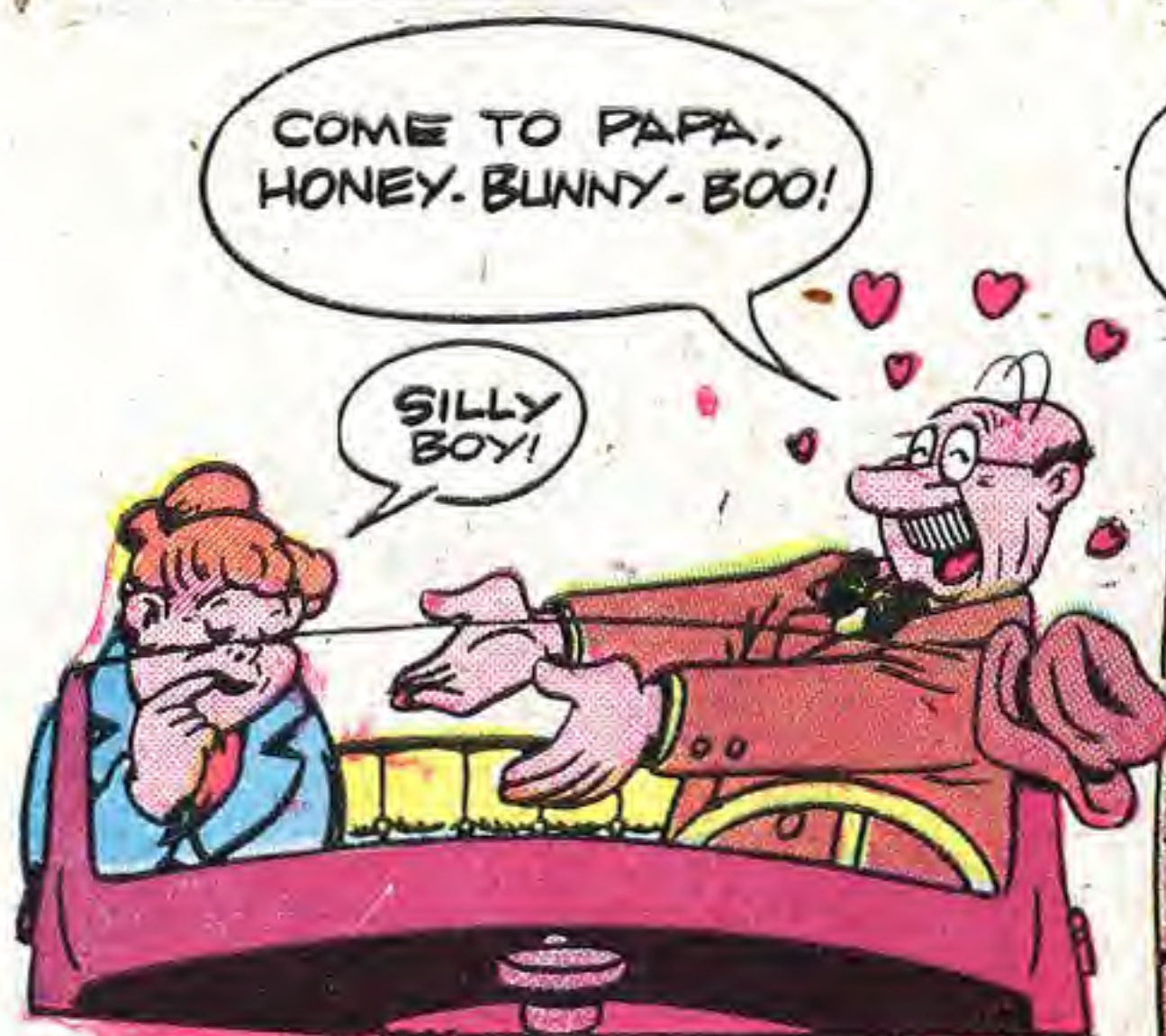


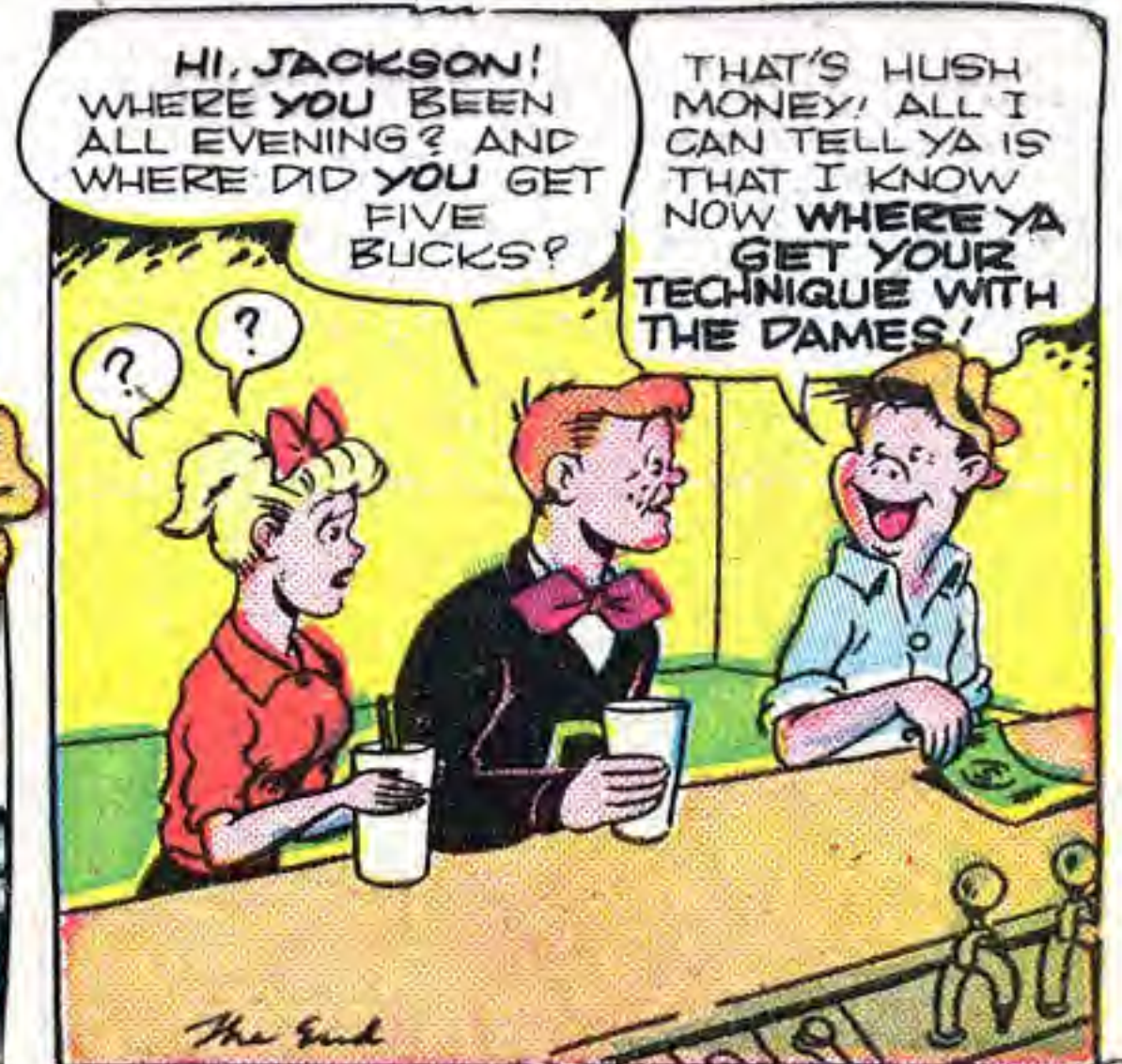
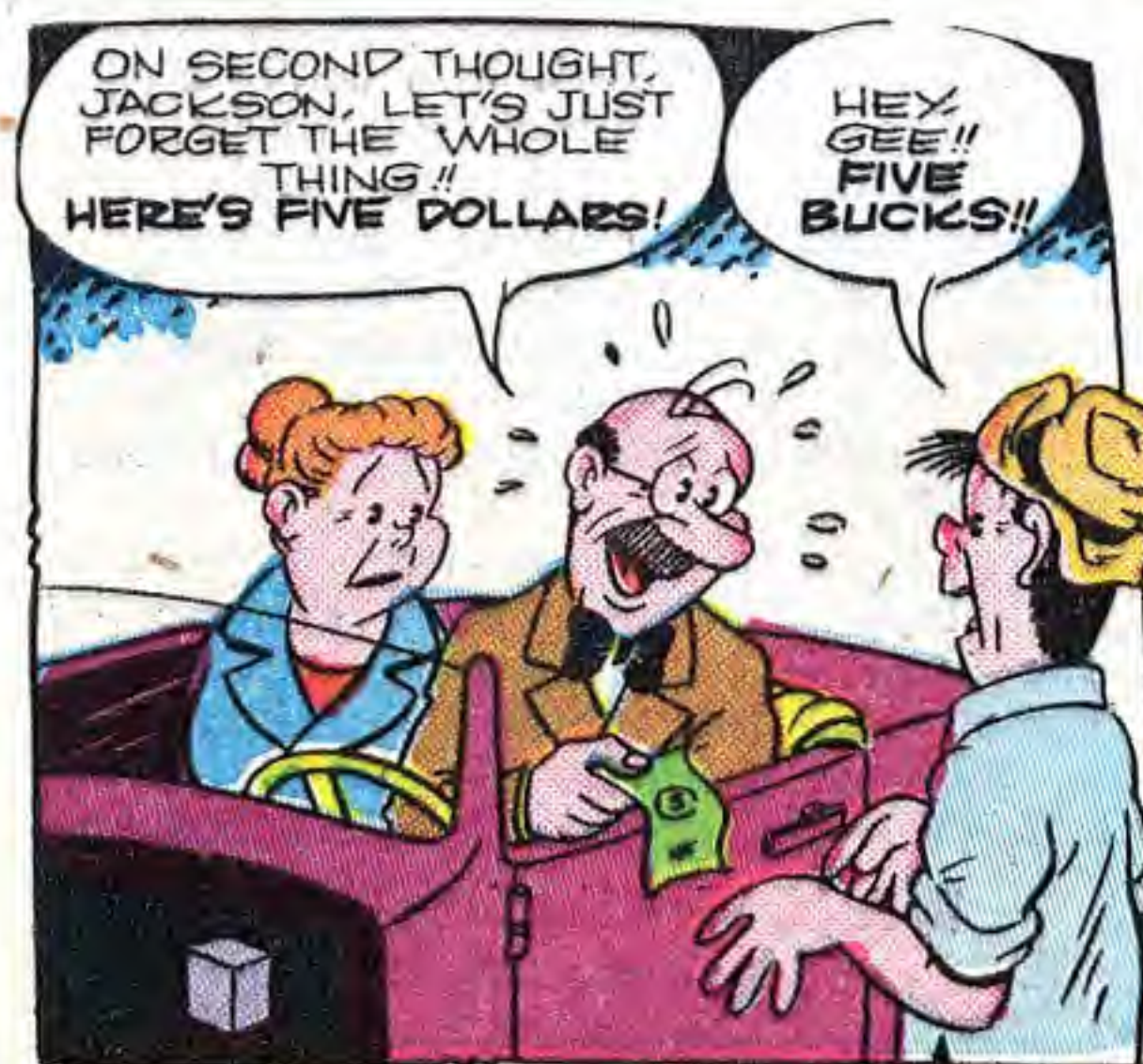
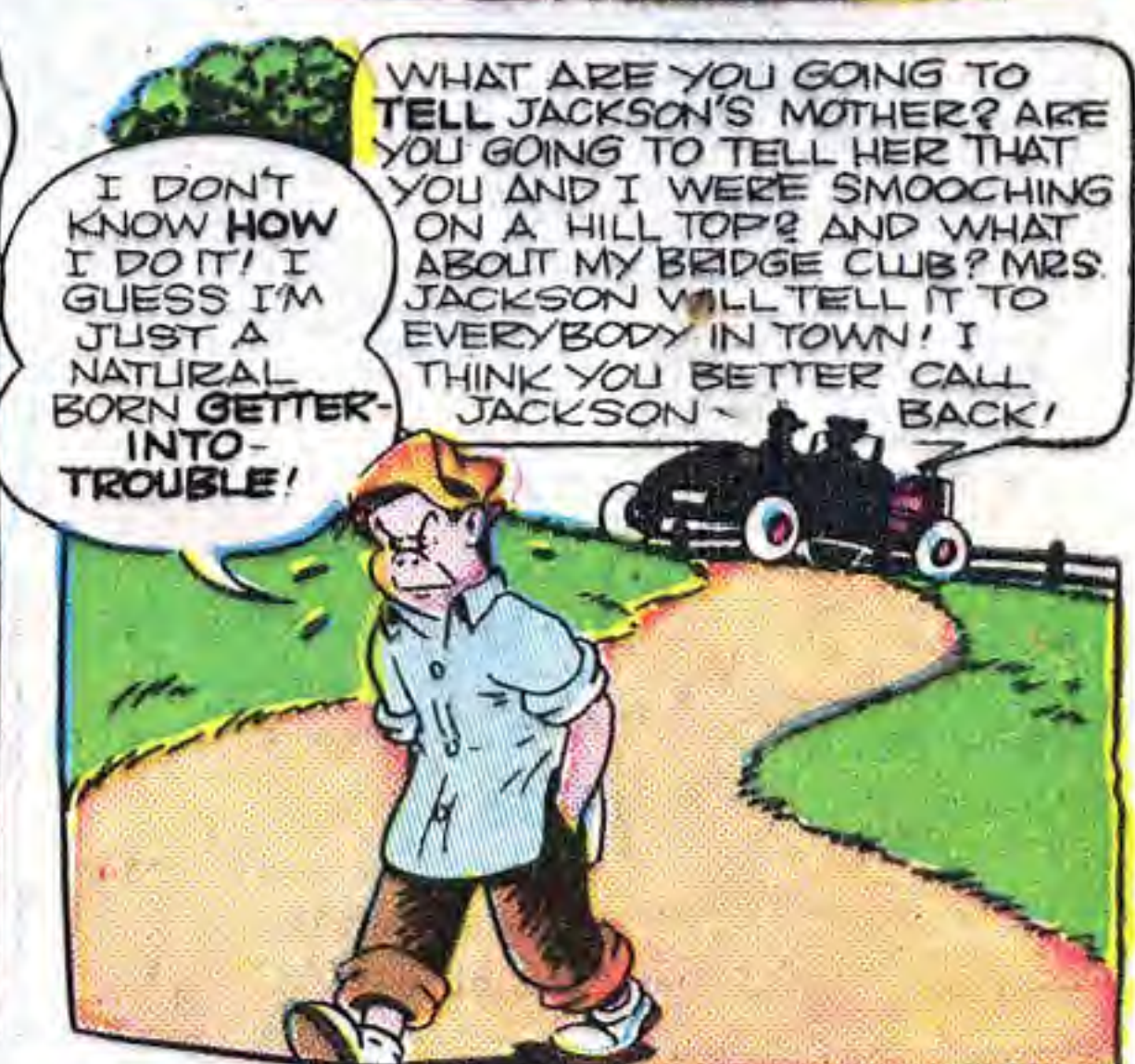
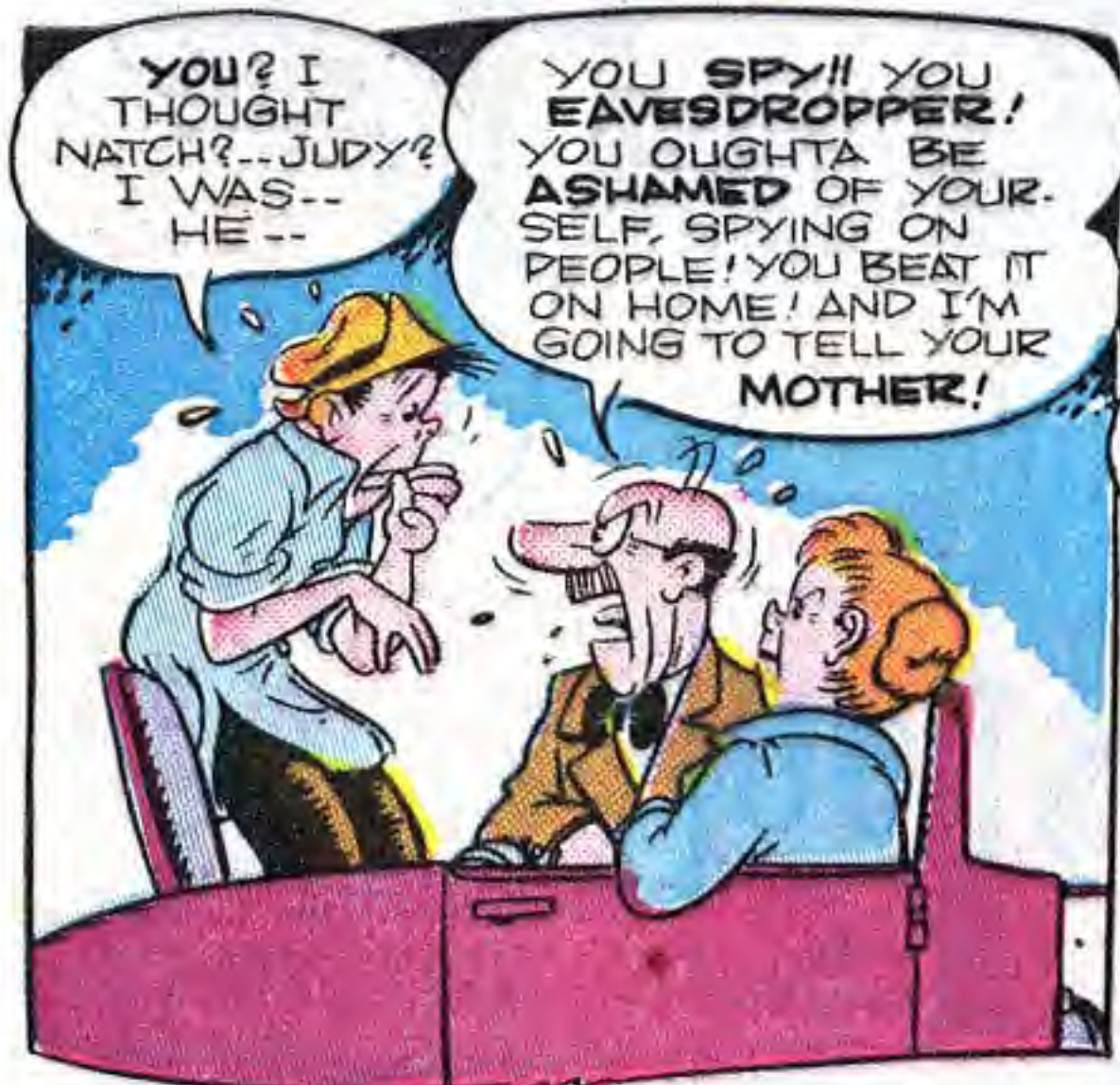
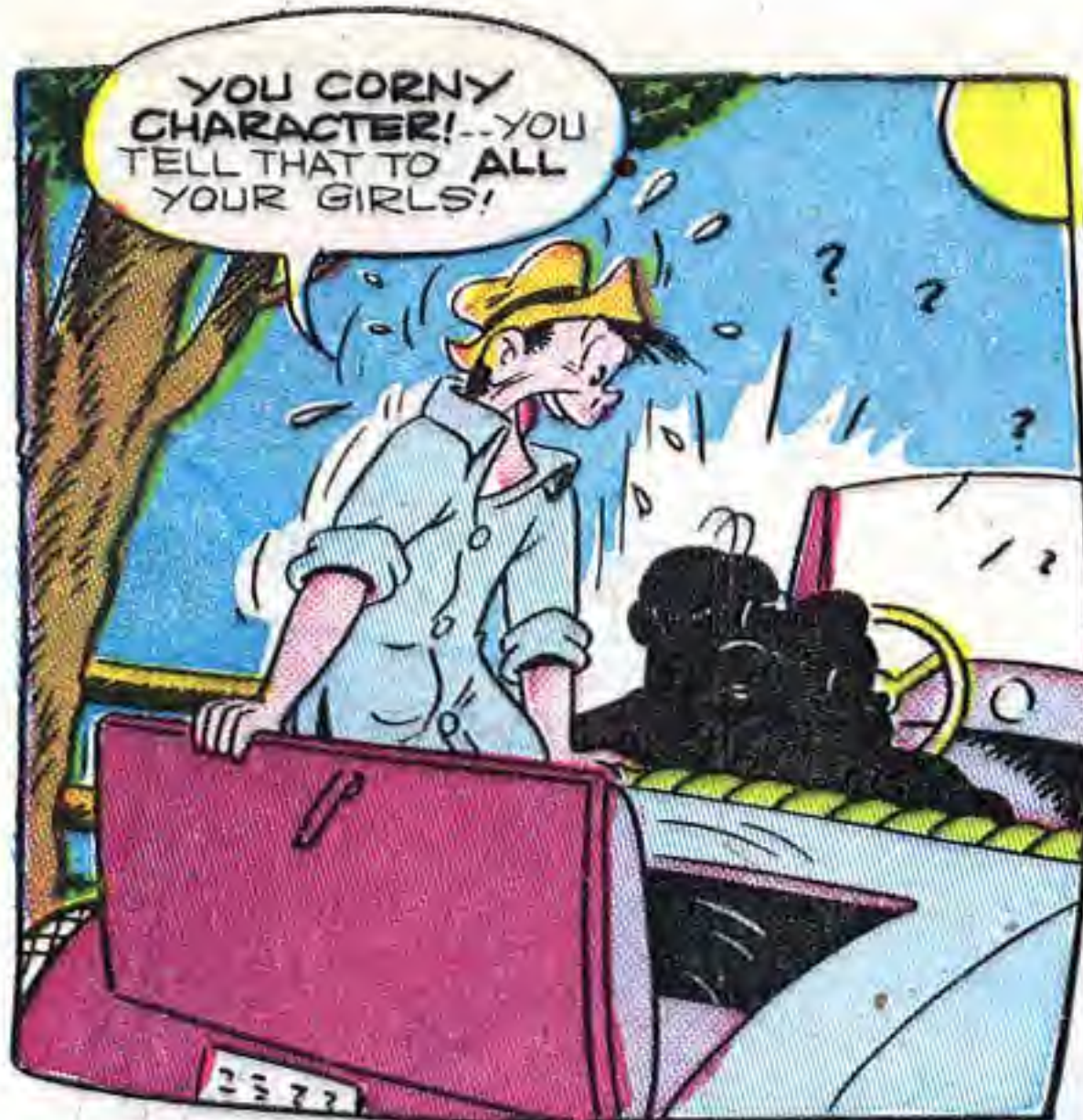












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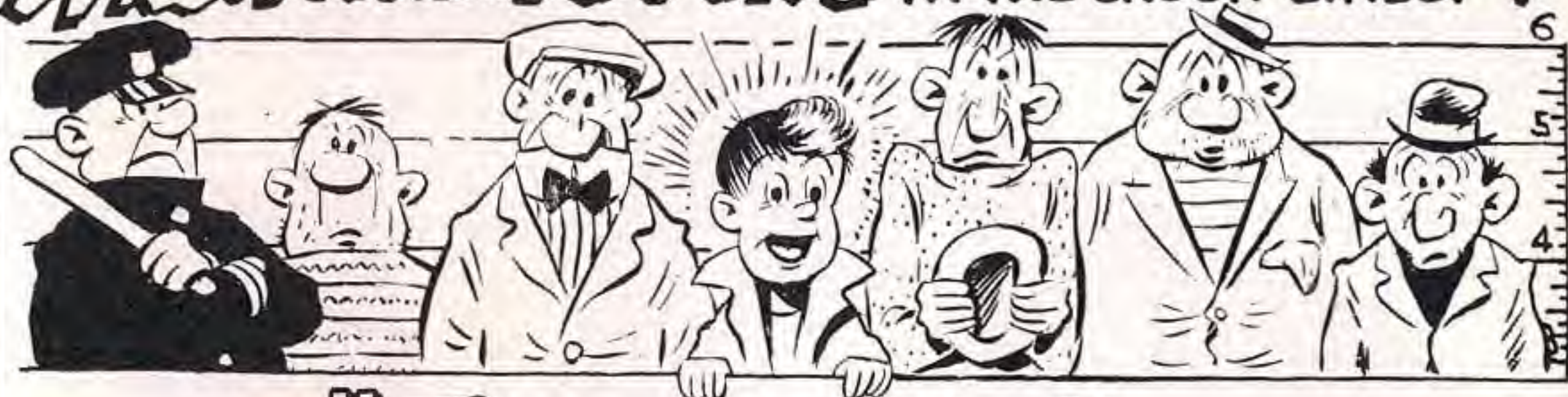
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HERE'S WHO'S
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THE HOTTEST, MOST HILARIOUS
HEPCAT IN HISTORY... A RAPID-
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